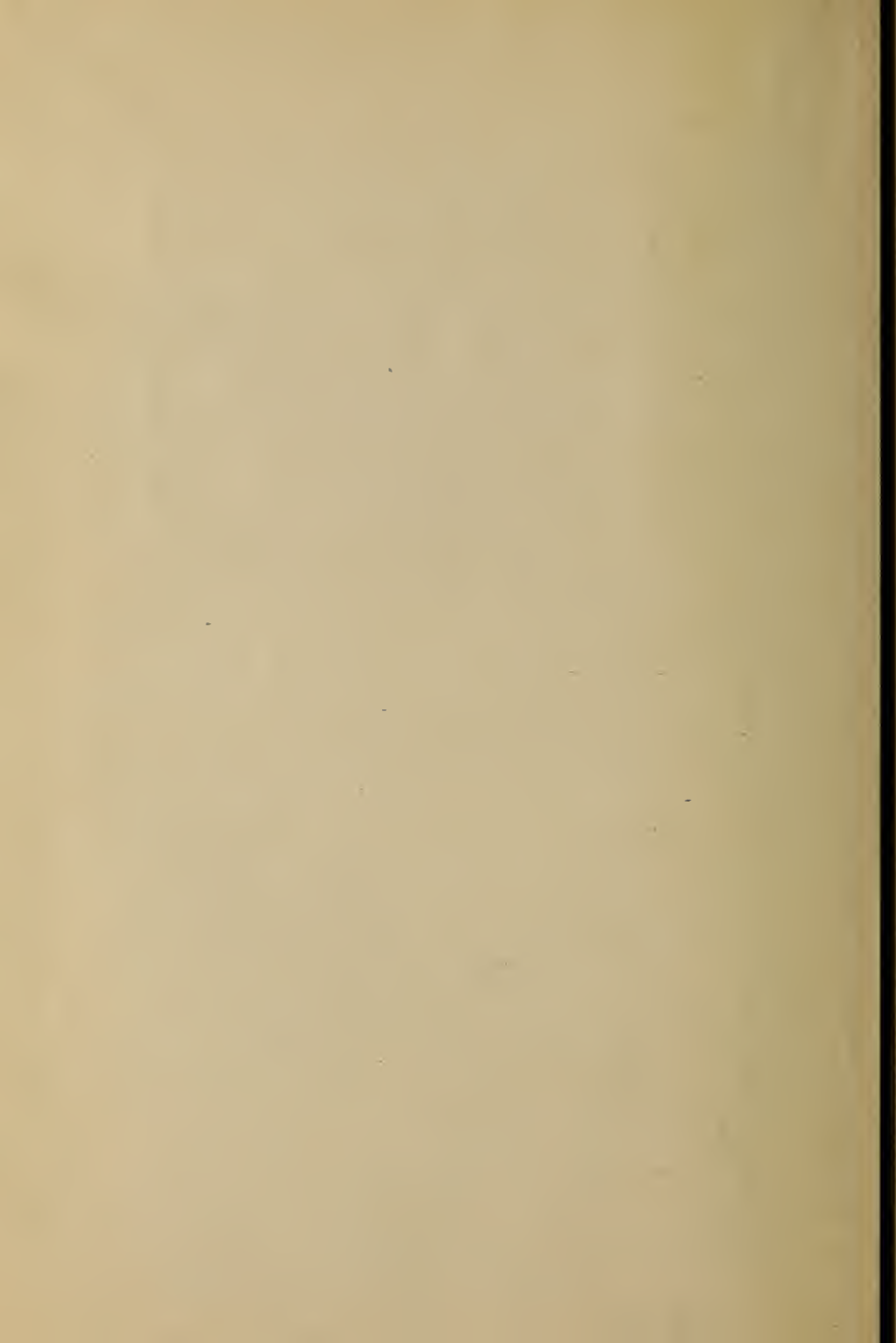
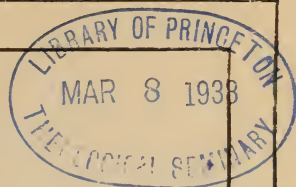


R. H. Schman





✓  
THE  
“OLD STORY”  
IN SONG

FOR  
EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS, PRAYER  
SERVICES, SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND  
THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS.

EDITED BY ✓  
ARTHUR S. MAGANN.  
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✓  
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WESTERN OFFICE,  
FAIRBURY, ILLINOIS.

## P R E F A C E

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# THE "OLD STORY" IN SONG

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There is more in a name than merely deciding on something that is attractive to the eye at first glance, as the majority of those specially interested in Gospel Songs, are on the watch-tower for something new.

The "Old Story" in Song is not merely the name of our book, but a conservator of Gospel truth, as related to doctrine and practice, which is no small matter in these days of swerving from real orthodoxy, when the youth of our land should receive such an impetus through the medium of song as would pioneer then into the deeper truths of "The Old Story Book."

A glance at the Topical Index will prove its adaptation to what is needed, viz.: Gems of sacred song, new and old, for the closet, the fireside, the Sunday School, and praise services in all religious meetings, especially the church revival, including the indispensable old hymns of the centuries that brought tears of conviction, tremor of labor, and transcendent peace to our fathers, and mothers. May we not wish for a repetition of such tearful penitence—transforming pardon, and triumphant Pentecost.

The editors pray that through the instrumentality and power of The "Old Story" in Song, many souls may be won for the Master and saved for service, and song in His kingdom.



# THE "OLD STORY" IN SONG

1

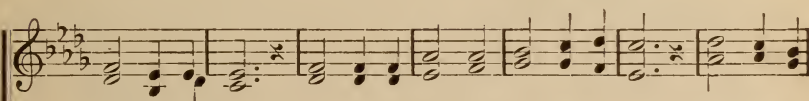
## Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

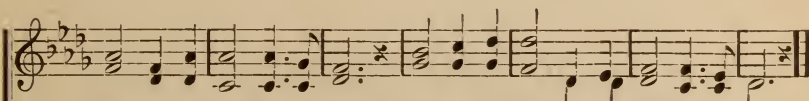
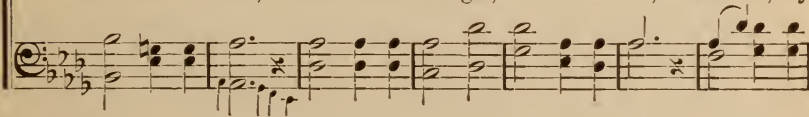
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



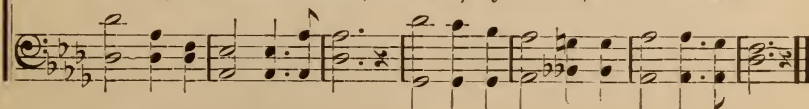
1. Near-er, still near-er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-iour, so
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an off'-ring to
3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be thine, Sin, with its fol-lies, I
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my



precious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shel-ter me  
Je-sus my King; On-ly my sin-ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the  
glad-ly re-sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but  
an-chor is cast; Thro' endless a-ges, ev-er to be, Near-er, my



safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."  
cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.  
Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.  
Saviour, still near-er to thee, Near-er, my Saviour, still near-er to thee.



MRS. C. H. M.

PSALM, 66: 2.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Prais- es, sing praises to Je-sus our bless-ed Re-deem-er, Let ev-'ry  
 2. Praise for the mercy which sought us when far we were straying, Sought till he  
 3. Prais- es, sing praises, for glo-ry our bo-soms o'er-flow-ing, When in his  
 4. Prais- es, sing praises, our wondering eyes shall behold him, When in his  
 5. Praise for the grace which is a-ble to keep us from fall-ing, And to pre-

voice to him now a sweet mel-o-dy raise; Come ye be-fore him, O  
 found us and bound us with strong cords of love; Praise for sal-va-tion, this  
 ful-ness the Com-fort-er comes to a-bide; Ho-ly an-oint-ing, lost  
 beau-ty King Je-sus de-scend-eth to reign; Com-ing in glo-ry, O  
 sent us all faultless before the white throne; 'Mid joys su-per-nal to

wor-ship and laud and a-dore him, Lo, he is wor-thy our high-est as-  
 won-der-ful, blest rev-e-la-tion, He who re-deems us, car-nal-i-ty,  
 sin-ners to Cal-va-ry point-ing, Pow-er for serv-ice now free-ly and  
 tell out the wonder-ful sto-ry, Sing hal-le-lu-jah! the Sav-iour is  
 praise him thro' a-ges e-ter-nal, All the redeem'd ones, the blood-wash'd, his

## CHORUS.

criptions of praise.  
 too, will re-move.  
 ful-ly sup-plied.  
 com-ing a-gain.  
 lov'd and his own.

Make his praise glorious, Sav-iour vic-to-ri-ous,  
 Praise! sing prais-es un-to Je-sus,

# Make His Praise Glorious.—Concluded.

Through - out the world be his great name a - dored,  
 Be his ho - ly name a - - - dored, O

Make . . . . . his praise glo - ri - ous, Sav - - iour vic - to - ri - ous;  
 praise ye the Lord! praise ye the Lord! praise ye the Lord! praise ye the Lord!

Let . . . . . ev-'ry thing . . . . . that hath breath praise the Lord.  
 Let ev'ry thing that hath breath, ev'ry thing that hath breath, praise the Lord.

## 3

## In the Cross of Christ.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

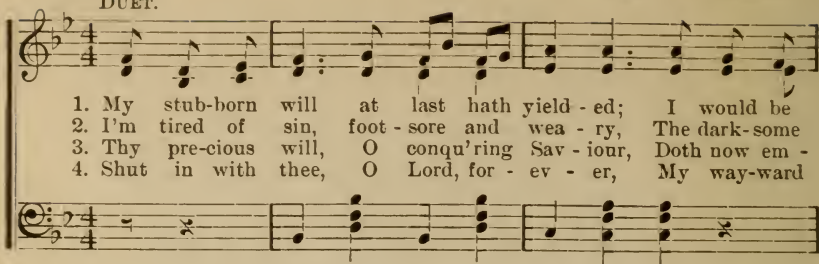
ITHAMER CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Pain and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;

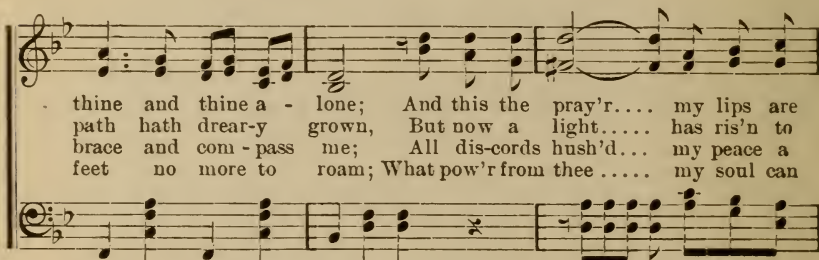
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-line.  
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds new luster to the day.  
 Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

MRS. C. H. M.  
DUET.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

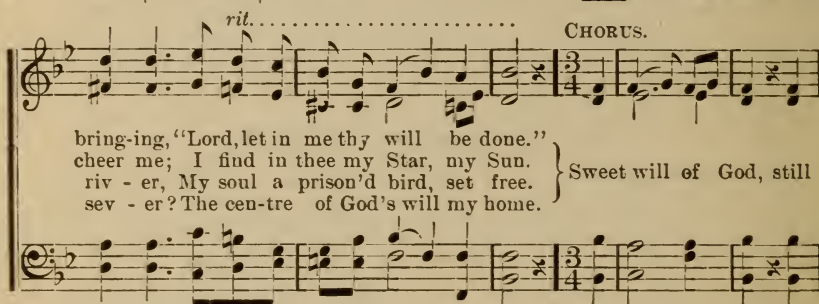


1. My stub-born will at last hath yield-ed; I would be  
 2. I'm tired of sin, foot-sore and wea-ry, The dark-some  
 3. Thy pre-cious will, O conqu'ring Sav-iour, Doth now em-  
 4. Shut in with thee, O Lord, for-ev-er, My way-ward

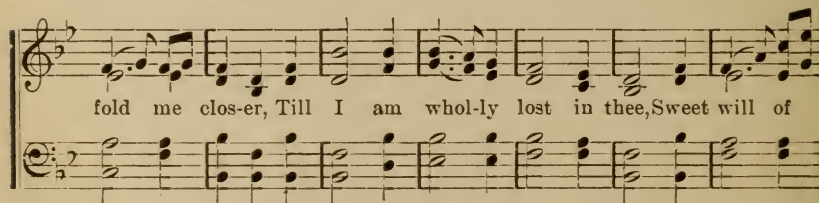


thine and thine a-lone; And this the pray'r.... my lips are  
 path hath drear-y grown, But now a light.... has ris'n to  
 brace and com-pass me; All dis-cords hush'd... my peace a  
 feet no more to roam; What pow'r from thee..... my soul can

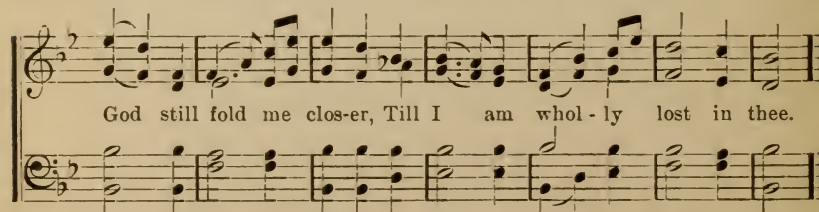
*rit.*..... CHORUS.



bring-ing, "Lord, let in me thy will be done."  
 cheer me; I find in thee my Star, my Sun.  
 riv-er, My soul a prison'd bird, set free. } Sweet will of God, still  
 sev-er? The cen-tre of God's will my home.



fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in thee, Sweet will of



God still fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in thee.



1. This won-der - ful sto - ry of in - fi - nite love, Tell it wher -  
 2. The song of re-demp-tion, so gra-cious-ly sweet, Sing it wher -  
 3. The work that your Mas-ter as - signs to your hands, Do it wher -  
 4. The life that the in-dwell-ing Spir-it im- parts, Live it wher -

ev - er you go; 'Twill brighten the darkness with light from a - bove.  
 ev - er you go; The joy of sal - va-tion your lips shall re - peat,  
 ev - er you go; You'll find grace suf - fi - cient; o - bey his commands.  
 ev - er you go; Bear com- fort and glad-ness to des - o - late hearts.

CHORUS.

Tell it wher - ev - er you go.  
 Sing it wher - ev - er you go.  
 Do it wher - ev - er you go.  
 Live it wher - ev - er you go.

Wher - ev - er you go, wher -

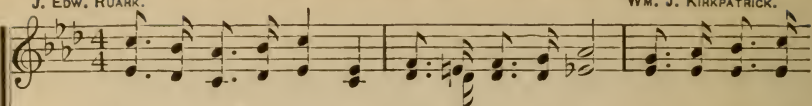
ev - er you go, Car - ry the mes-sage with love all a - glow!

Some way of serving the Mas-ter will show, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.

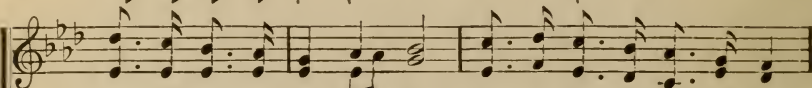
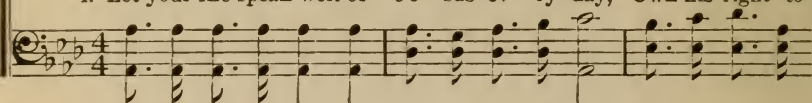
## You May Have the Joybells.

J. EDW. RUARK.

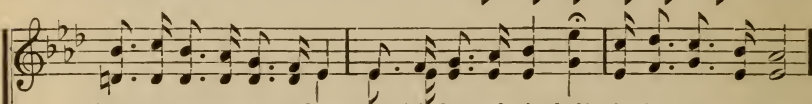
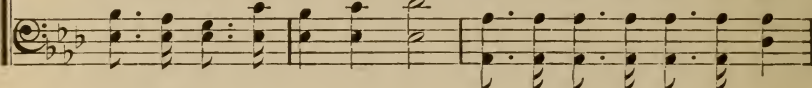
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



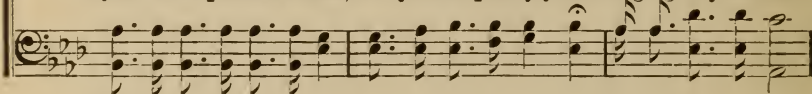
1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you journey home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own his right to



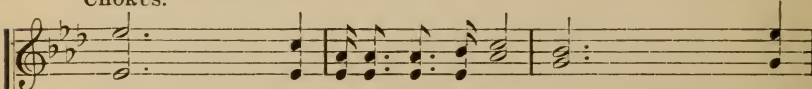
from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way,  
 those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kind-ness al-ways say,  
 he will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye,  
 ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win



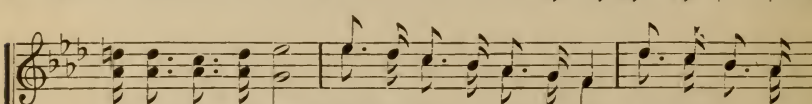
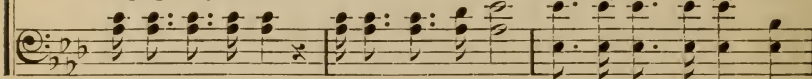
Live for Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.  
 Deeds of mercy do each day, Then he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.  
 He is with you ever nigh, And he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.  
 If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joybells ringing in your heart.



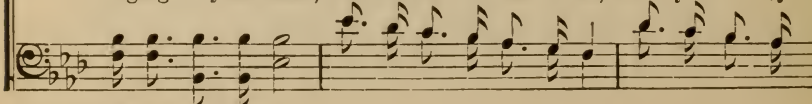
## CHORUS.



Joy - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - bells  
 Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy bells



ringing in your heart; Take the Saviour here below, With you ev-'ry -



## You May Have the Joybells.—Concluded.

where you go, He will keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart.

7

## Who Follows in His Train?

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

(REV. 14: 4.)

HENRY S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3. A glo - rious band, the chos - en few On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A no - ble ar - my,—men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid;

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in his train?  
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on him to save;  
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame:  
 A - round the Saviour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain;  
 Like him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,  
 They met the ty - rant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry main;  
 They climbed the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain:

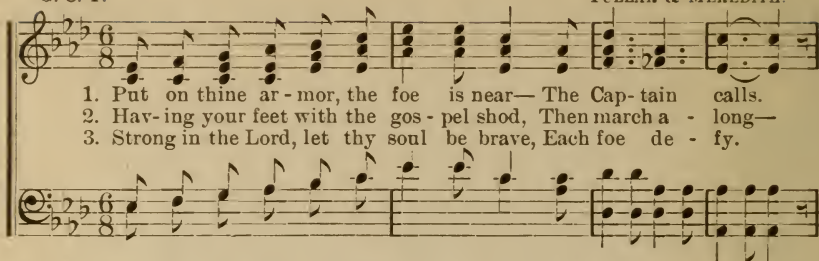
Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low,—He fol - lows in his train.  
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?  
 They bowed their necks the death to feel; Who fol - lows in their train?  
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train.



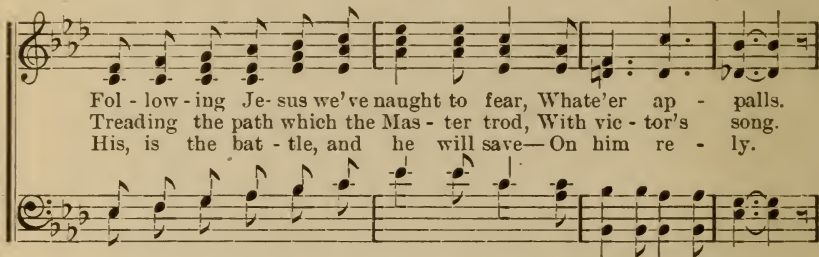
## Shout! Shout the Battle Cry.

G. C. T.

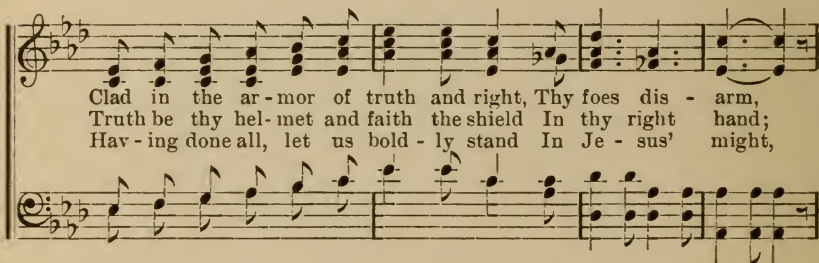
TULLAR &amp; MEREDITH.



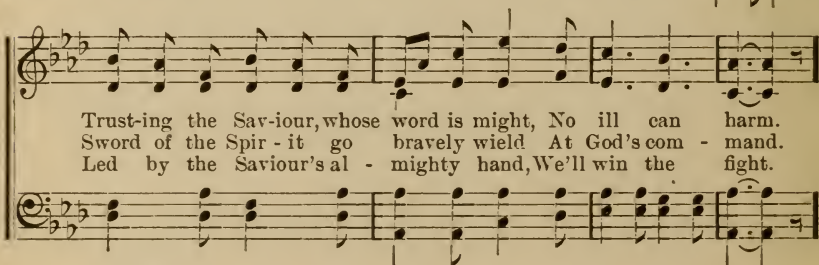
1. Put on thine ar-mor, the foe is near— The Cap-tain calls.  
 2. Hav-ing your feet with the gos-pel shod, Then march a - long—  
 3. Strong in the Lord, let thy soul be brave, Each foe de - fy.



Fol - low - ing Je - sus we've naught to fear, Whate'er ap - palls.  
 Treading the path which the Mas - ter trod, With vic - tor's song.  
 His, is the bat - tle, and he will save— On him re - ly.

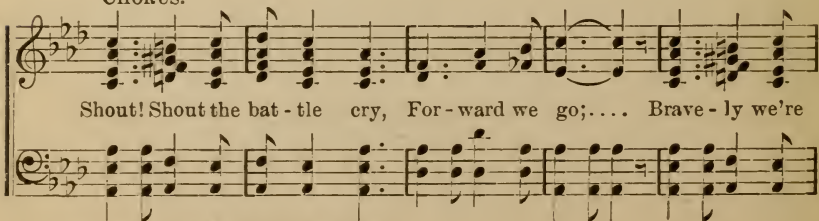


Clad in the ar-mor of truth and right, Thy foes dis - arm,  
 Truth be thy hel-met and faith the shield In thy right hand;  
 Hav-ing done all, let us bold - ly stand In Je - sus' might,



Trust-ing the Sav-iour, whose word is might, No ill can harm.  
 Sword of the Spir - it go bravely wield At God's com - mand.  
 Led by the Saviour's al - mighty hand, We'll win the fight.

## CHORUS.



Shout! Shout the bat - tle cry, For-ward we go;... Brave - ly we're



# Shout! Shout the Battle-Cry.—Concluded.

press-ing on, Fac-ing the foe, Ne'er count the bat-tle lost,

PARTS.

E'er count it won, Lay not thine armor down Till life's work is done.

9

## Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

ST. CATHERINE.

Adapted by J. G. WALTON.

1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv-ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chain'd in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and con-science free:
3. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glorious word:  
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!  
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:

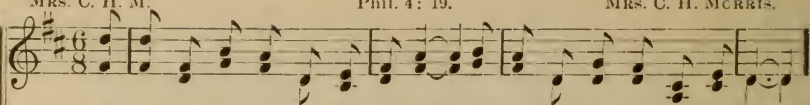
Faith of our Fathers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

# 10 "My God Shall Supply Your Need."

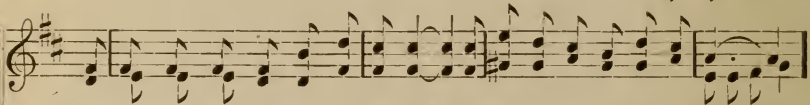
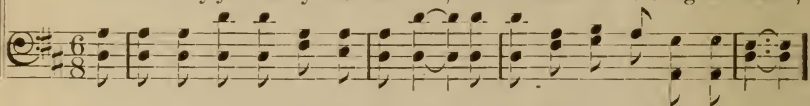
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Phil. 4: 19.

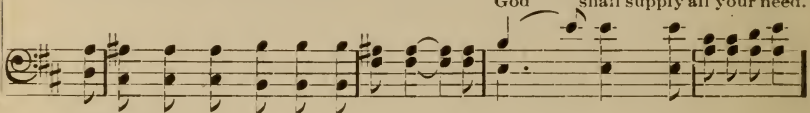
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



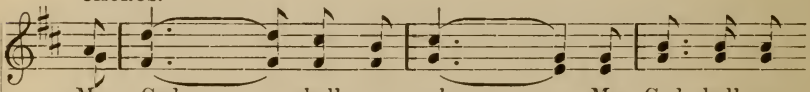
1. Wherefore are ye doubting and fearing, And not to his word giv-ing heed?
2. We come to a boun-ti - ful storehouse, A rich and un-fail-ing sup- ply,
3. Lo! e- ven the rav- ens he feed-eth, And counteth the sparrows that fall;
4. Come humbly yet boldly be- fore him, His ful-ness of bless-ing to claim;



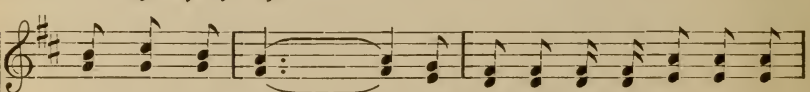
This promise for you has been written, "My God shall supply all your need."  
And he who your ev'ry need knoweth, No good thing will ever de-ny.  
Much more for his children he careth, And hears them, tho' feebly they call.  
He knoweth our needs, and supplies them, Thro' merits of Jesus' dear name.  
God shall supply all your need.



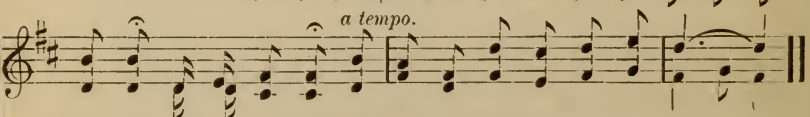
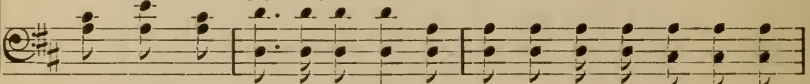
## CHORUS.



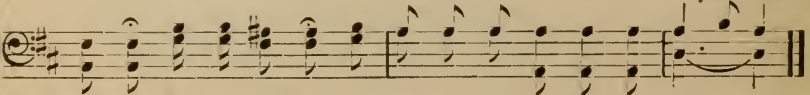
My God..... shall sup - ply,..... My God shall sup -  
God shall sup - ply, God shall sup - ply,



ply all your need,..... Ac - cord-ing to his rich - es in  
shall sup - ply all your need;



glo - ry by Christ Je - sus, My God shall sup - ply all your need.....  
your need.



1. Rouse, ye Chris-tian work-ers, be ye up and do-ing, Shall the  
 2. Wait no lon-ger for some more con-ven-ient sea-son, Souls are  
 3. Do your spir-its fal-ter at the un-der-tak-ing, Lest one  
 4. Ev-'ry soul you win shall add a star of beau-ty To the

Mas-ter's king-dom suf-fer at your hands? There are precious souls just  
 dy-ing 'round you, let them not be lost; Talk or sing of Je-sus,  
 might re-pay you with a cru-el sneer? Do not let them per-ish,  
 crown of glo-ry Je-sus has for you; Al-ways thus be work-ing,

wait-ing for your wooing, Go ye forth and win them, Christ your Lord commands.  
 they will yield to rea-son, Tell of their re-demp-tion, what a price it cost.  
 stand no lon-ger quaking, Win them for the Mas-ter, tell them he is near.  
 do-ing all your du-ty, Winning souls for Je-sus, they will bless you too.

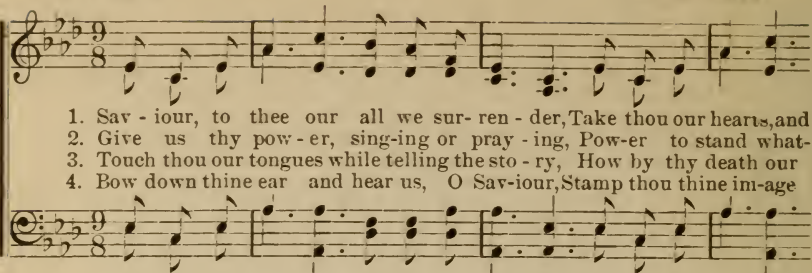
*D.S.*—seeking to reclaim them, O be up and winning souls, While 'tis call'd to-day.

CHORUS.

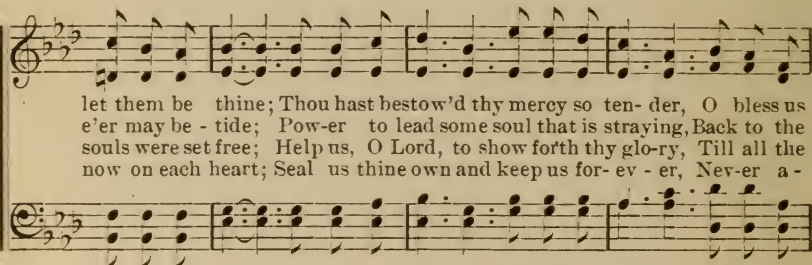
Winning souls, winning souls, winning souls for Je-sus, O what joy in

win-ning souls from the downward way; Out up-on the high-ways,

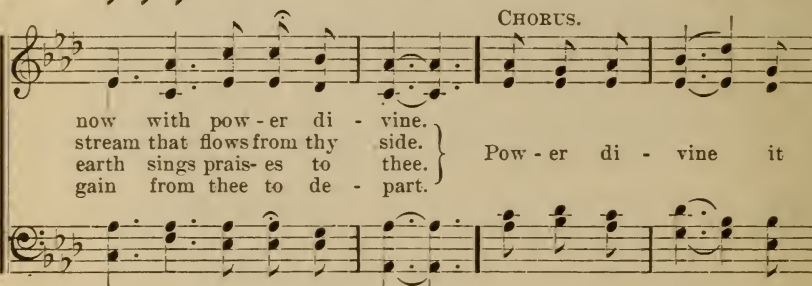




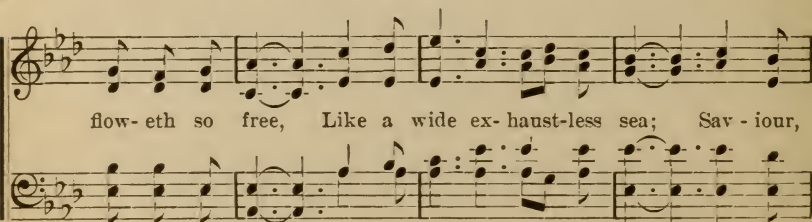
1. Sav - iour, to thee our all we sur - ren - der, Take thou our hearts, and  
 2. Give us thy pow - er, sing - ing or pray - ing, Pow - er to stand what -  
 3. Touch thou our tongues while telling the sto - ry, How by thy death our  
 4. Bow down thine ear and hear us, O Sav - iour, Stamp thou thine im - age



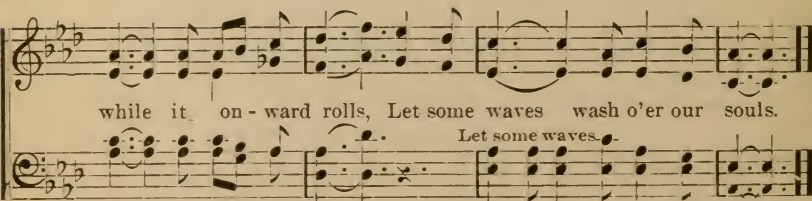
let them be thine; Thou hast bestow'd thy mercy so ten - der, O bless us  
 e'er may be - tide; Pow - er to lead some soul that is straying, Back to the  
 souls were set free; Help us, O Lord, to show forth thy glo - ry, Till all the  
 now on each heart; Seal us thine own and keep us for - ev - er, Nev - er a -



CHORUS.  
 now with pow - er di - vine.  
 stream that flows from thy side. } Pow - er di - vine it  
 earth sings prais - es to thee. }  
 gain from thee to de - part.



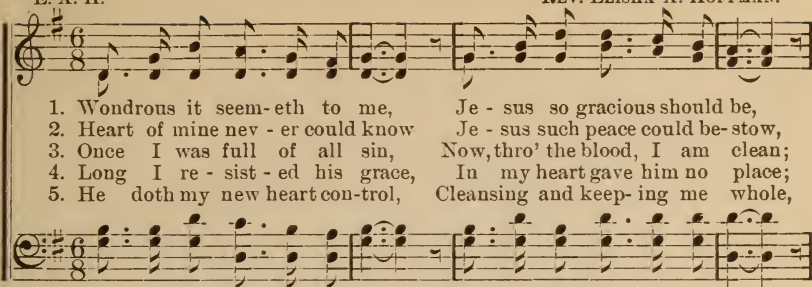
flow - eth so free, Like a wide ex - haust - less sea; Sav - iour,



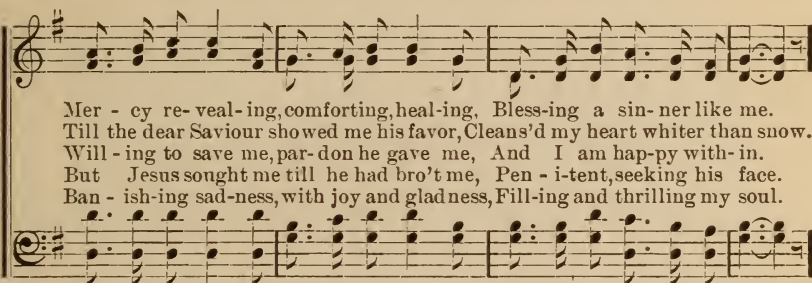
while it on - ward rolls, Let some waves wash o'er our souls.  
 Let some waves -

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

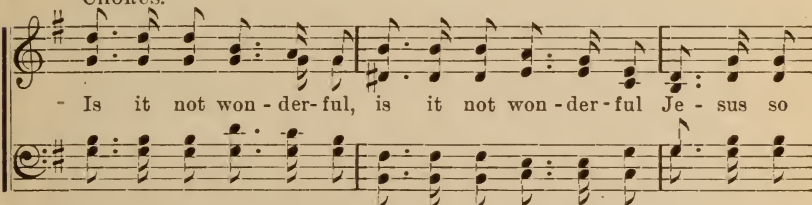


1. Wondrous it seem-eth to me, Je - sus so gracious should be,  
 2. Heart of mine nev - er could know Je - sus such peace could be-stow,  
 3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;  
 4. Long I re - sist - ed his grace, In my heart gave him no place;  
 5. He doth my new heart con-trol, Cleansing and keep - ing me whole,

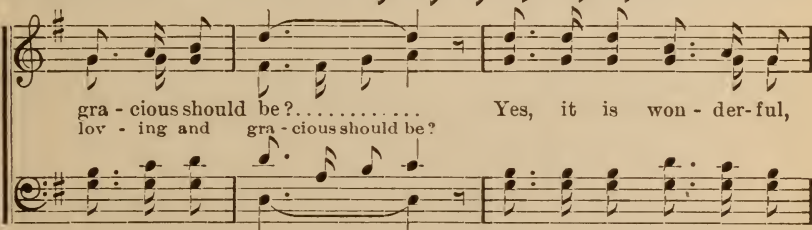


Mer - cy re - veal - ing, comfort - ing, heal - ing, Bless - ing a sin - ner like me.  
 Till the dear Saviour showed me his favor, Cleans'd my heart whiter than snow.  
 Will - ing to save me, par - don he gave me, And I am hap - py with - in.  
 But Jesus sought me till he had bro't me, Pen - i - tent, seeking his face.  
 Ban - ish - ing sad - ness, with joy and gladness, Fill - ing and thrill - ing my soul.

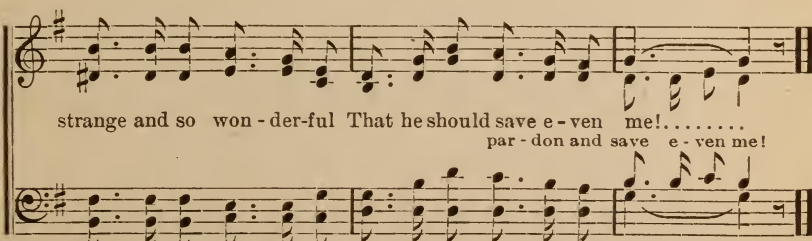
## CHORUS.



- Is it not won - der - ful, is it not won - der - ful Je - sus so



gra - cious should be?..... Yes, it is won - der - ful,  
 lov - ing and gra - cious should be?

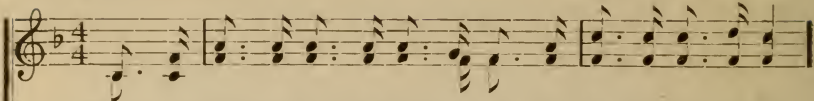


strange and so won - der - ful That he should save e - ven me!.....  
 par - don and save e - ven me!

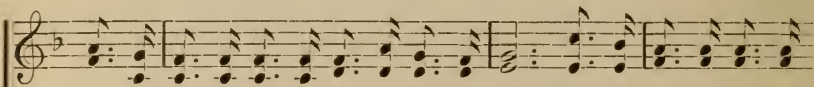
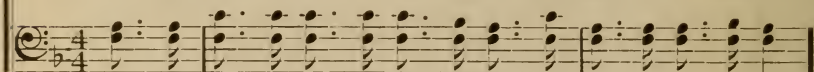
# 14 He will Send the Promised Power.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

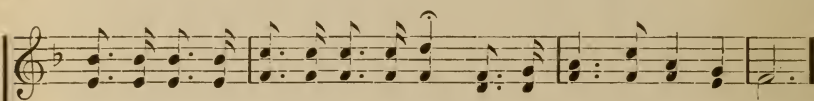
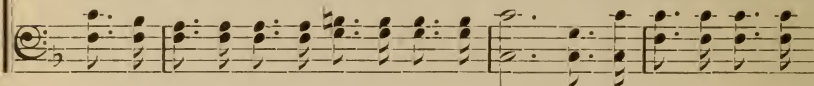
MAURICE A. CLIFTON.



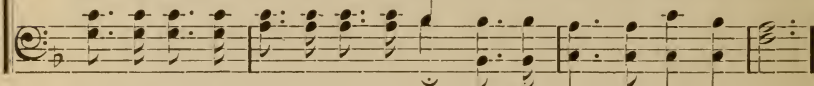
1. Would your hearts be filled with rapt-ure ris - ing o'er the cares of earth,
2. Would your long-ing hearts be seek-ing for the pres-ence of the Lord,
3. O the pow'r just now is wait-ing, are you read - y to receive?



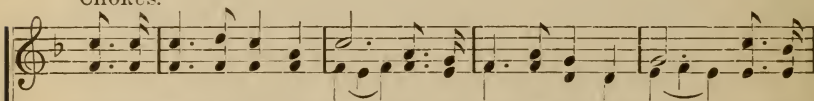
Know the fullness of his glo - ry hour by hour? Seek the sunshine of his  
Would you see God's blessing fall in grateful show'r? Wait as they who were at  
It is wait-ing to descend this ver - y hour! 'Tis the Bible's blest as-



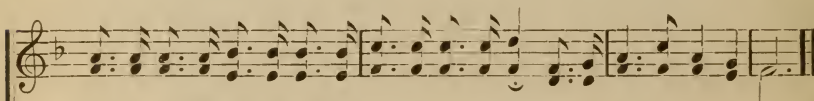
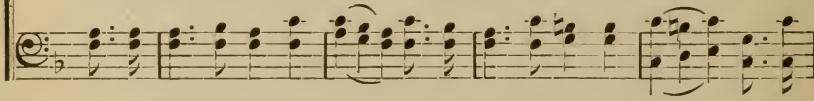
presence and with-in his love a-bide! He will send the promised pow'r!  
Pen - te-cost, be all of one accord, He will send the promised pow'r!  
surance! you have on-ly to believe! He will send the promised pow'r!



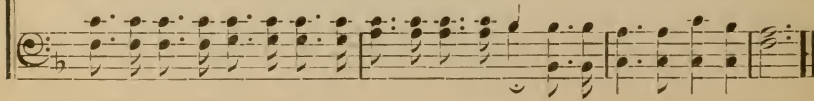
CHORUS.



He will send the promised pow'r! He will send the promised pow'r! O the



glory of his presence will within our hearts abide, He will send the promised pow'r.



C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Faith - ful is he, and great his mer-cies are, Last-ing is his love,  
 2. Love found a way to res - cue fall - en man, Love so full and free,  
 3. "Love is the chain, the gold - en chain that binds, Hap - py souls a - bove,

last-ing is his love; All thro' his word his prom-is - es de - clare, His  
 love so full and free; 'Twas love that formed and carried on the plan, And  
 hap - py souls a - bove; He is an heir of heav'n indeed who finds, His

## CHORUS.

love shall nev - er move. }  
 sent my Lord to me. } 'Tis love, 'tis love, re - deem - ing love, 'Tis love that  
 bo - som glow with love. }

ev - er will a - bide,..... 'Tis love that knows no ebb nor  
 that ev - er will a - bide,

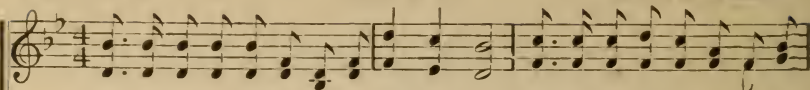
flow, ... 'Tis love that opened wide a crimson tide, That washes white as snow,  
 no ebb nor flow,



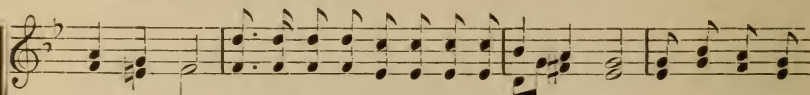
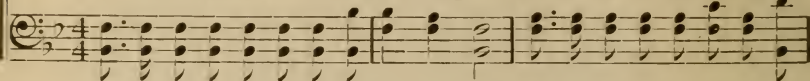
MRS. C. H. M.

Rom. 8: 37.

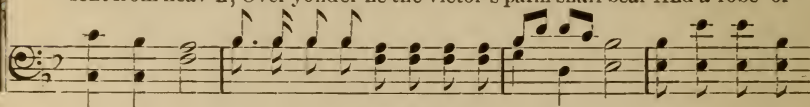
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



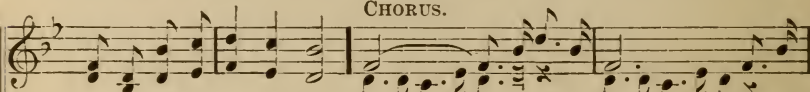
1. Conquerors and o-vercom-ers now are we, Thro' the precious blood of Christ we've
2. In the name of Israel's God we'll onward press O-vercoming sin and all-un -
3. Un - to him that overcometh shall be giv'n Here to eat of hidden manna



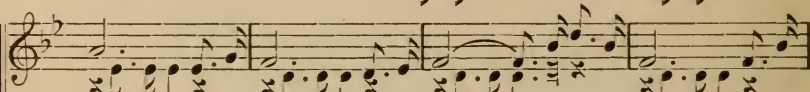
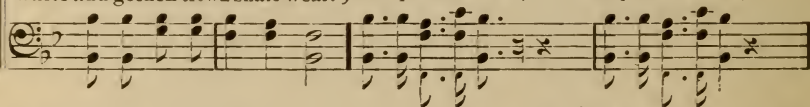
vic - to - ry, If the Lord be for us, we can nev - er fail; Nothing 'gainst his  
righteous-ness; Not to us, but un-to him the praise shall be For sal - va - tion  
sent from heav'n; Over yonder he the victor's palm shall bear And a robe of



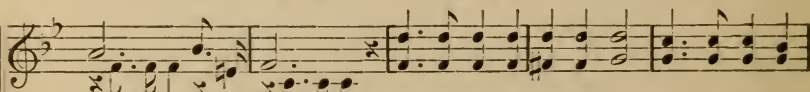
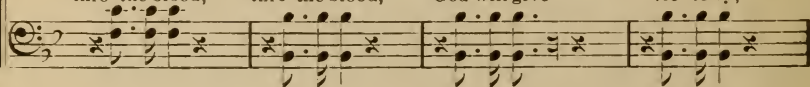
## CHORUS.



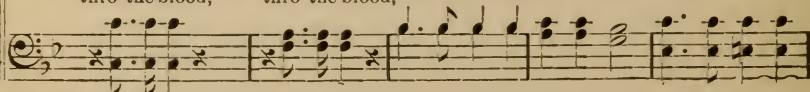
mighty pow'r can e'er prevail. } Con - quer-ors are we, thro' the  
and for blood-bought victo-ry. }  
white and golden crown shall wear. } Conquerors are we, conquerors are we,



blood; thro' the blood; God will give... us vic-to-ry, thro' the  
thro' the blood, thro' the blood, God will give vic-to-ry,



blood, thro' the blood, Thro' the Lamb for sinners slain, Yet who lives and  
thro' the blood, thro' the blood,





# Conquerors Through the Blood.—Concluded.

reigns again, More than conquerors are we, More than conquerors are we.

17

## Wondrous Love.

MRS. M. STOCKTON.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. God lov'd the world of sin - ners lost And ru - in'd by the fall;
2. E'en now by faith I claim him mine, The ris - en Son of God;
3. Love brings the glo - rious ful - ness in, And to his saints makes known
4. Be - liev - ing souls, re - joic - ing go, There shall to you be giv'n
5. Of vic - t'ry now o'er Sa - tan's pow'r, Let all the ran - som'd sing

Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.  
 Re - demp - tion by his death I find, And cleans - ing thro' his blood.  
 The bless - ed rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.  
 A glo - rious fore - taste, here be - low, Of end - less life in heav'n.  
 And tri - umph in the dy - ing hour, Thro' Christ, the Lord, our King.

CHORUS.

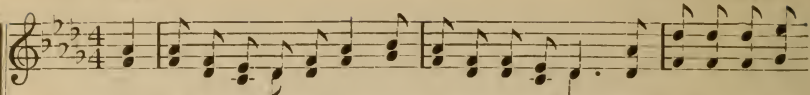
O, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me;

It brought my Sav - iour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

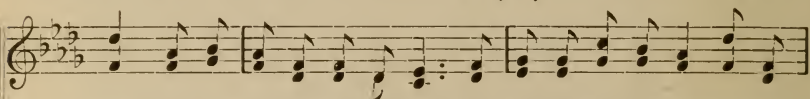
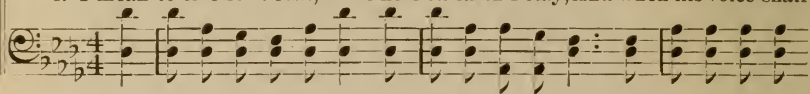
# 18 I Will Shout His Praise in Glory.

P. H. DINGMAN.

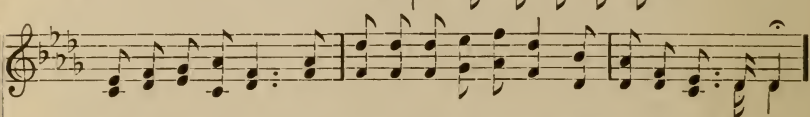
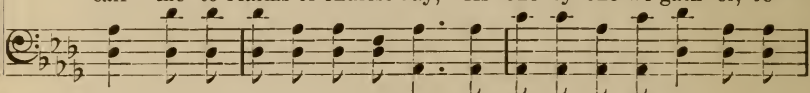
JNO. R. SWENEY.



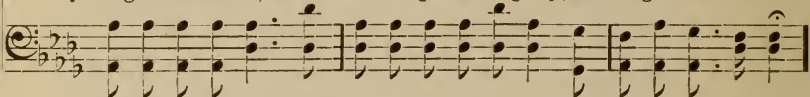
1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'r'er till Jesus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before his throne would bow; He waits to bid them
4. I mean to live for Jesus, while here on earth I stay, And when his voice shall



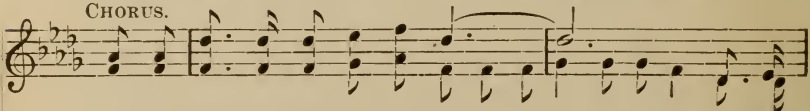
Sav-iour in mer-cy heard my pray'r; He brought me out of darkness and  
sor-row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious spoke  
wel-come, he longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapture that  
call me to realms of endless day, As one by one we gath-er, re-



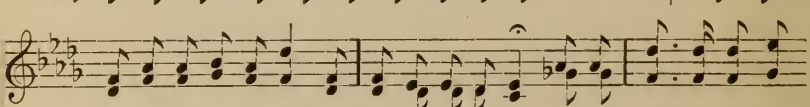
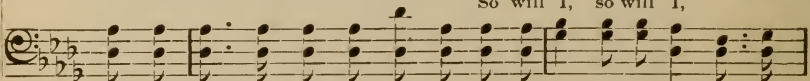
now the light I see; O blessed, loving Saviour! to him the praise shall be.  
par-don to my soul; O blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond control.  
in his love I see, They'd come and seek salvation, and sing his praise with me.  
joicing on the shore, We'll shout his praise in glory, and sing for-ev-er-more.



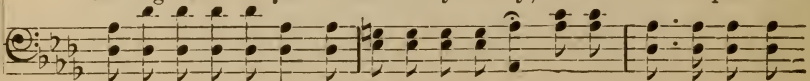
CHORUS.



I will shout his praise in glo-ry, ..... And we'll  
So will I, so will I,



all sing hal-le-lu-jah in heav-en by and by; I will shout his praise in



# I Will Shout His Praise.—Concluded.

glo-ry, . . . . . And we'll all sing hallelujah in heaven by and by.  
So will I, so will I,

19

## Just One Glimpse.

Mrs. Mary B. Wingate.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Just one glimpse of the glory waiting, Just one note of the seraph's song,
2. Just one breath of the Ho-ly Spir - it, Just one cry of the heart in pray'r,
3. Just one smile of the lov-ing Saviour, Just one gleam of the dawning day,

How it cheers the heart that's breaking, How it makes the spir - it strong.  
How it gives us joy in serv-ice, How it lifts the load of care.  
How it makes the cross grow lighter, How it speeds us on our way.

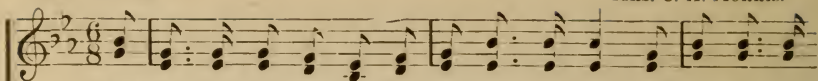
Just one touch of the seamless garment, Just one clasp of the nail-pierc'd hand,  
Just one line of the prom-ise giv-en, Just one tho't of the Friend so near,  
Just one word of our Lord's appearing, Just one glance at the white-robed throng,

How it calms the fe-ver'd pul-ses, How it helps the weak to stand.  
How it lifts our hearts to heav-en, How it seems to soothe and cheer.  
How it thrills our hearts with rapture, How it wakes the sweetest song.

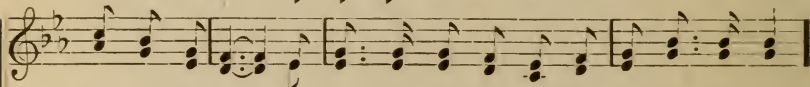
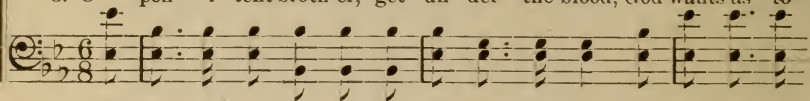


MRS. C. H. M.

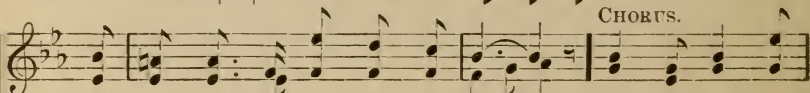
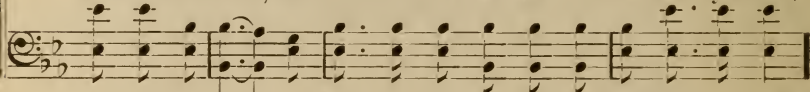
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. What won-der-ful, won-der-ful mer-cy is this! God wants us to
2. "Be ho-ly (said Je-sus,) for ho-ly am I," God wants us to
3. With love that en-dur-eth, and hop-eth all things, God wants us to
4. See mil-lions now struggling in sin's aw-ful night, God wants us to
5. O pen-i-tent broth-er, get un-der the blood, God wants us to

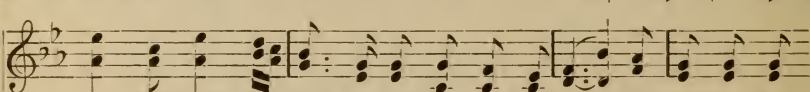
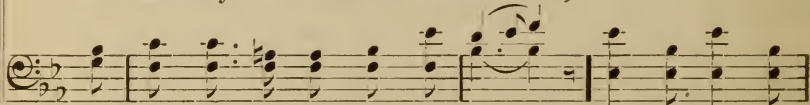


be like him here; In love and in pu-ri-ty like as he is,  
 be like him here; And grace all suf-fi-cient will free-ly sup-ply,  
 be like him here; And faith which in tri-al tri-umphant-ly sings,  
 be like him here; That we may win ma-n-y from darkness to light,  
 be like him here; There's wonder-ful vir-tue in Cal-va-ry's flood,

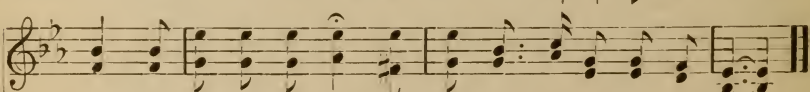
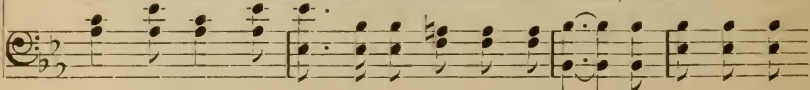


## CHORUS.

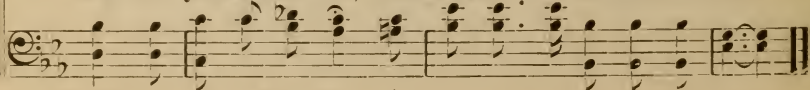
God wants us to be like him here.... }  
 God wants us to be like him here.... } Won-der-ful! 'tis  
 God wants us to be like him here.... }  
 God wants us to be like him here.... }  
 We all may be-come like him here.... }

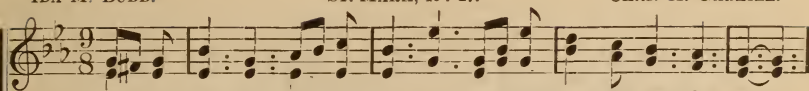


won-der-ful! That mor-tals his likeness should bear; Yet this is his

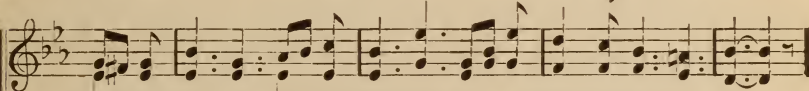
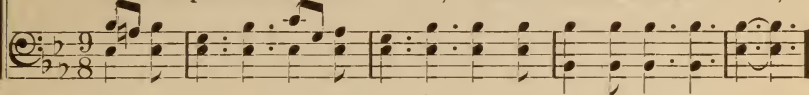


will for you and for me, God wants us to be like him here.

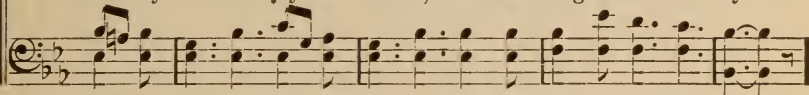




1. Leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, Turn-ing from the world a-way;
2. Naught reserv-ing, on the al-tar All I lay, and wait the hour,
3. Tak-ing up the cross for Je-sus, Glad for him to suf-fer shame,
4. Walk-ing still by faith in Je-sus, Trusting till he gives me sight;
5. Praise his pre-cious name for-ev-er, That his blood hath made me free;



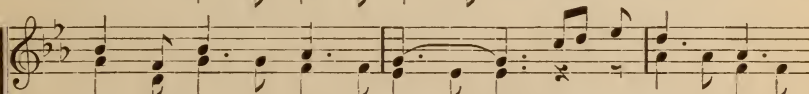
Stepping out up-on his prom-ise, All I have is his to-day.  
 When the fire from heav'n descending Shall at-test his glorious pow'r.  
 All my gain I count but loss-es, For the glo-ry of his name.  
 When my chaste'n'd soul is read-y, He will lead me to the light.  
 Now my soul shall joy to tell it, Thro' the long e-ter-ni-ty.



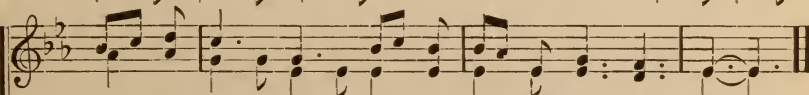
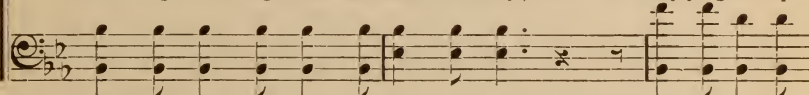
## CHORUS.



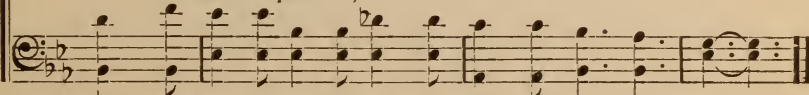
Leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, Turn-ing  
 Leav-ing all to fol-low, fol-low Je-sus,



from the world a-way;..... Step-ping out up-  
 Turn-ing, turn-ing from the world a-way; Step-ping out up-



on his prom-ise, All I have is his to-day.  
 on his bless-ed prom-ise,



L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Up - on life's boundless o - cean where might-y bil - lows roll,  
 2. He keeps my soul from e - vil and gives me bless - ed peace,  
 3. He is my Friend and Sav - iour, in him my an - chor's cast,

I've fixed my hope in Je - sus, blest An - chor of the soul.  
 His voice hath stilled the wa - ters and bid their tu - mult cease.  
 He drives a - way my sor - rows and shields me from the blast.

When tri - als fierce as - sail me as storms are gath - 'ring o'er, I  
 My Pi - lot and De - liv - 'rer, to him I all con - fide, For  
 By faith I'm look - ing up - ward be - yond life's trou - bled sea, There

rest up - on his mer - cy and trust him more.  
 al - ways when I need him, he's at my side. } I've anchored in Jesus, The  
 I be - hold a ha - ven prepared for me. }

storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in Je - sus, I fear no wind or wave, I've

# I've Anchored in Jesus.—Concluded.

anchored in Jesus, for he hath pow'r to save, I've anchored to the Rock of Ages.

23

## Showers of Blessing.

JENNIE GARNETT.

Ezekiel 34: 26.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Here in thy name we are gath-ered, Come and re-vive us, O Lord;
2. O that the show-ers of bless-ing Now on our souls may de-send,
3. There shall be show-ers of bless-ing—Promise that nev-er can fail;
4. Show-ers of bless-ing, we need them, Show-ers of blessing from thee;

"There shall be show-ers of bless-ing" Thou hast declared in thy Word.  
 While at the foot-stool of mer-cy Pleading thy promise we bend!  
 Thou wilt re-gard our pe-ti-tion; Sure-ly our faith will pre-vail.  
 Show-ers of bless-ing, O grant them; Thine all the glo-ry shall be.

CHORUS.

O gra-cious-ly hear us, Gra-cious-ly hear us we pray:  
 gra-cious-ly hear us,

Pour from thy win-dows upon us Show-ers of blessing to-day.  
 Lord, pour up-on us



Mrs. C. H. M.

Zec. 14: 20.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," church of our God, Pur - chase of Je -  
 2. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," chil - dren of light, Walk - ing with Je -  
 3. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," praise his dear name! This bless - ed se -  
 4. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," glo - ri - ous thought! Up from the wil -  
 5. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," Bride of the Lamb, Wait - ing the Bride -

sus re - deem'd by his blood; Call'd from the world and its  
 sus in gar - ments of white; Rai - ment un - sul - lied, nor  
 cret to faith now made plain. Not our own right - eous - ness,  
 der - ness wan - der - ing brought, Out from the shad - ows and  
 groom's re - turn - ing a - gain; Lift up your heads for the

i - dols to flee, Call'd from the bond - age of sin to be free.  
 tar - nish'd with sin, God's Ho - ly Spir - it a - bid - ing with - in.  
 but Christ with - in, Liv - ing and reign - ing and sav - ing from sin.  
 dark - ness of night, In - to the Ca - naan of per - fect de - light.  
 day draw - eth near, When in his beau - ty the King shall ap - pear.

## CHORUS.

"Holiness unto the Lord," is our watchword and song, "Holiness unto the Lord,"

as we're march - ing a - long; Sing it, shout it,  
 "Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord," Sing



# "Holiness Unto the Lord."—Concluded.

loud and long, "Ho-li-ness un-to the Lord, now and for-ev - er."  
holiness unto the Lord,

25

## The Inner Circle.

FLORA KIRKLAND

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whisper, "I have chos-en you?"  
2. As the first dis - ci - ples fol-low'd, As they went where'er he sent,  
3. Or, if he shall choose to send us On some er - rand in his name,  
4. Mas - ter, at thy footstool kneeling, We thy chil-dren, humbly wait;

Does he tell you in com-mun-ion What he wish-es you to do?  
So to - day we, too, may fol-low, On his lead-ing still in - tent.  
We can serve him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.  
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heav'n's gate.

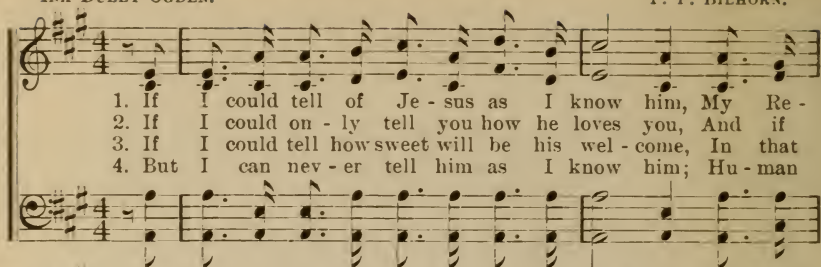
CHORUS.

Are you in the in-ner cir-cle? Have you heard the Master's call?  
Are you in the in-ner cir-cle? Have you heard the Master's call?

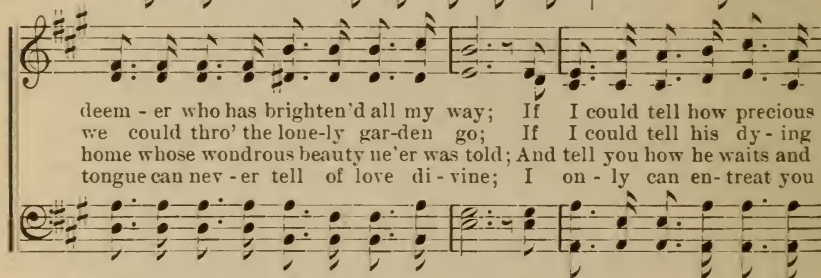
*rit.*  
Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is he now your all in all?  
Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus?

INA DULEY OGDEN.

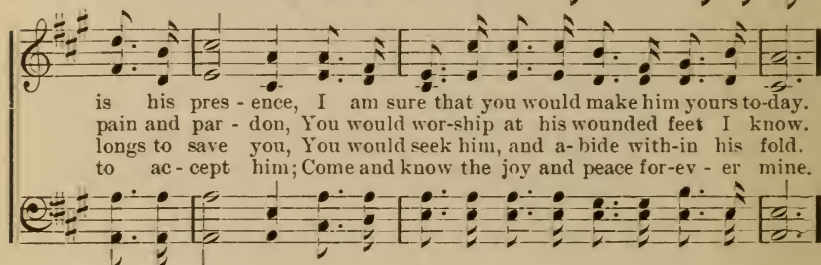
P. P. BILHORN.



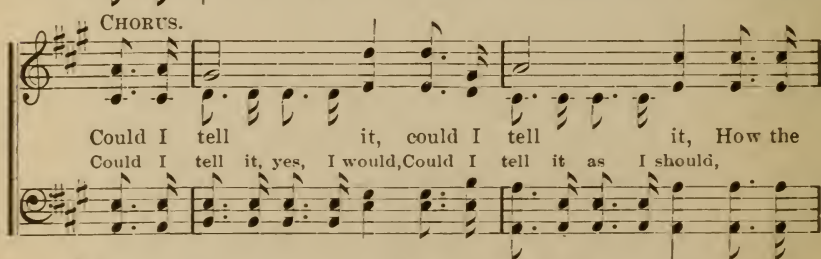
1. If I could tell of Je - sus as I know him, My Re -  
 2. If I could on - ly tell you how he loves you, And if  
 3. If I could tell how sweet will be his wel - come, In that  
 4. But I can nev - er tell him as I know him; Hu - man



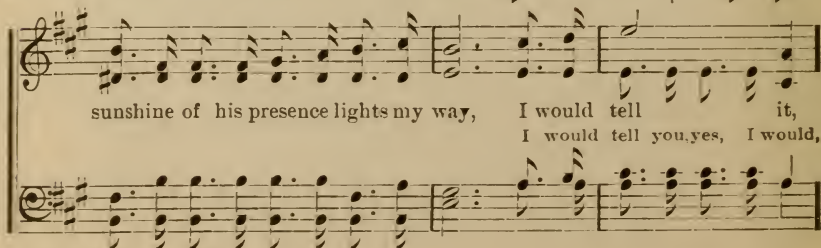
deem - er who has brighten'd all my way; If I could tell how precious  
 we could thro' the lone - ly gar - den go; If I could tell his dy - ing  
 home whose wondrous beauty ne'er was told; And tell you how he waits and  
 tongue can nev - er tell of love di - vine; I on - ly can en - treat you



is his pres - ence, I am sure that you would make him yours to - day.  
 pain and par - don, You would wor - ship at his wounded feet I know.  
 longs to save you, You would seek him, and a - bide with - in his fold.  
 to ac - cept him; Come and know the joy and peace for - ev - er mine.



CHORUS.  
 Could I tell it, could I tell it, How the  
 Could I tell it, yes, I would, Could I tell it as I should,



sunshine of his presence lights my way, I would tell it,  
 I would tell you, yes, I would,

# Could I Tell It.—Concluded.

I would tell it, And I'm sure that you would make him yours to-day.  
I would tell you if I could.

## 27 What Wilt Thou Have Me to Do?

B. A. R.

Arr. from M. C., by P. P. BILHORN.

1. Lord, thou hast granted sal-va-tion to me, What wilt thou have me to do?  
2. Since I am sav'd by the Cru-ci-fied One, What wilt thou have me to do?  
3. Par-don is granted thro' him who hath died, What wilt thou have me to do?  
4. Read-y and willing thy voice to o-bey, What wilt thou have me to do?

From Satan's bondage at last I am free, What wilt thou have me to do?  
I would point others to God's on-ly Son, What wilt thou have me to do?  
I am so hap-py with thee at my side, What wilt thou have me to do?  
Bid me to fol-low thee day un-to day, What wilt thou have me to do?

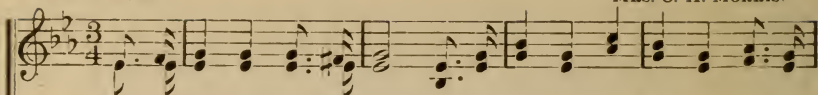
CHORUS. *Faster.*

What wilt thou have me to do? Where wilt thou have me to go?

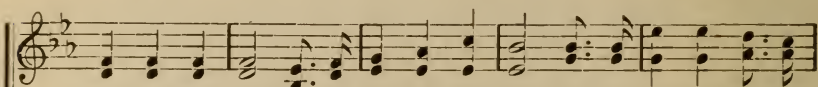
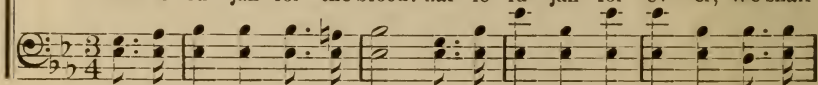
Jesus, my Master, thy will shall be mine, What wilt thou have me to do?

MRS. C. H. M.

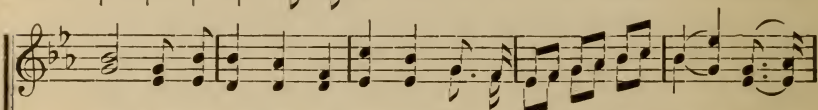
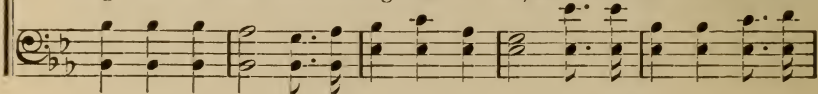
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



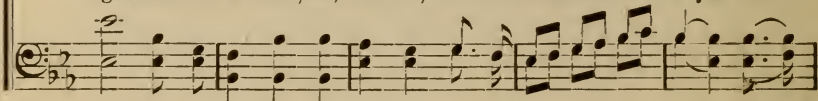
1. Hal-le-lu-jah for the blood, for the sin-cleas-ing fountain, For the
2. Hal-le-lu-jah for the blood; sing for joy, all ye na-tions, And re-
3. Hal-le-lu-jah for the blood: hal-le-lu-jah for - ev - er, We shall



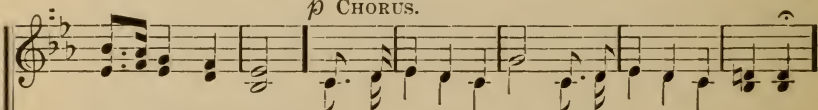
Lamb has been slain, and the ran-som price paid; Ful-ly cancelled was the  
joice that the work of re-demp-tion is done, Here is par-don free for  
sing it a - new in the king-dom of God, Where the an-thems of de-



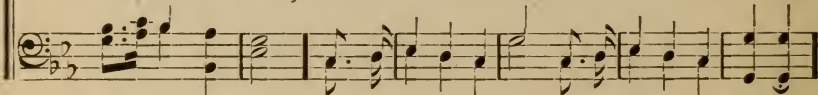
debt, when on Cal-va-ry's mountain All the sins of this world up-on  
all, and a per-fect sal-va-tion Thro' the sin-cleas-ing blood of the  
light shall be si-lent, no, nev-er, Ev-er-more hal-le-lu-jah for



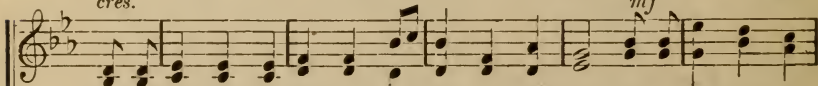
## p CHORUS.



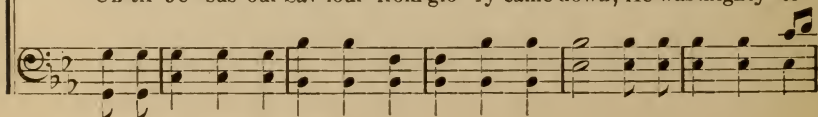
Je - sus was laid. }  
Cru - ci - fied One. } There was no arm to save, there was no eye to pit - y,  
Christ and the blood. }



cres.



Un-til Je - sus our Sav-iour from glo - ry came down; He was mighty to





# Hallelujah for the Blood.—Concluded.

save, he was strong to de - liv - er, He has brought us sal - va - tion, a  
 robe and a crown. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, sing the triumphant  
 strain; Hal - le - lu - jah, for the blood and the Lamb that was slain.

## 29 I'm Believing, and Receiving.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Sins of years are wash'd a - way, Blackest stains be - come as snow,
2. Doubts and fears are borne a - long On the cur - rent's cease-less flow;
3. Ease and wealth be - come as dross, Worthless, earth's de-light and show;
4. Sel - fish-ness is lost in love, Love for him whose love you know;

CHO.—I'm be - liev - ing and re - ceiv - ing, While I to the fountain go;

Dark-est night is chang'd to day, When I to the fountain go.  
 Sor-row changes in - to song, When I to the fountain go.  
 All my boast is in the cross, When I to the fountain go.  
 All my treas - ure is a - bove, When I to the fountain go.

And my heart the waves are cleansing Whiter than the driv-en snow.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Had we on - ly sunshine all the year a-round, With-out the bless-ing  
 2. Had we not a sor-row or a cross to bear, For him who bore the  
 3. Can we prize the sunshine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin-ing when the

of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scatter seed up-on the  
 bur - den of our sin, refreshing rain, Would we know the sweetness of his  
 days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures yet de-  
 Would we scat - ter seed

fal - low ground, And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?  
 love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?  
 ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?

## CHORUS.

{ Sun-shine and rain, re - fresh-ing, re - viv-ing rain, Light of faith and  
 { Sun-shine and rain, to nour-ish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the

1 love, Show-ers from a - bove! (Omit. . . . .) 2  
 (Omit. . . . .) sun-shine and the rain. }

REV. NEAL A. MCAULAY.

JOHN P. HILLIS.

1. Will I emp - ty hand - ed be When be - side the crys - tal sea  
 2. When the har - vest days are past, Shall I hear him say at last,  
 3. When the books are o - pen'd wide, And the deeds of all are tried,

I shall stand be - fore the ev - er - last - ing throne?.....  
 "Welcome, toil - er, I've pre - pared for thee a place?"....  
 May I have a rec - ord whi - ter than the snow.....

Must I have a heart of shame As I an - swer to my name,  
 Shall I bring him gold - en sheaves, Ripen'd fruit, not fad - ed leaves,  
 When my race on earth is - run, May I hear him say, "Well done,

With no works that my Re - deem - er there can own?.....  
 When I see the bless - ed Sav - iour face to face?.....  
 Take the crown that Love im - mor - tal doth be - stow.".....



1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev-'ry life that  
 2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-  
 3. Dark - est sorrow will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest  
 4. We may have unfad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship

woe can sadden, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,  
 joyce in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,  
 bur - den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw  
 true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.  
 And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo - ri - fied, When love shines in.  
 Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.  
 And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

## CHORUS.

When love shines in, . . . . . When love shines in, How the heart is  
 When love shines in, . . . . .

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,  
 tuned to singing, When love shines in; . . . . . When love shines in, . . . . . When  
 When love shines in; . . . . . When love shines in, . . . . .

When love shines in, When love shines in.



## When Love Shines In. Concluded.

love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.  
love, when love shines in.

When love shines in,

## 33 O, Steal Away Softly to Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Go, car - ry thy bur - den to Je - sus, And lay down thy load at His feet,
2. Re - joice in His won - der - ful mer - cy, Thy soul from its sorrow re - lieved,
3. Let Christ be thy gracious Companion, Keep close to His side, day by day;
4. O, fel - low - ship precious and ho - ly, His life, o - ver - flow - ing in love,

Where Cal - va - ry's cross is up - lift - ed, Find par - don and comfort - ing sweet.  
Then, turn - ing in love to thy neigh - bor, Give free - ly, as thou hast re - ceived.  
The Fount - ain, un - seen, of the bless - ings That brighten and gladden the way.  
Shall bring to the need - y a - round thee Fair sunbeams and bloom from a - bove.

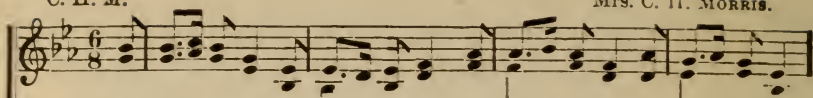
### CHORUS.

O, steal a - way soft - ly to Je - sus, To Him let thy heart be out - poured;

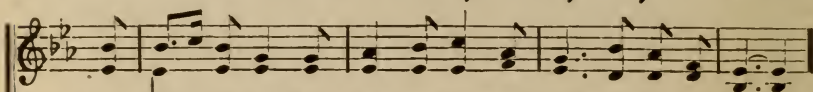
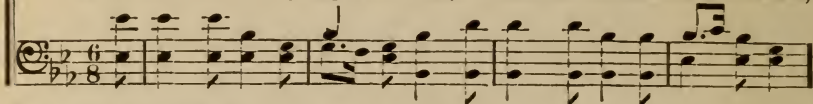
Thy Fa - ther, who seeth in se - cret, Shall give thee a gra - cious re - ward.

C. H. M.

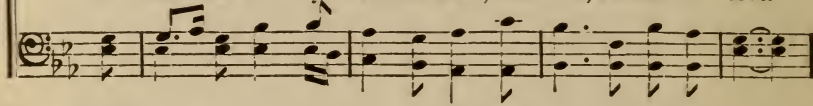
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



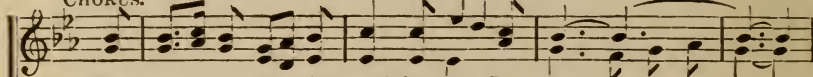
1. O matchless love, how could it be? He took my place and died for me;
2. In ev - 'ry land be - neath the sun, It makes us brothers, ev - 'ry one.
3. It makes all things with joy replete, Makes strong the heart, life's cares to meet,
4. It sti - fles ev - 'ry sigh and moan, It melt - eth hardest hearts of stone,



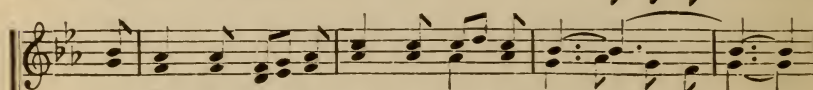
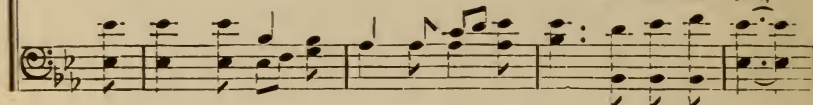
I from the bro - ken law go free, Thro' love, won - der - ful love.  
 Thro' Christ the "well be - lov - ed Son," This love, won - der - ful love.  
 Turns sor - row's bit - ter in - to sweet, This love, won - der - ful love.  
 It break - eth ev - 'ry bar - rier down, This love, won - der - ful love.



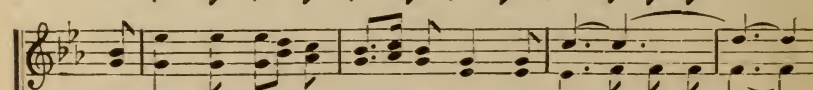
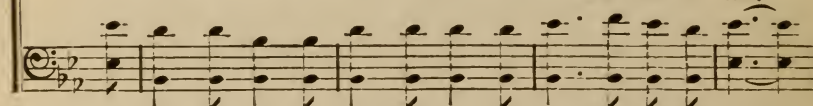
## CHORUS.



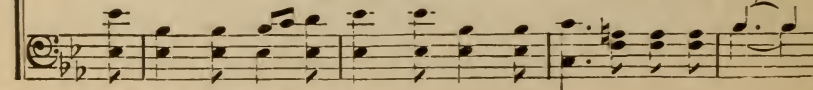
The great - est thing in earth be - low Is love.....  
 won - der - ful love,



The great - est thing the an - gels know Is love.....  
 won - der - ful love,



The great - est grace in God's own heart Is love.....  
 won - der - ful love,



# The Greatest Thing is Love.—Concluded.

In earth and sky, all things above, Is love, wonderful love.

- 5 The stripes that should on me been laid, He bore, and suffered in my stead,  
Like as the lamb to slaughter led,  
Through love, wonderful love.
- 6 Where souls in sin and sadness droop,  
We go with him, and gladly stoop  
To lift a fallen brother up,  
Through love, wonderful love.

35

## I Surrender All.

(DUET.)

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to him I free - ly give; }  
I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres - ence dai - ly live. }  
2. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at his feet I bow; }  
Worldly pleas - ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }  
3. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour, wholly thine; }  
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine. }

CHORUS.

I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;  
I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;

All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

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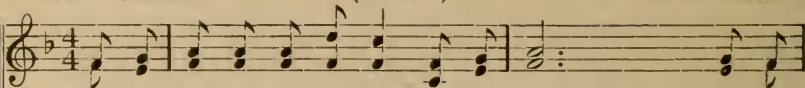
- 4 All to Jesus I surrender,  
Lord, I give myself to thee;  
Fill me with thy love and power,  
Let thy blessing fall on me.
- 5 All to Jesus I surrender,  
Now I feel the sacred flame;  
O the joy of full salvation!  
Glory, glory to his name!



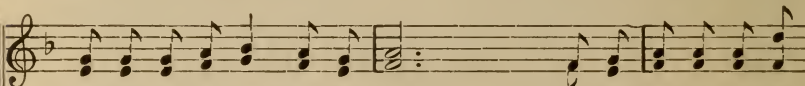
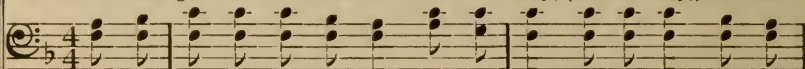
FANNY J. CROSBY.

(Ps. 27: 8.)

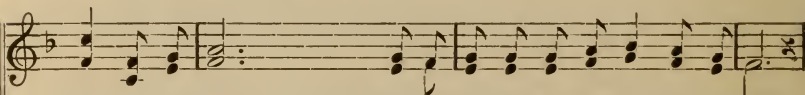
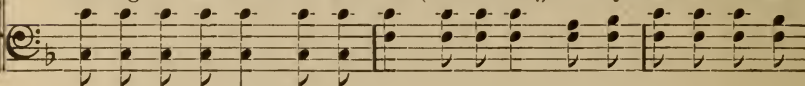
W. H. DOANE.



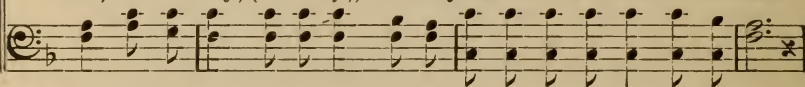
1. There's a gen-tle voiçe with-in calls a - way, (calls a - way,) 'Tis a
2. He has promised all my sins to for-give, (to for-give,) If I
3. I will try to bear the cross in my youth, (in my youth,) And be
4. Still the gen-tle voice with-in calls a - way, (calls a - way,) And its



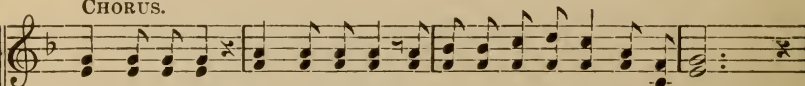
warn-ing I have heard o'er and o'er: (o'er and o'er,) But my heart is melt-ed  
ask in sim-ple faith for his love: (for his love,) In his ho - ly word I  
faith-ful to its cause till I die; (in the truth,) If with cheerful step I  
warning I have heard o'er and o'er: (o'er and o'er,) But my heart is melt-ed



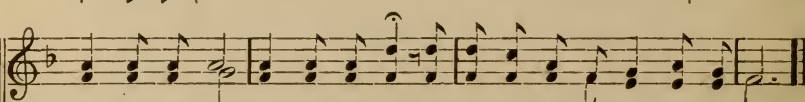
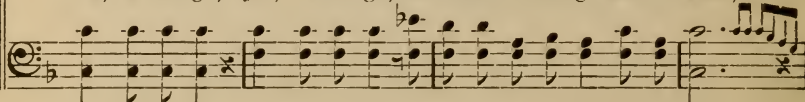
now, I o - bey; (I o - bey;) From my Saviour I will wan-der no more  
learn how to live, (how to live,) And to la - bor for his kingdom a -bove.  
walk in the truth, (in the truth,) I shall wear a star-ry crown by and by.  
now, I o - bey; (I o - bey;) From my Saviour I will wan-der no more.



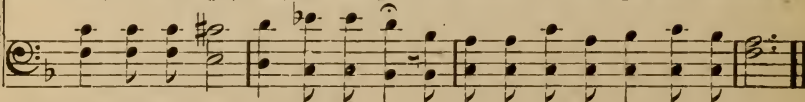
## CHORUS.



Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved;



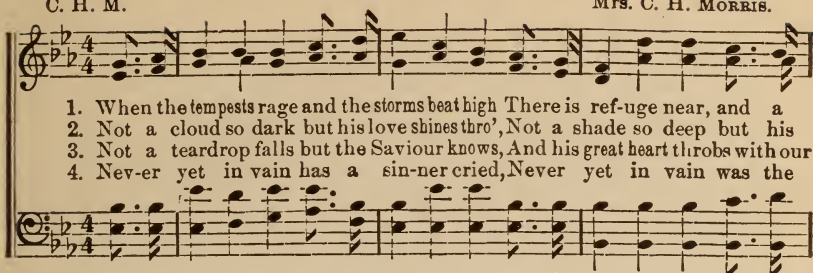
Yes, I will go; Yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved.



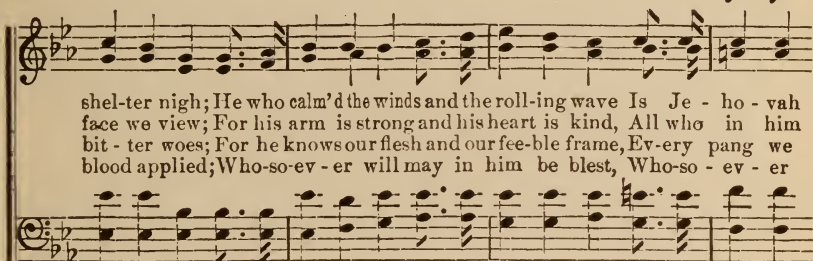


C. H. M.

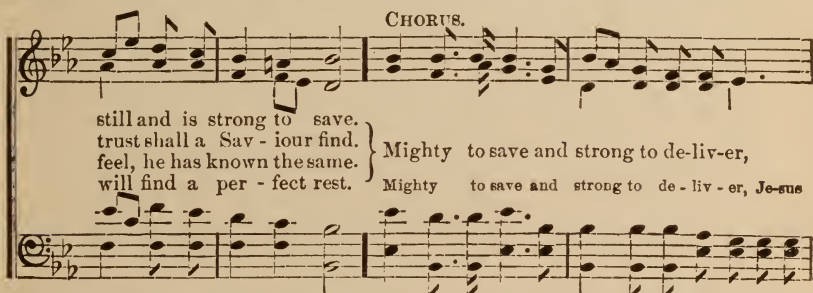
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. When the tempests rage and the storms beat high There is ref-uge near, and a  
 2. Not a cloud so dark but his love shines thro', Not a shade so deep but his  
 3. Not a teardrop falls but the Saviour knows, And his great heart throbs with our  
 4. Nev-er yet in vain has a sin-ner cried, Never yet in vain was the

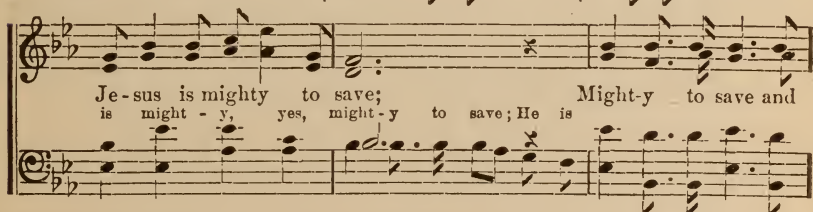


shel-ter nigh; He who calm'd the winds and the roll-ing wave Is Je - ho - vah  
 face we view; For his arm is strong and his heart is kind, All who in him  
 bit - ter woes; For he knows our flesh and our fee-ble frame, Ev-ery pang we  
 blood applied; Who-so-ev-er will may in him be blest, Who-so - ev - er

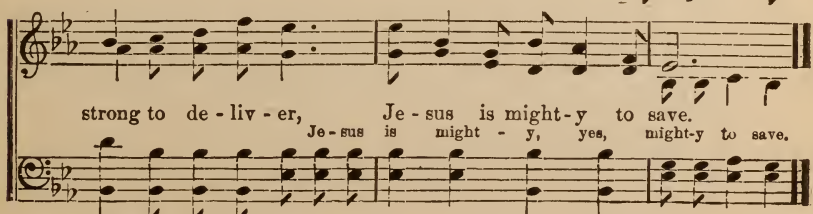


CHORUS.

still and is strong to save.  
 trust shall a Sav - iour find. } Mighty to save and strong to de-liv-er,  
 feel, he has known the same. } Mighty to save and strong to de-liv-er, Je-sus  
 will find a per - fect rest.



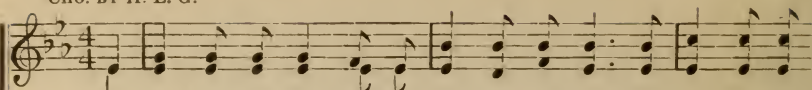
Je-sus is mighty to save; Might-y to save and  
 is might - y, yes, might-y to save; He is



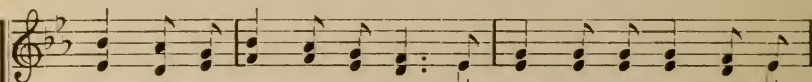
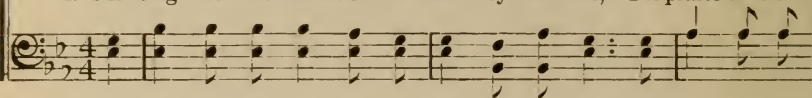
strong to de - liv - er, Je - sus is might-y to save.  
 Je - sus is might - y, yes, might-y to save.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.  
CHO. BY H. L. G.

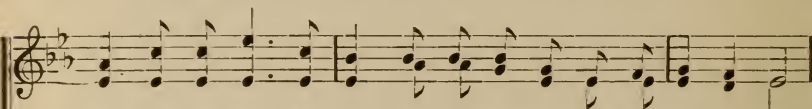
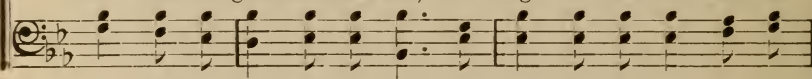
H. L. GILMOUR.



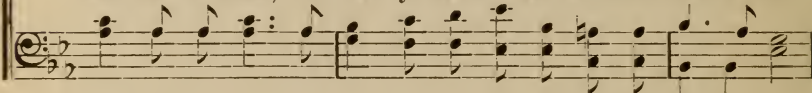
1. My heart was distress'd 'neath Je-ho-vah's dread frown, And low in the
2. He placed me up - on the strong Rock by his side, My steps were es -
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by
4. I'll sing of his won - der - ful mer - cy to me, I'll praise him till



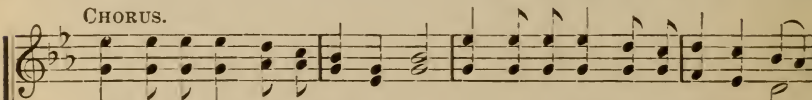
pit where my sins dragg'd me down; I cried to the Lord from the  
 tab - lished and here I'll a - bide; No dan - ger of fall - ing while  
 night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o - ver - flow - ing, I'm  
 all men his good - ness shall see; I'll sing of sal - va - tion at



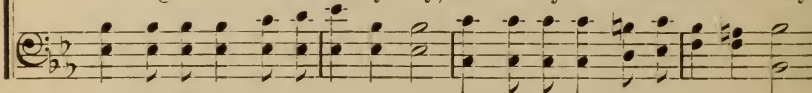
deep mi - ry clay, Who ten - der - ly brought me out to gold - en day.  
 here I re - main, But stand by his grace un - til the crown I gain.  
 hap - py and free. I'll praise my Re - deem - er, who has res - cued me.  
 home and a - broad, Till man - y shall hear the truth and trust in God.



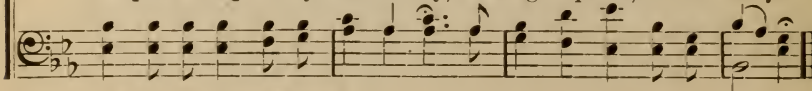
## CHORUS.



He brought me out of the mi - ry clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;

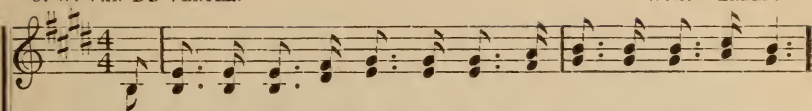


He puts a song in my soul to - day, A song of praise, hal - le - lu - jah!

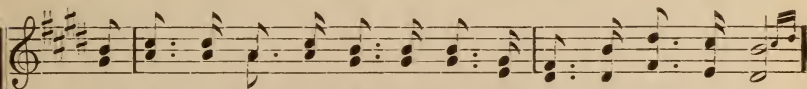
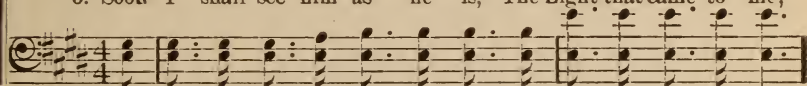


J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

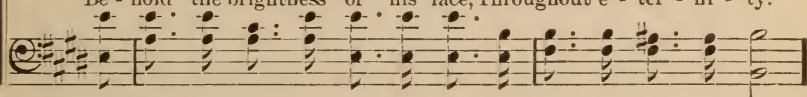
W. S. WEEDEN.



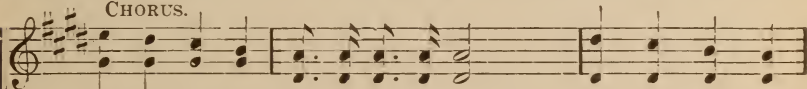
1. I wandered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
3. While walking in the light of God, I sweet com - mun - ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex - tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see him as he is, The Light that came to me;



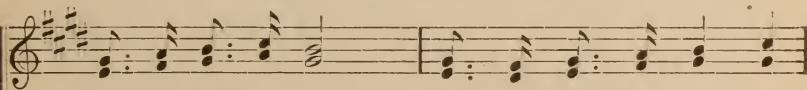
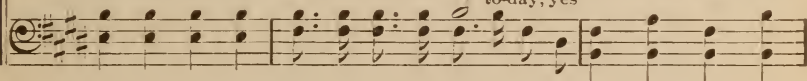
And with the sun - light of his love Bid all my dark - ness flee.  
 How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun - light in my soul.  
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world be - hind.  
 And in the sun - light of his love I reap the gold - en grain.  
 Be - hold the brightness of his face, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.



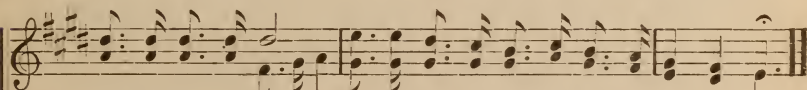
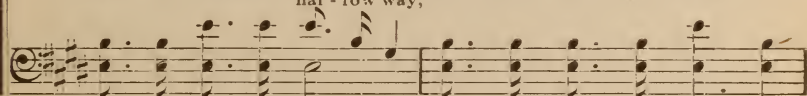
## CHORUS.



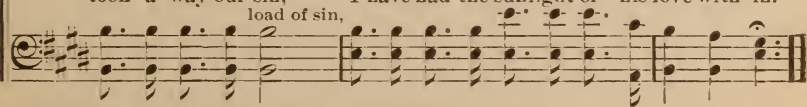
Sun - light, sunlight, in my soul to - day, Sun - light, sun - light,  
 to - day, yes



all a - long the way, Since the Sav - iour found me,  
 nar - row way,



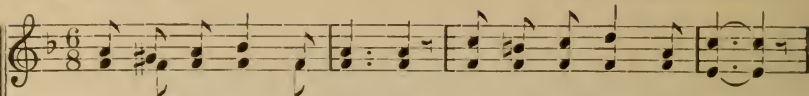
took a - way our sin, I have had the sunlight of his love with - in.  
 load of sin,



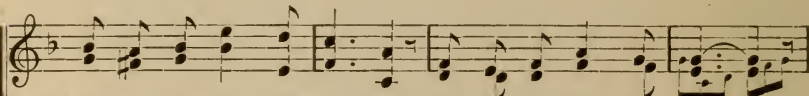
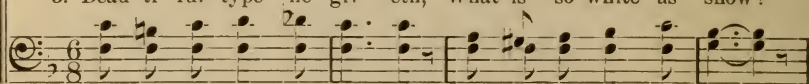


JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

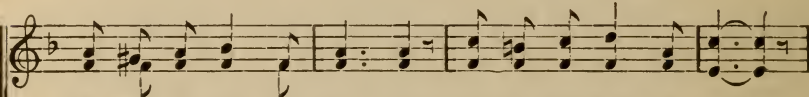
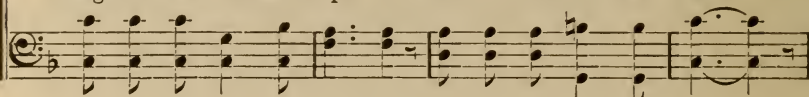
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



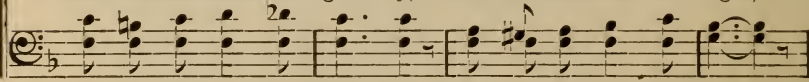
1. O - ver the plains and hill - sides Lies the un - trod - den snow,
2. Glo - ri - ous the trans - for - ma - tion—Sins that like scar - let glow,
3. Beau - ti - ful type he giv - eth, What is so white as snow?



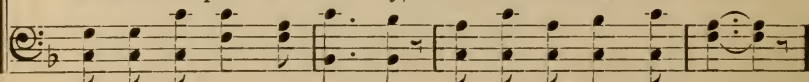
Marr'd by no hu - man foot - print, Fair in the noon - tide glow.  
 E'en tho' they be as crim - son, "They shall be white as snow."  
 Naught but the sin - stain'd spir - it Wash'd in the crim - son flow.



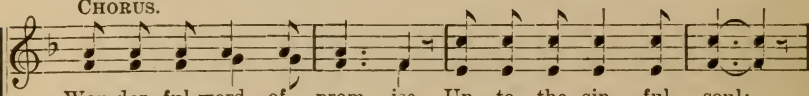
Oft as it lies be - fore me Com - eth the word of light  
 Nev - er a word more bless - ed Comes to the heart of sin.  
 Soon with the saints in glo - ry, Clad in fair robes of light,



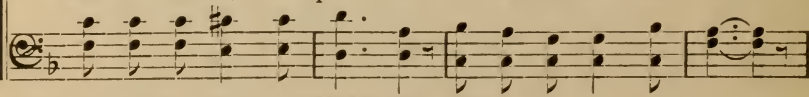
Un - to my sin - stain'd spir - it, "Scar - let shall be as white."  
 Fly to the cleans - ing fount - ain, "Wash you and make you clean."  
 We shall re - peat the sto - ry, "Je - sus hath made us white."



## CHORUS.



Won - der - ful word of prom - ise Un - to the sin - ful soul:





# As White as Snow.—Concluded.

There is a cleans-ing fount-ain O-pen'd to make thee whole.

So when I see the snow-flakes Fair in the noon-tide glow,

*rallentando.*

Then to my heart I whis-per, "Thou shalt be white as snow."

white as snow.

41

## Cleansing Wave.

PHOEBE PALMER.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. { O now I see the cleansing wave! The fountain deep and wide; (*Omit. . . . .*)  
 { Je-sus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to his (*Omit. . . . .*) wounded side,

CHORUS.

1 2


The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and O it cleanseth me! (*Omit. . . . .*)  
 O praise the Lord! it cleanseth me It cleanseth me—(*Omit. . . . .*) yes, cleanseth me.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,  
 Above the world of sin, [white  
 With heart made pure and garments  
 And Christ enthroned within.

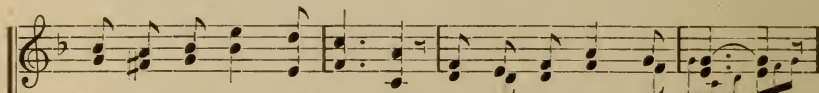
3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below  
 To feel the blood applied;  
 And Jesus, only Jesus, know.  
 My Jesus crucified.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

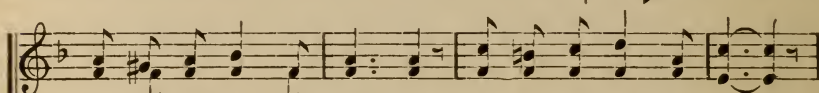
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



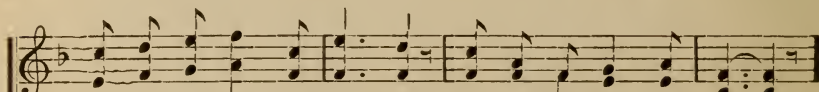
1. O - ver the plains and hill - sides Lies the un - trod - den snow,  
 2. Glo - ri - ous the trans - for - ma - tion—Sins that like scar - let glow,  
 3. Beau - ti - ful type he giv - eth, What is so white as snow?



Marr'd by no hu - man foot - print, Fair in the noon - tide glow.  
 E'en tho' they be as crim - son, "They shall be white as snow."  
 Naught but the sin - stain'd spir - it Wash'd in the crim - son flow.

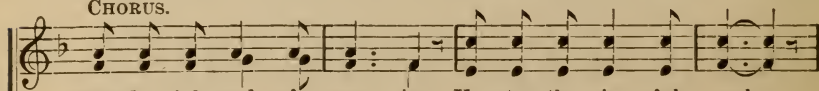


Oft as it lies be - fore me Com - eth the word of light  
 Nev - er a word more bless - ed Comes to the heart of sin.  
 Soon with the saints in glo - ry, Clad in fair robes of light,



Un - to my sin - stain'd spir - it, "Scar - let shall be as white."  
 Fly to the cleans - ing fount - ain, "Wash you and make you clean."  
 We shall re - peat the sto - ry, "Je - sus hath made us white."

## CHORUS.



Won - der - ful word of prom - ise Un - to the sin - ful soul:

# As White as Snow.—Concluded.

There is a cleaus - ing fount - ain O - pen'd to make thee whole.

So when I see the snow-flakes Fair in the noon-tide glow,

*rallentando.*

Then to my heart I whis - per, "Thou shalt be white as snow." white as snow.

41

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PHOEBE PALMER.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

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CHORUS.

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 O praise the Lord! it cleanseth me It cleanseth me—(*Omit. . . . .*) yes, cleanseth me.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,  
 Above the world of sin, [white  
 With heart made pure and garments  
 And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below  
 To feel the blood applied;  
 And Jesus, only Jesus, know.  
 My Jesus crucified.



Mrs. C. H. M.

(SOLO AND CHORUS.)

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Long by sin my eyes were hold-en,      Wea-ry years in blindness spent;  
 2. It was Christ, the lowly Je - sus,      Who once walk'd in Gal-i-lee,  
 3. How my load of cares fell from me,      How my doubts and fears were stilled,  
 4. Day by day he's waiting with me,      Holds my hand and guides my feet;

Wast-ed were the hours all gold - en, All my life on pleas - ure bent.  
 Now the ris'n, triumphant Je - sus Who had thus brought sight to me.  
 And that restless void and long-ing, With his pre-cious love was filled.  
 Ev - er in my ear he whis - pers, Words of com-fort won-drous sweet.

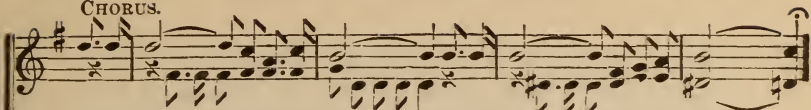
Till One came in love and mer - cy,      Touched my eyes and sight did bring;  
 Brighter shone the sun a - bove me,      Sweet-er seemed the birds to sing;  
 How I felt my sin for - giv - en,      Felt new life within me spring;  
 Do you wonder I'm re-joic - ing,      Do you won-der that I sing?

At his feet I fell and wor-shipp'd, For mine eyes be-held the King.  
 All the earth took on new beau - ty, When mine eyes beheld the King.  
 I became an heir of heav - en, When mine eyes beheld the King.  
 For I'm liv-ing in his pres - ence, And I still be-hold the King.



# Mine Eyes Beheld the King.—Concluded.

## CHORUS.



For mine eyes.....beheld the King,  
When mine eyes...beheld the King,  
When mine eyes...beheld the King,  
And I still.....behold the King,

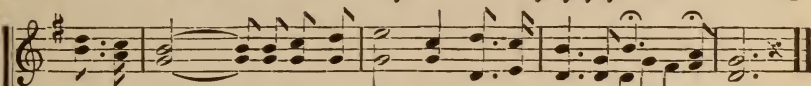
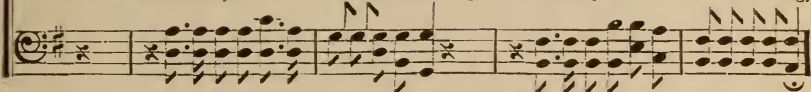
For mine eyes.....beheld the King;.....  
When mine eyes...beheld the King;.....  
When mine eyes...beheld the King;.....  
And I still.....behold the King;.....

For mine eyes

beheld the King,

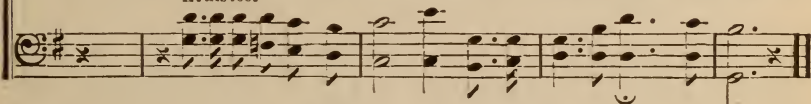
For mine eyes

beheld the King;



At his feet..... I fell and worshipped. For mine eyes beheld the King.  
All the earth.... took on new beau - ty, When mine eyes beheld the King.  
I he - came.... an heir of heav - en, When mine eyes beheld the King.  
For I'm liv - ing in his pres-ence, And I still be-hold the King.

At his feet

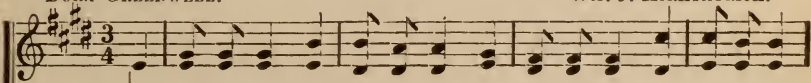


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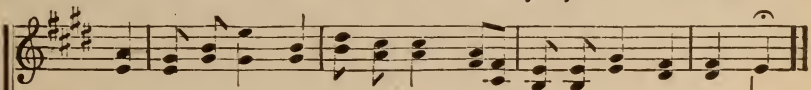
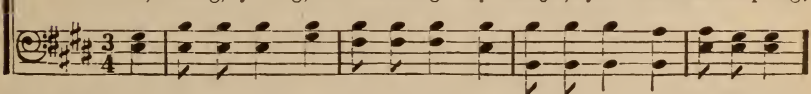
## My Saviour.

DORA GREENWELL.

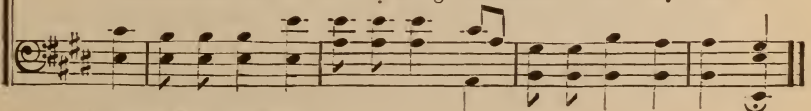
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I am not skill'd to understand What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;
2. I take him at his word in-deed: "Christ died for sinners," this I read;
3. That he should leave his place on high, And come for sin - ful man to die,
4. And O! that he ful-filled may see The tra-vail of his soul in me,
5. Yea, liv-ing, dy - ing, let me bring My strength, my so-lace from this spring,



I on - ly know at his right hand Stands One who is my Sav-iour!  
For in my heart I find a need Of him to be my Sav-iour!  
You count it strange?—so once did I, Be - fore I knew my Sav-iour!  
And with his work con-tent-ed be, As I with my dear Sav-iour!  
That he who lives to be my King Once died to be my Sav-iour!



E. RICHMOND.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I am thinking to-day Of a mansion above, By the side of the  
 2. I am singing the songs That they sing over there, I am praising the  
 3. I've a crown o-ver there, I am longing to wear, When the burdens of

riv - er so fair; Where the streets are of gold, And we never grow old, O the  
 Lord that I love; But I long to be free And his glo-ry to see, With the  
 life shall be o'er; With the crosses all past, With my loved ones at last, I shall

## CHORUS.

joy of a home o-ver there! }  
 blood-washed in heaven a-bove. } But the Master says, Stay, There is  
 rest on that heaven - ly shore. }

work here to do, And he tells me he'll call by and by; There are  
 by and by;

souls to be won Ere my work shall be done, And I enter my mansion on high.

1. Roll it off on Je - sus, All thy load of sin; He will lift it from thee,  
 2. Roll it off on Je - sus, Ev - 'ry pressing grief; He will sweetly comfort,  
 3. Roll it off on Je - sus, Ev - 'ry heart-request; Bring him thy pe-ti-tions,

Breathing peace within; Ev - 'ry haunting mem'ry, Ev - 'ry gloom-y fear,  
 He will give re-lief; Pre-cious con-so-la-tion Com-eth from a-bove,  
 For he know-eth best; He who marks thy pathway, He who bears thy care

## CHORUS.

Bring to him, thy Saviour, He is ev - er near.  
 There is grace to help us In his wondrous love.  
 Hath the pow'r and wisdom, He will answer pray'r.

Roll it off, roll it off, Too

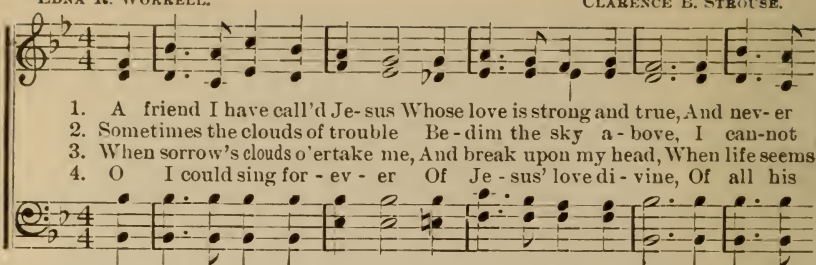
great for thee to bear; Roll it off, roll it off, All thy load of care;

Roll it off on Je - sus, Lean up-on his breast, He is calling, "Come and rest."

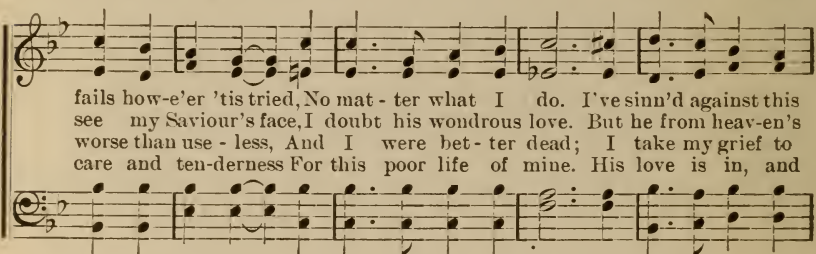


EDNA R. WORRELL.

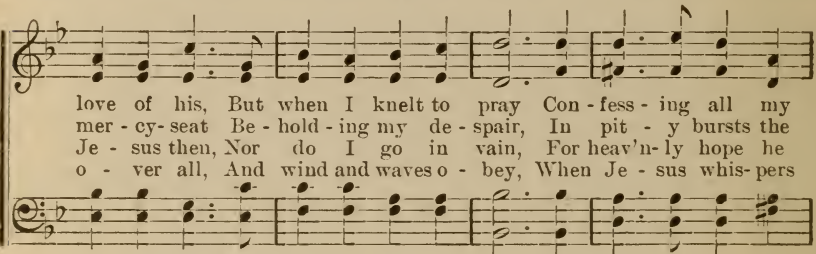
CLARENCE E. STROUSE.



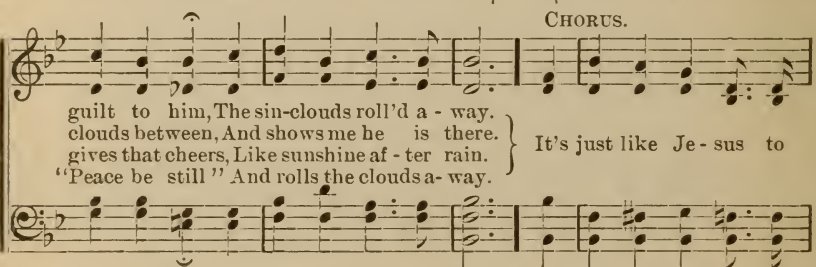
1. A friend I have call'd Je-sus Whose love is strong and true, And nev-er  
 2. Sometimes the clouds of trouble Be-dim the sky a-bove, I can-not  
 3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break upon my head, When life seems  
 4. O I could sing for - ev - er Of Je-sus' love di-vine, Of all his



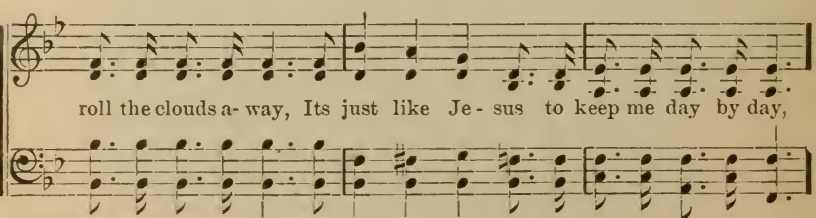
fails how-e'er 'tis tried, No mat-ter what I do. I've sinn'd against this  
 see my Saviour's face, I doubt his wondrous love. But he from heav-en's  
 worse than use-less, And I were bet-ter dead; I take my grief to  
 care and ten-derness For this poor life of mine. His love is in, and



love of his, But when I knelt to pray Con-fess-ing all my  
 mer-cy-seat Be-hold-ing my de-spair, In pit-y bursts the  
 Je-sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n-ly hope he  
 o-ver all, And wind and waves o-bey, When Je-sus whis-pers



CHORUS.  
 guilt to him, The sin-clouds roll'd a-way.  
 clouds between, And shows me he is there. } It's just like Je-sus to  
 gives that cheers, Like sunshine af-ter rain. }  
 "Peace be still" And rolls the clouds a-way.



roll the clouds a-way, Its just like Je-sus to keep me day by day,



# It's Just Like His Great Love.—Concluded.

It's just like Je - sus all a-long the way, It's just like his great love.

## 47 Is Thy Heart Right With God?

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have thy affections been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more condemna-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?  
 O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?  
 Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?  
 Does he each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?  
 Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

### CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crim-son flood, Cleans'd and made

ho - ly, hum-ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God? (of God?)

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. To the res-cue! to the res-cue! Souls are drift-ing with the tide;  
 2. Who will tell of this sal - va-tion, Bless-ed life-boat close at hand,  
 3. Some are conscious of their dan-ger And for suc-cor loud-ly cry;  
 4. Hu-man wrecks are all a-bout us, Vic-tims of the tempter's pow'r;

On-ward tow'rd the rocks be-fore them With the cur-rent swift they glide.  
 Ere their barks are wreck'd and scatter'd Far and near up - on the strand?  
 Cut the shore-lines, hast-en to them Ere in sin they sink and die.  
 O the joy be - yond all tell-ing Could we res-cue one this hour!

*mf* CHORUS.

Farther and farther a - way!... Farther and far-ther a - way!...  
 drifting away, drifting away,

*cres.*

With the cur-rent drift-ing by, To the res-cue quickly fly,  
 With the current drifting, drifting by, To the rescue quickly, quickly fly,

God will help us if we try, Help to save some one to - day.  
 God will help us if we on - ly try,

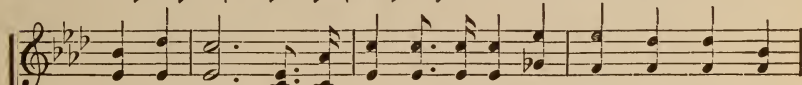
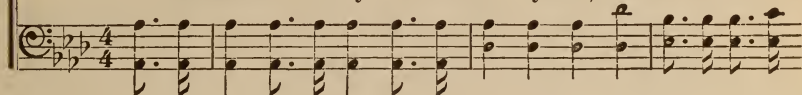
H. L. G.

John 21: 4.

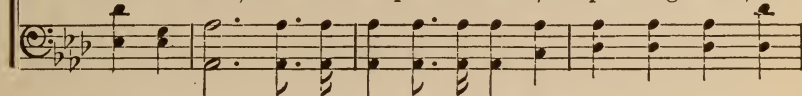
H. L. GILMOUR.



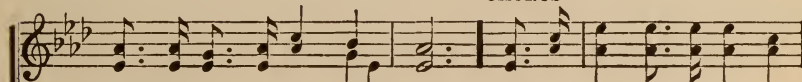
1. Je - sus stood on the shore, when the morning came, Appearing to his
2. Je - sus stood by the way, when the beg-gar blind, For mercy cried thro'
3. Je - sus stood by the grave of the friend he lov'd, And showed his res-ur-
4. Je - sus stand-eth to-day at the mer - cy seat, Our Ad-vo-cate with



friends once more, The be - lov - ed dis-ci - ple knew the Lord, Who  
na - ture's night, As he cast down his garments at his feet, By  
rec - tion pow'r; Quickly gave the command "come forth, come forth" Un -  
God a - bove; Shows his nail-pierc-ed hands, and plead-ing stands, Un -

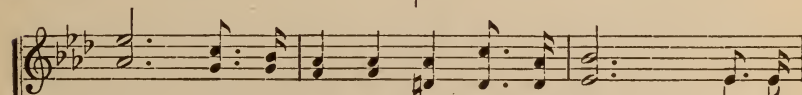
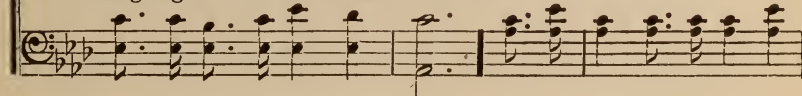


## CHORUS.



lov'd him as in days of yore.  
faith he there re - ceived his sight.  
loose, and let him go this hour.  
chang-ing in his won-drous love.

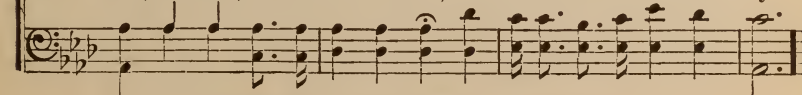
} Je - sus stands on the shore to -



day, to-day, Helping struggling souls by the way, by the way, On the



land, or wave, Je-sus waits to save, He never turns a soul a - way.





Not one of them is forgotten before God."—LUKE 12: 6.

E. E. HEWITT.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. There's a word of ten-der beau-ty In the say-ings of our Lord,  
 2. Though I'm least of all His children, So un-wor-thy of His love,  
 3. O the wounded hands of Je-sus All the springs of life con-trol,

How it stirs the heart to mu-sic, Wak-ing grat-itude's sweet chord;  
 Yet, for me, there's kind remembrance In the Fa-ther-heart a-bove;  
 Is there an-y ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?

For it tells me that "Our Father," From His throne of roy-al might,  
 He will ev-er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way:  
 Let me, like the lit-tle sparrow, Trust Him where I can-not see,

*Cho.*—In my Fa-ther's bless-ed keep-ing I am hap-py, safe, and free;

*D.S. Chorus.*

Bends to note a fall-ing sparrow, For 'tis pre-cious in His sight.  
 For my Sav-iour gent-ly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they?"  
 In the sun-shine and the shad-ow, Sing-ing "He will care for me."

While His eye is on the sparrow I will not for-got-ten be.

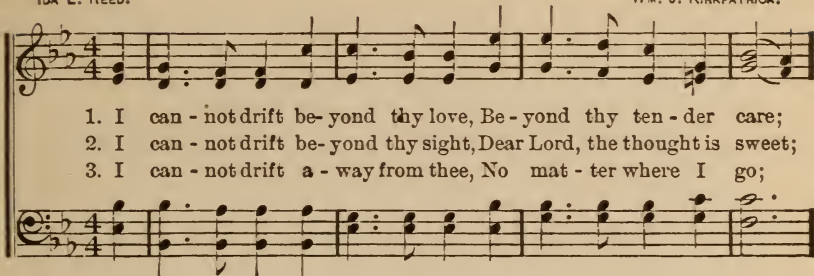


# No. 53. I Cannot Drift Beyond Thy Love.

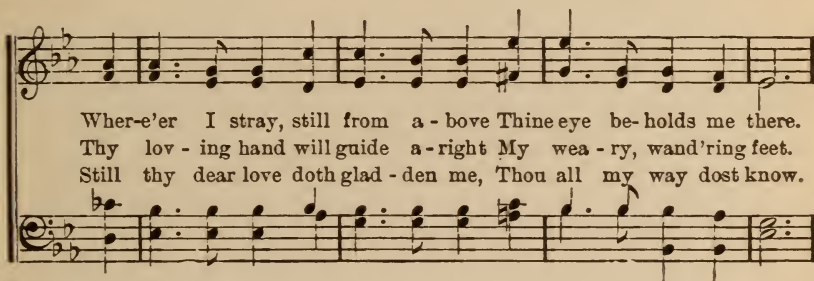
"I know not where his islands lift their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift beyond his love and care."—Whittier.

IDA L. REED.

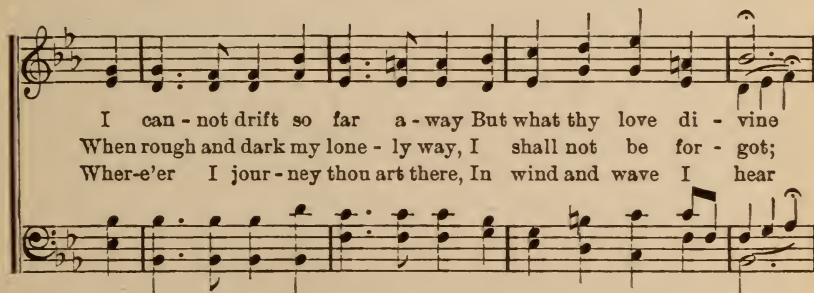
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



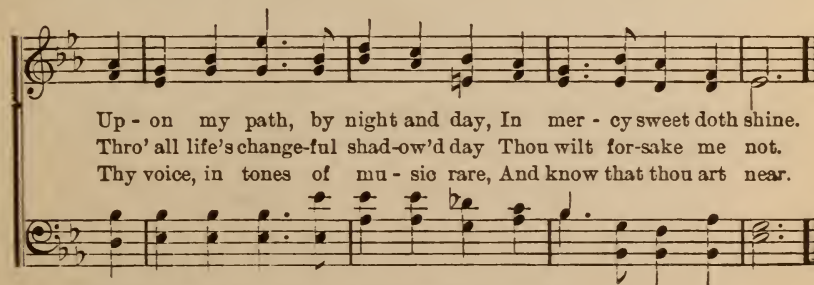
1. I can - not drift be - yond thy love, Be - yond thy ten - der care;  
2. I can - not drift be - yond thy sight, Dear Lord, the thought is sweet;  
3. I can - not drift a - way from thee, No mat - ter where I go;



Wher-e'er I stray, still from a - bove Thine eye be - holds me there.  
Thy lov - ing hand will guide a - right My wea - ry, wand'ring feet.  
Still thy dear love doth glad - den me, 'Thou all my way dost know.



I can - not drift so far a - way But what thy love di - vine  
When rough and dark my lone - ly way, I shall not be for - got;  
Wher-e'er I jour - ney thou art there, In wind and wave I hear

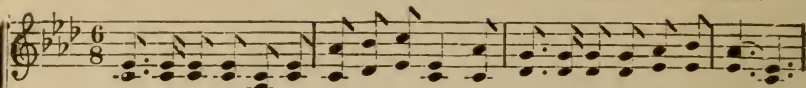


Up - on my path, by night and day, In mer - cysweet doth shine.  
Thro' all life's change - ful shad - ow'd day Thou wilt for - sake me not.  
Thy voice, in tones of mu - sic rare, And know that thou art near.

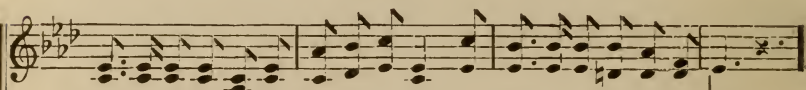
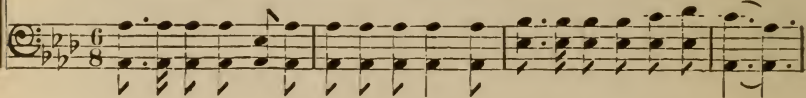
# 54 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

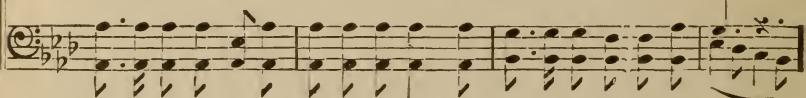
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur-i-ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;



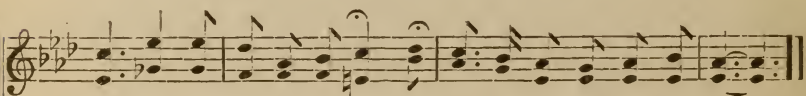
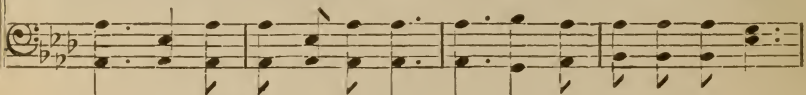
If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
 Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
 If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
 Find what a Friend he will be unto you, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
 If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.



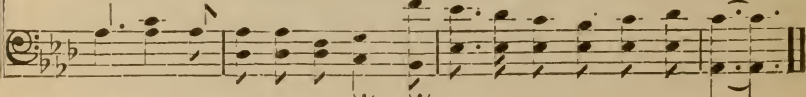
## CHORUS.



Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re-ject him no more;  
 5th v. Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-ject-ing no more;

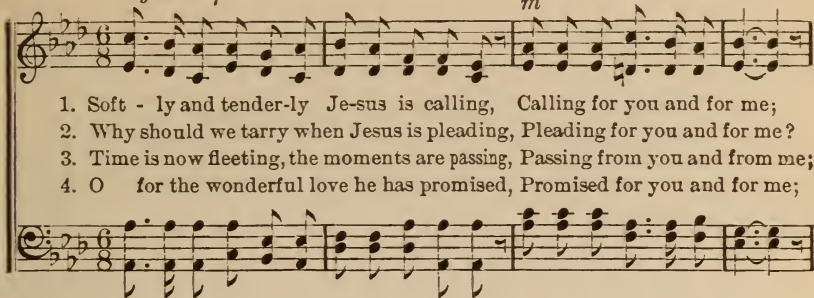


Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Jo-sus come in-to your heart.  
 Just now, I o-pen the door; And Je-sus comes in-to my heart.

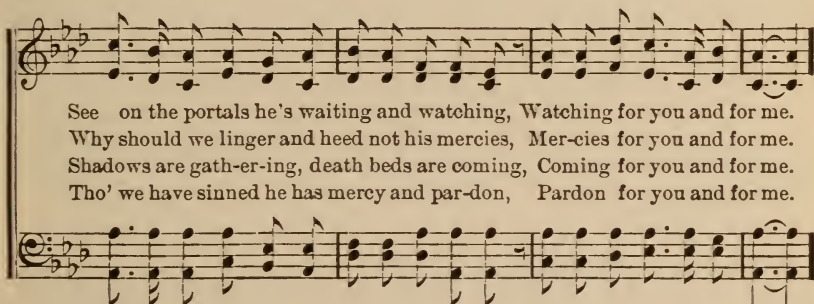


W. L. T.

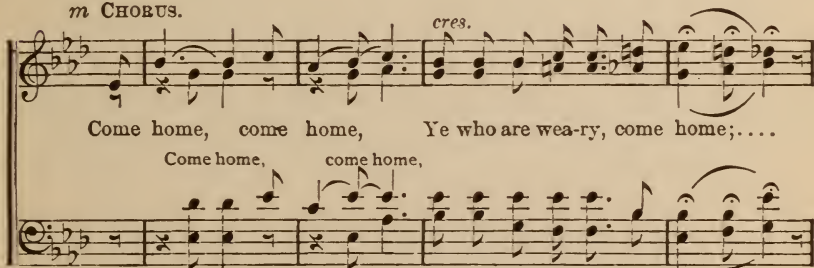
WILL L. THOMPSON.

*Very slow. p**m*


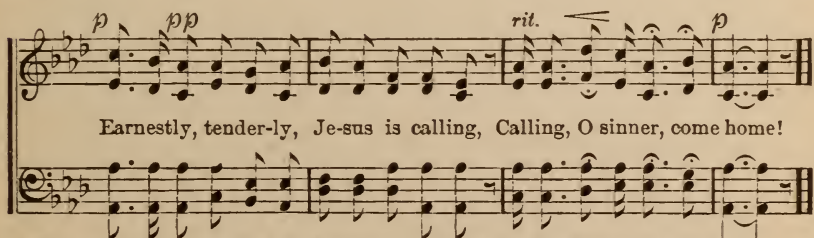
1. Soft - ly and tender-ly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;



See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
 Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me.  
 Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and par-don, Pardon for you and for me.

*m* CHORUS.*cres.*


Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home;....  
 Come home, come home,



*p* *pp* *rit.* *p*  
 Earnestly, tender-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

## Nailed to the Cross.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

(DUET)

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

*Ad lib.*

1. There was One who was will-ing to die in my stead, That a  
 2. He is ten - der and lov-ing and pa - tient with me, While he  
 3. I will cling to my Sav-iour and nev - er de - part— I will

soul, so unworth-y, might live, And the path to the cross he was  
 cleanses my heart of its dross, But "there's no con-dem-na-tion"—I  
 joy - ful - ly jour-ney each day, With a song on my lips and a

CHORUS.  
 will - ing to tread, All the sins of my life to forgive.  
 know I am free, For my sins are all nail'd to the cross. } They are nail'd to the cross,  
 song in my heart, That my sins have been taken away. }

*pp*  
 They are nail'd to the cross, O how much he was willing to bear, With what

*rit.*  
 anguish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! And he carried my sins with him there.



# 57 Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

W. H. DOANE.

*Gently, with feeling.*

1. Some day the sil- ver cord will break, And earthly dreams and vigils cease;  
 2. Some day for me my Lord shall call, With gentle whis- per in my ear;  
 3. O, when shall break life's silver cord, And when the morn of morns I see,

*rit.*

My spir- it will its clay for- sake, And find the ha- ven- land of peace.  
 The sil- ver cord will loose and fall, When I his ten- der voice shall hear.  
 With friends I love, my King and Lord At heaven's gate shall welcome me.

CHORUS. *Slower.*

The sil- ver cord some day will break, And I to  
 sil- ver cord will break,

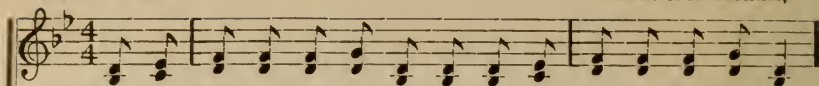
end - - less joys a - wake; O then for me  
 end- less, end- less, me, for me

*rit.*

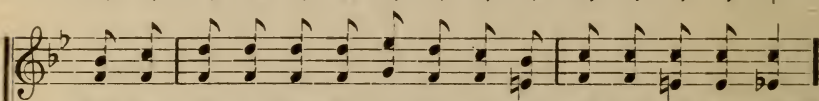
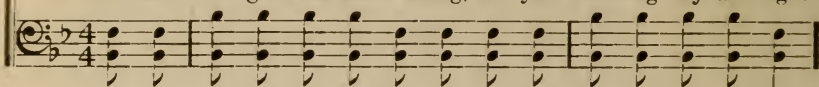
shall life be done, E - ter - nal life and heav'n be won!  
 be done,

Mrs. C. H. M.

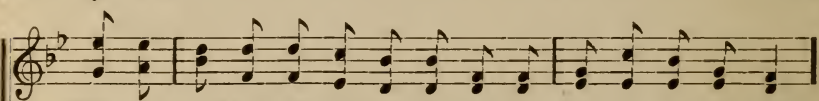
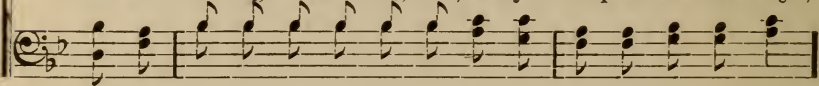
Mrs. C. H. Morris,



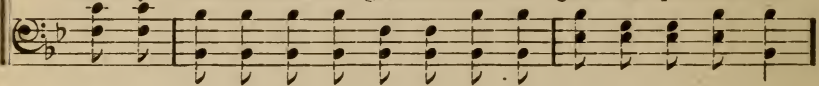
1. Have you giv'n your heart to Je-sus, do you now to him be-long?
2. Will you be a-mong the num-ber who their golden sheaves will bring
3. Will you be a-mong the num-ber of the sol-diers brave and true
4. As the vir-gins wise were waiting, are you watching day and night



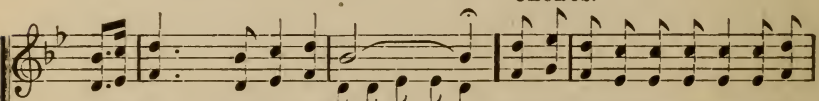
Will you be a-mong the num-ber of the hap-py blood-wash'd throng  
 To the feet of their Re-deem-er and u-nite to crown him King.  
 Who, in spite of all a-against them, with their Lord are go-ing through?  
 For the com-ing of the Bridegroom, with your lamps all trimm'd and bright;



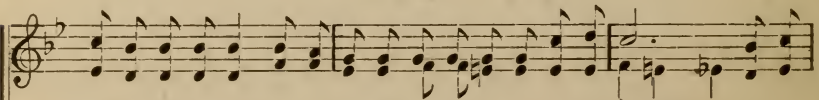
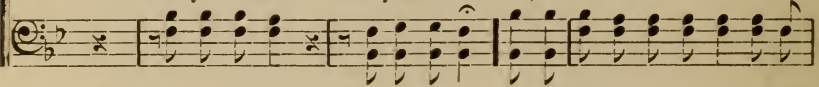
Who a-round God's throne forev-er sing the hal-le-lu-jah song?  
 Join-ing in the shouts of triumph making heav-en's arch-es ring?  
 Will you gath-er in the homeland at that glo-rious, grand re-view?  
 Read-y with the saints to gath-er dress'd in garments spot-less white?



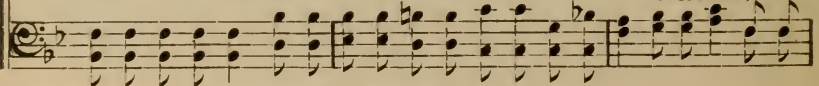
## CHORUS.



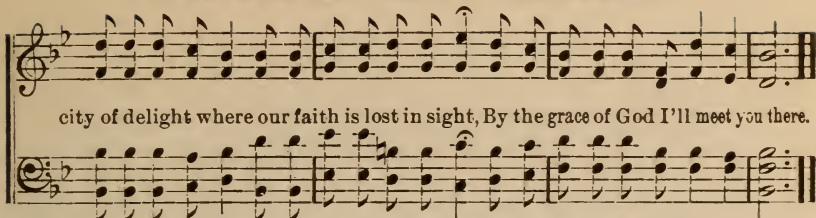
Will you, will you be one?..... Yes, by God's assisting grace I will  
 Will you be one? will you be one?



run the christian's race, And I'll be among the ransomed over there; In that  
 over there;



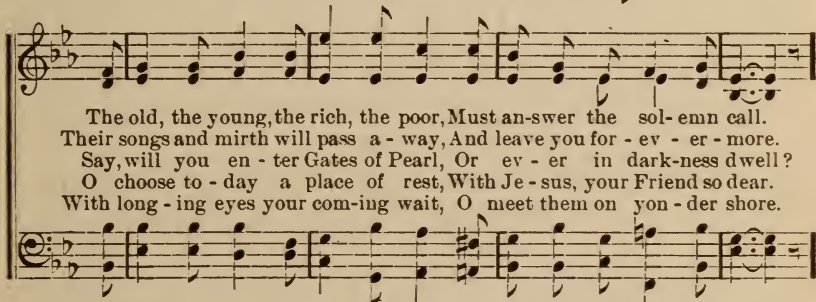
# Will You Be One?—Concluded.



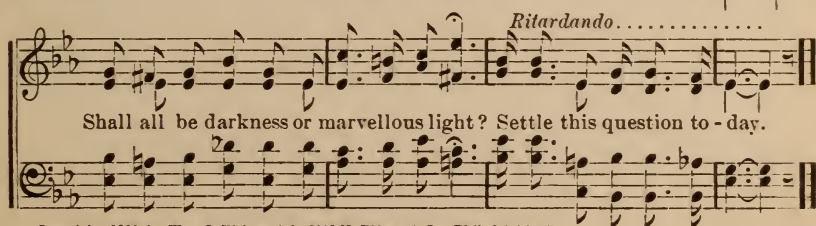
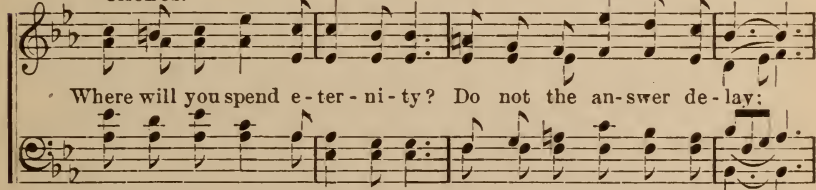
## 59 Where Will You Spend Eternity?

M. H. M.

MARY HUBBERT MUMFORD.



CHORUS.

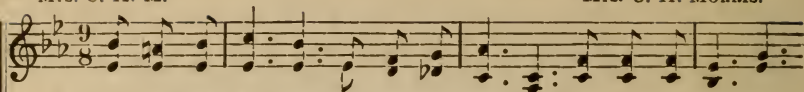




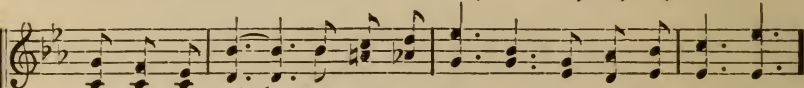
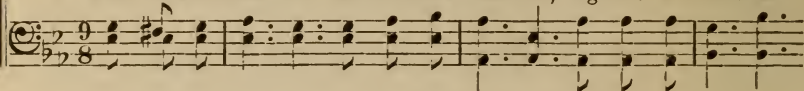
## The Gospel Ship Zion.

Mrs. C. H. M.

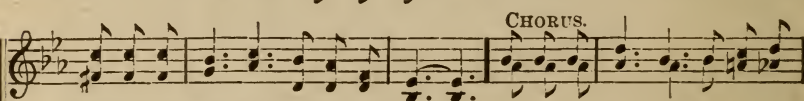
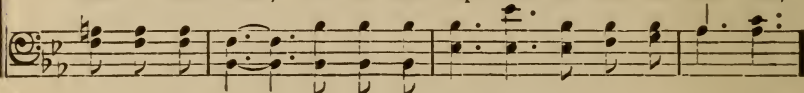
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. O - ver the wa - ters gal - lant - ly sail - ing, Rid - eth the good ship,
2. Broad are her decks and staunch are her tim - bers, Tempest and waves can
3. Mul - ti - tudes now have reached the blest har - bor Rescued from shipwreck,
4. Driv - en and tossed on life's troubled wa - ters, Sig - nal to Christ a -

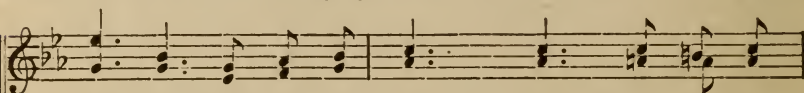
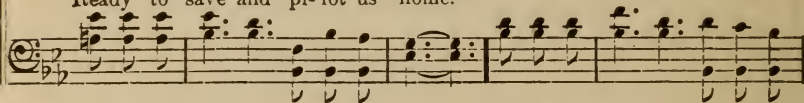


trust - ed and true; Mill - ions on board are shipping for glo - ry,  
 nev - er o'er - whelm; Built to with - stand the bil - lows and break - ers,  
 safe on that shore, Still the old ship is gal - lant - ly sail - ing,  
 cross o - cean's foam; He is the Cap - tain of our sal - va - tion,

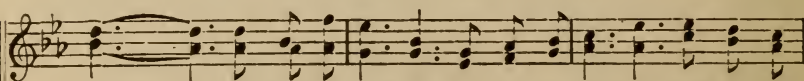
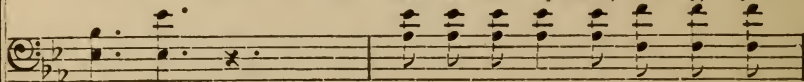


See they are beck'ning, calling for you.  
 Steady the hand that holdeth the helm.  
 Bearing her shout - ing mul - ti - tudes o'er.  
 Ready to save and pi - lot us home.

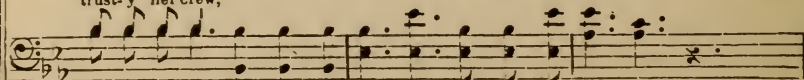
Hasten on board the gospel ship



Zi - on, Brave is her Cap - tain, trust - y her  
 Brave is her Cap - tain, trust - y, yes

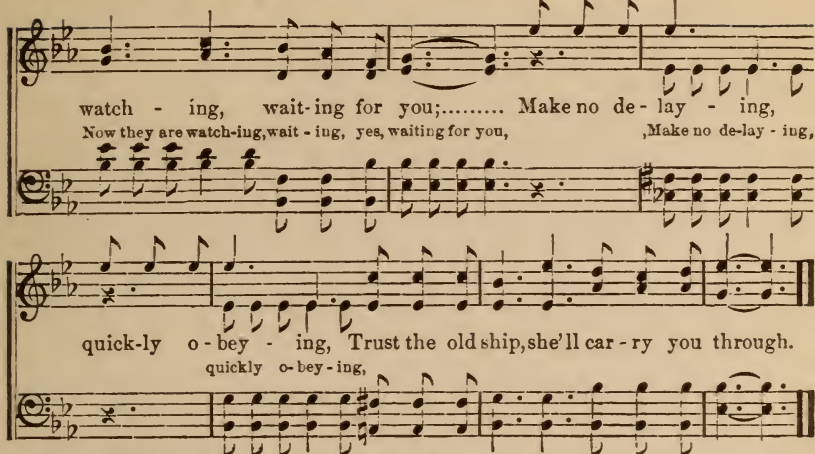


crew,..... Mill - ions have land - ed safe - ly in glo - ry Now the re  
 trust - y her crew,





# The Gospel Ship Zion.—Concluded.



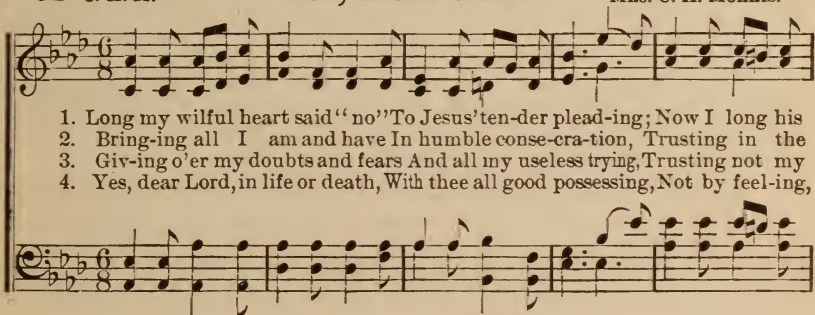
watch - ing, wait-ing for you;..... Make no de - lay - ing,  
 Now they are watch-ing, wait - ing, yes, waiting for you, , Make no de - lay - ing,

quick-ly o - bey - ing, Trust the old ship, she'll car - ry you through.  
 quickly o - bey - ing,

61 C. H. M.

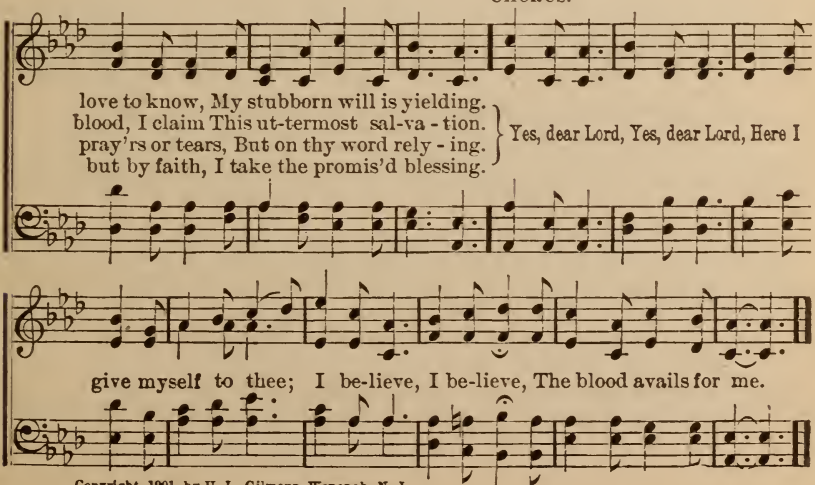
Yes, Dear Lord.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Long my wilful heart said "no" To Jesus' ten - der plead - ing; Now I long his
2. Bring - ing all I am and have In humble conse - cra - tion, Trusting in the
3. Giv - ing o'er my doubts and fears And all my useless trying, Trusting not my
4. Yes, dear Lord, in life or death, With thee all good possessing, Not by feel - ing,

CHORUS.



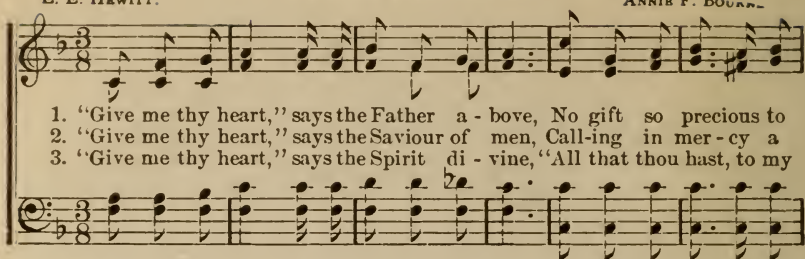
love to know, My stubborn will is yielding.  
 blood, I claim This ut - ter - most sal - va - tion.  
 pray'rs or tears, But on thy word rely - ing. } Yes, dear Lord, Yes, dear Lord, Here I  
 but by faith, I take the promis'd blessing.

give myself to thee; I be - lieve, I be - lieve, The blood avails for me.

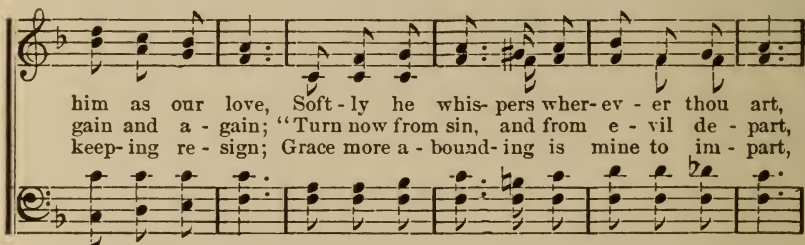
E. E. HEWITT.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

ANNIE F. BOURNE.

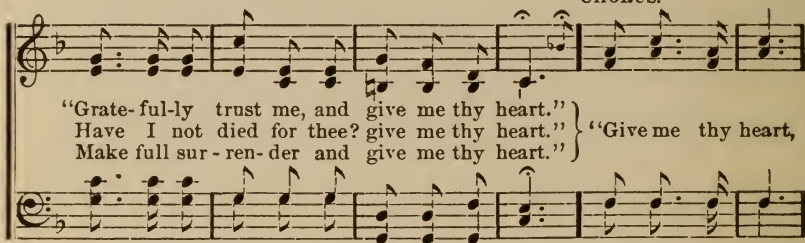


1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a - bove, No gift so precious to  
 2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call-ing in mer-cy a  
 3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spirit di - vine, "All that thou hast, to my

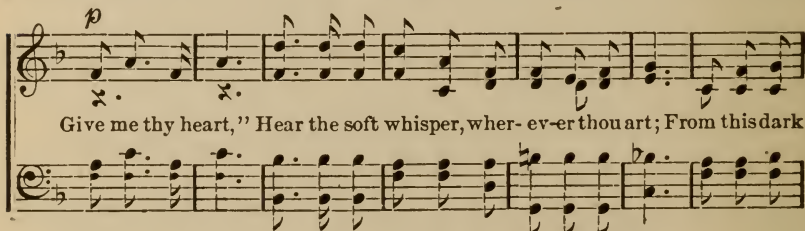


him as our love, Soft-ly he whis-pers wher-ev-er thou art,  
 gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,  
 keep-ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound-ing is mine to in - part,

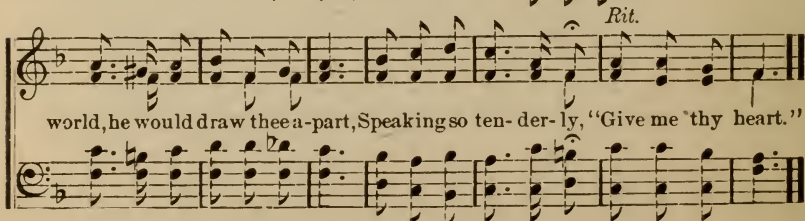
## CHORUS.



"Grate-ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart."  
 Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart."  
 Make full sur - ren - der and give me thy heart." } "Give me thy heart,



*p*  
 Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher-ev-er thou art; From this dark



*Rit.*  
 world, he would draw thee a-part, Speaking so ten - der-ly, "Give me thy heart."

1. Some-one is wait-ing for words you may say, Speak them be -  
 2. Some-one in dark-ness is watch-ing your light, O let it  
 3. Some-one is long-ing for help you can lend, Hast-en, to -

fore too late:.... Someone is looking to find the true way;  
 ne'er grow dim!.... Shine for the Mas-ter with ra-di-ance bright,  
 day, be true!.... Tell of the Sav-iour, he is a true friend,

Lead-ing to heav-en's gate.... } Some-one is wait-ing, yes,  
 Souls will be led to him.... }  
 Tell what he did for you..... }

wait-ing to-day, Hast-en, O Christian! no lon-ger de-lay,

Someone is waiting for words you can say: Speak them before too late.  
 too late.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. M.

1. O-pen-ed in the house of Da - vid, For un-cleanness and for sin,  
 2. Still there's vir-tue in the fount - ain, Still there's healing in the blood;  
 3. Tho' the love of God is bound-less, Tho' his grace is full and free;

Is a won-drous fount of heal - ing, Mill-ions now have entered in.  
 Tho' your sins be like a mount-ain, Plunge in - to the crimson flood.  
 If you still re-ject his mer - cy, Naught of good it brings to thee.

Here the sin - sick, lost and wretched, Here the halt and maim'd and blind,  
 Sink-ing deep - er in his mer - cy, Ev-'ry bur - den on him roll;  
 Un - to all who will ac-cept him, Life and love are free-ly giv'n;

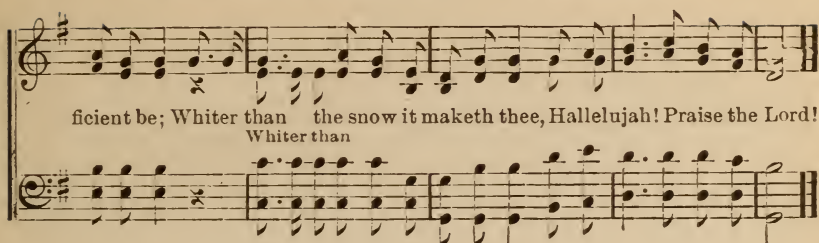
Plunge in - to the liv-ing wa - ters And a per - fect cleansing find.  
 Then go forth to tell the sto - ry A re-deem'd and ransom'd soul.  
 But to those who still re-ject him, Ban-ishment from Christ and heav'n.

## CHORUS.

Let the cleans - ing blood flow o-ver thee, It will sure - ly all suf -  
 Let the cleansing It will surely



# The Open Fountain.—Concluded.



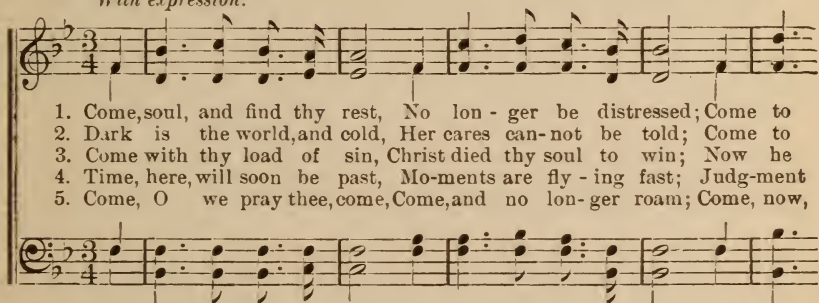
sufficient be; Whiter than the snow it maketh thee, Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!  
Whiter than

65

## O Don't Stay Away.

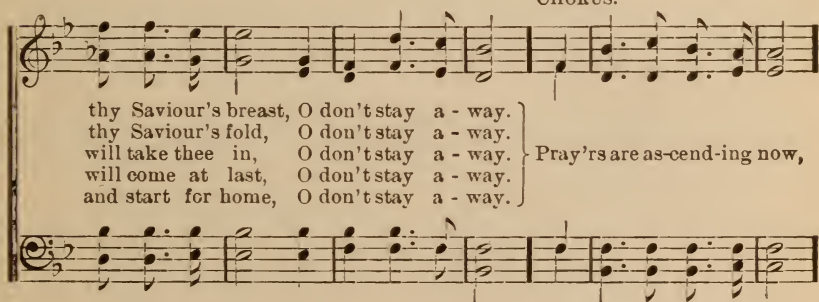
REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.  
*With expression.*

REV. W. J. STUART, A. M.

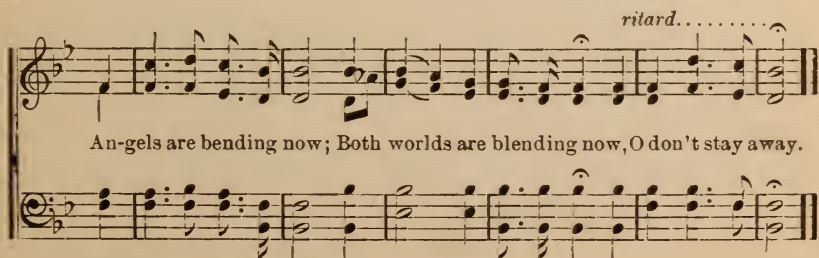


1. Come, soul, and find thy rest, No lon - ger be distressed; Come to
2. Dark is the world, and cold, Her cares can-not be told; Come to
3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win; Now he
4. Time, here, will soon be past, Mo-ments are fly - ing fast; Judg-ment
5. Come, O we pray thee, come, Come, and no lon-ger roam; Come, now,

CHORUS.



thy Saviour's breast,	O don't stay a - way.	} Pray'rs are as-cend-ing now,
thy Saviour's fold,	O don't stay a - way.	
will take thee in,	O don't stay a - way.	
will come at last,	O don't stay a - way.	
and start for home,	O don't stay a - way.	



*ritard.....*

An-gels are bending now; Both worlds are blending now, O don't stay away.

1. Would you live for Jesus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with  
 2. Would you have him make you free, and follow at his call? Would you know the  
 3. Would you in his kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove him

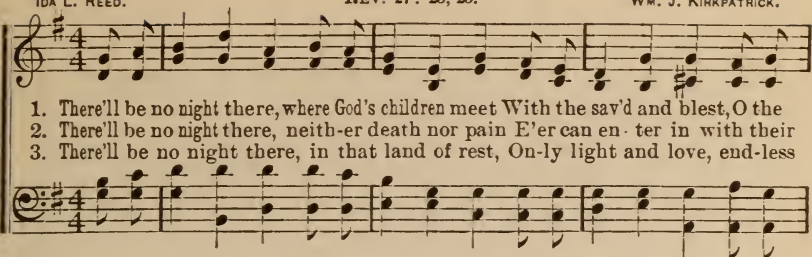
him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have him bear your burden,  
 peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have him save you, so that  
 true in prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in his ser - vice la - bor

## CHORUS.

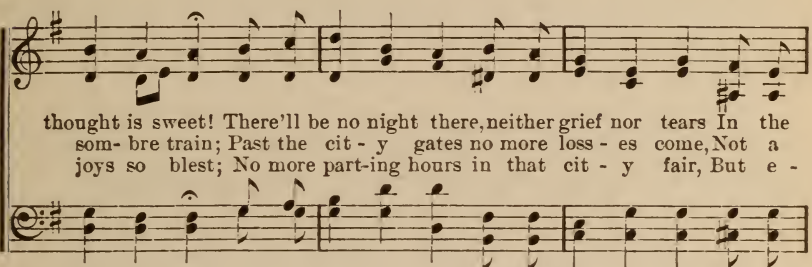
carry all your load? Let him have his way with thee. }  
 you need never fall? Let him have his way with thee. } His power can make you what you  
 always at your best? Let him have his way with thee }

ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for him to have his way with thee.

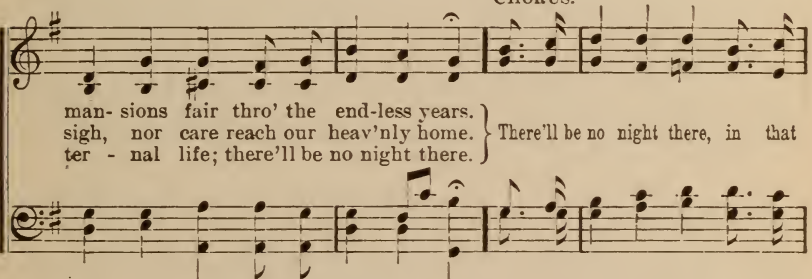


1. There'll be no night there, where God's children meet With the sav'd and blest, O the  
 2. There'll be no night there, neith-er death nor pain E'er can en-ter in with their  
 3. There'll be no night there, in that land of rest, On-ly light and love, end-less

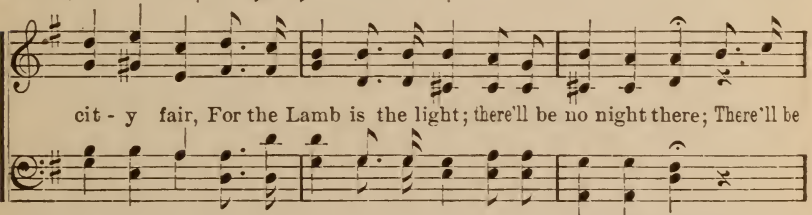


thought is sweet! There'll be no night there, neither grief nor tears In the  
 som- bre train; Past the cit - y gates no more loss - es come, Not a  
 joys so blest; No more part-ing hours in that cit - y fair, But e -

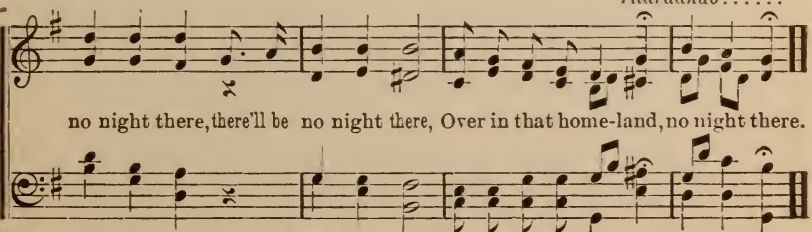
## CHORUS.



man-sions fair thro' the end-less years.  
 sigh, nor care reach our heav'nly home. } There'll be no night there, in that  
 ter - nal life; there'll be no night there. }



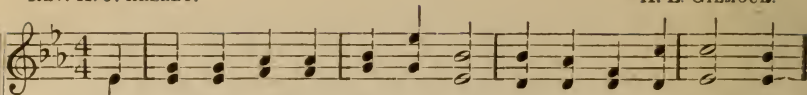
cit - y fair, For the Lamb is the light; there'll be no night there; There'll be

*ritardando.....*


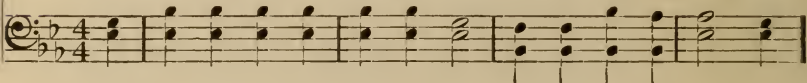
no night there, there'll be no night there, Over in that home-land, no night there.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

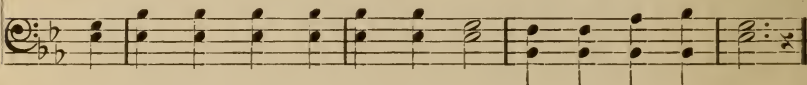
H. L. GILMOUR.



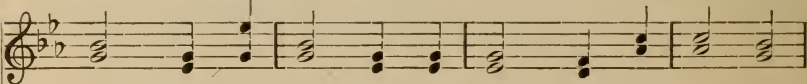
1. The Sav-iour comes to thee to-day; Je-sus now is call-ing;
2. He pa-tient-ly is wait-ing there, Je-sus now is call-ing;
3. His love has sought thy wand'ring feet, Je-sus now is call-ing;
4. He stands and knocks and bids thee rise, Je-sus now is call-ing;
5. He comes to bid thy strug-gles cease, Je-sus now is call-ing;
6. He longs to be thy con-stant Guest, Je-sus now is call-ing;



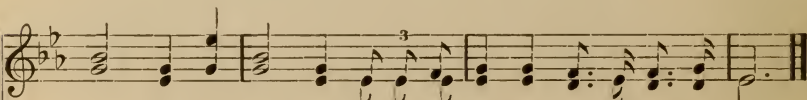
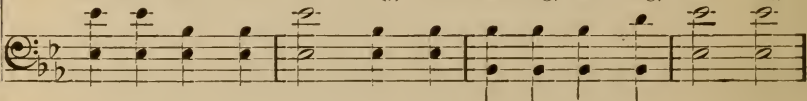
O turn him not in grief a-way, Je-sus calls thee now.  
 And longs to hear thy hum-ble pray'r, Je-sus calls thee now.  
 He calls in ac-cent soft and sweet, Je-sus calls thee now.  
 O do not still his call de-spise, Je-sus calls thee now.  
 He comes to give thee joy and peace, Je-sus calls thee now.  
 And guide thee on to home, and rest, Je-sus calls thee now.



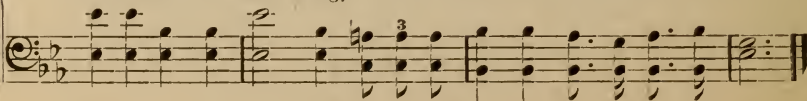
CHORUS. (As sung by Mrs. Aura Smith)



Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing, is call - ing,  
 Je - sus now is call - ing, is call - ing, call - ing, call - ing,



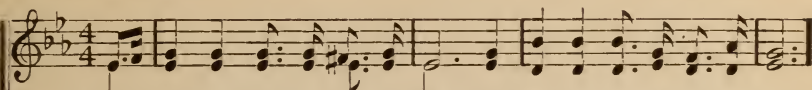
Je - sus is call - ing, o - pen thy heart's door wide and let him in.  
 Je - sus now is call - ing,



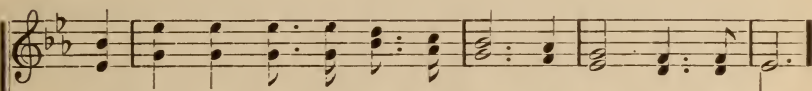
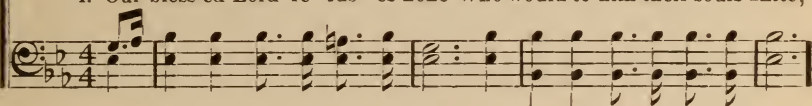


ELIZABETH REED.

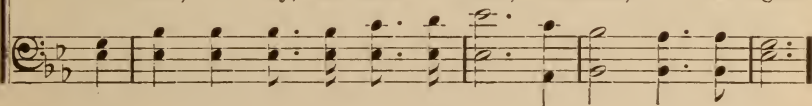
J. CALVIN BUSHBY.



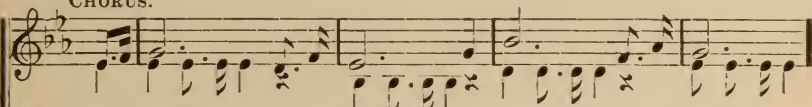
1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To - mor - row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our God in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus his love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to him their souls unite;



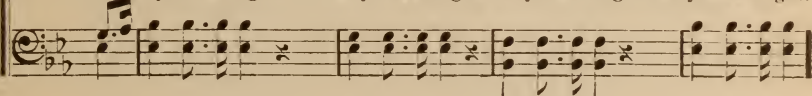
Poor sin - ner, hard - en not thy heart, Be saved, O to - night.  
 This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.  
 Re - nounce at once thy stub - born will, Be saved, O to - night.  
 Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.



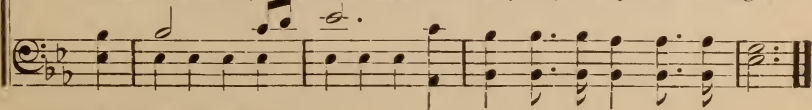
## CHORUS.



O why not to-night? O why not to-night?  
 O why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?



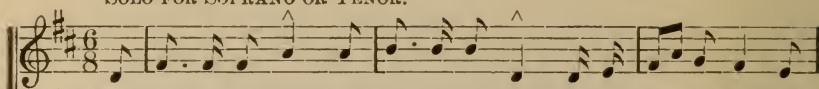
Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?  
 Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to - night?



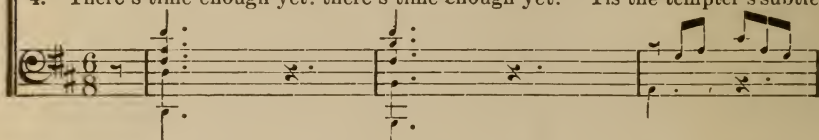
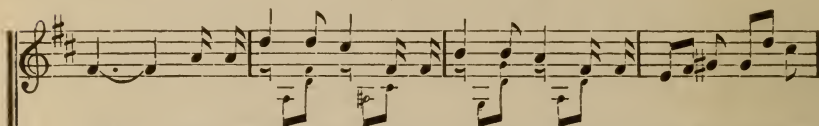
C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

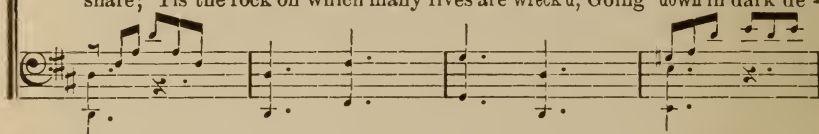
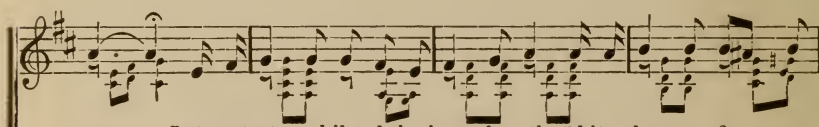
SOLO FOR SOPRANO OR TENOR.



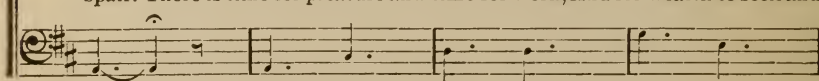
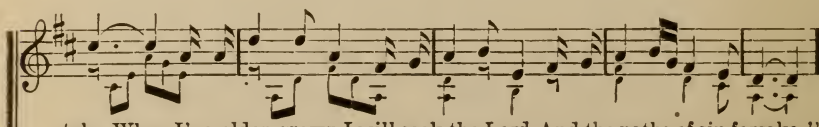
1. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" (Is the song of youth to -
2. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" And the cares of life press
3. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" And the years glide swiftly
4. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" 'Tis the tempter's subtle

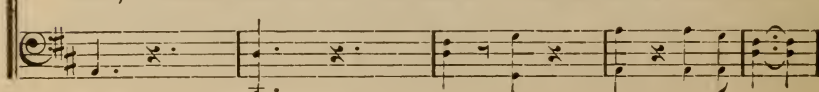
day,) "For I want my life, which is scarce begun, To be glad and free and hard, While the brow is furrow'd with anxious lines And the hands with toil are by, . . . While the sun sinks low in the crimson west, And the night is drawing snare; 'Tis the rock on which many lives are wreck'd, Going down in dark de -

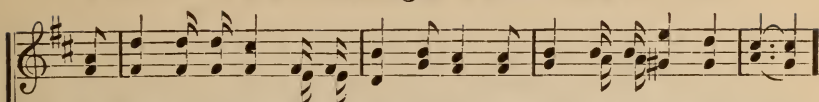
gay, Let me taste awhile of the joys of earth, Of its pleasures first par - scarr'd; "I must fill my place in this busy world, I must meet life's stern de - nigh; "I am weary now and must rest awhile, There'll be time enough to spair. There is time for pleasure and time for work, And for wealth to seek and

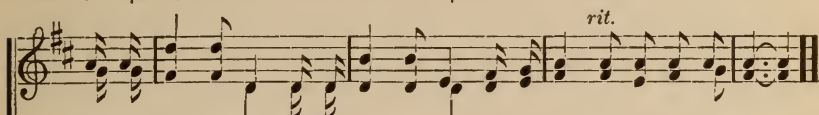
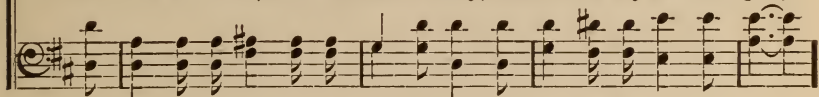
take, When I've older grown I will seek the Lord, And the paths of sin forsake." mands; When my work is done, I will then find time To obey my Lord's commands." pray;" But the rest he takes is the sleep of death, And his soul is lost for aye. hoard, But alas! alas! for the deathless soul With no time to seek the Lord.



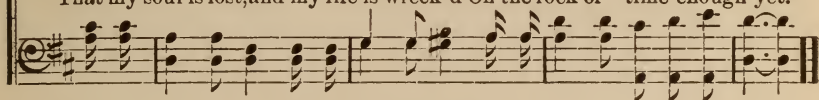
# There's Time Enough Yet.—Concluded.



Then turn to the Lord, while 'tis call'd to-day, Lest this be thy vain re - gret,



That my soul is lost, and my life is wreck'd On the rock of "time enough yet."



71

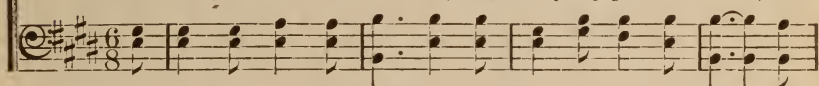
## Consecration.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

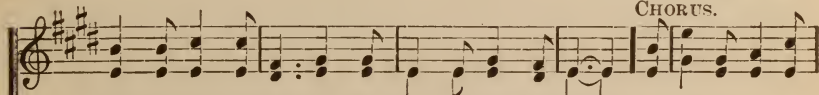
MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.



1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to thee, A
2. O Je - sus, might-y Sav - iour, I trust in thy great name, I
3. O let the fire de - scend - ing, Just now up - on my soul, Con -
4. I'm thine, O bless - ed Je - sus, Wash'd by thy precious blood, Now



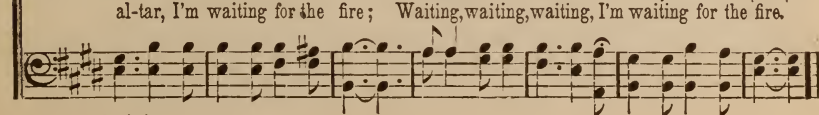
CHORUS.



con - se - crat - ed off'ring, Thine ev - er - more to be.  
look for thy sal - va - tion, Thy promise now I claim.  
sume my humble off'ring, And cleanse and make me whole. } My all is on the  
seal me by thy Spir - it, A sac - ri - fice to God.



al - tar, I'm waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

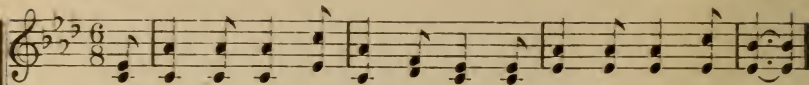


## Make Me a Blessing To-day.

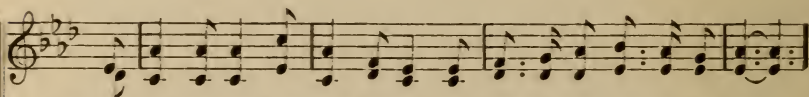
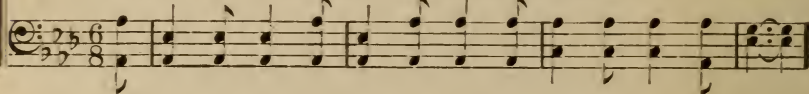
"Lord, bless me, and make me a blessing."—*Rev. D. B. Updegraff.*

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

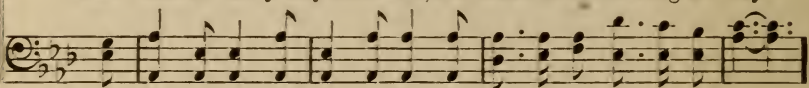
H. L. GILMOUR.



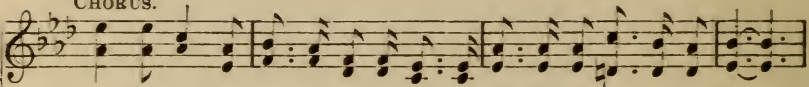
1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in thy way;
2. A - round me, Lord, are sin - ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey;
3. To those who once thy love have known, But now are far a - stray;
4. Some saints of thine are in dis-tress, And for de-liv'-rance pray;
5. What-ev - er er - rand thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey;



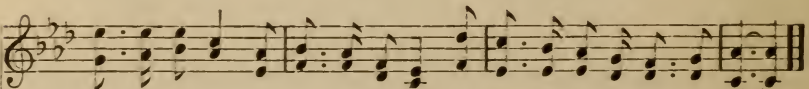
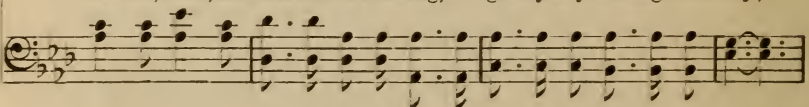
- Inspire each tho't and prompt each word, And make me a bless-ing to - day.  
 Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a bless-ing to - day.  
 Help me to lead them back to thee, And make me a bless-ing to - day.  
 O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a bless-ing to - day.  
 Use me in an-y way thou wilt, And make me a bless-ing to - day.



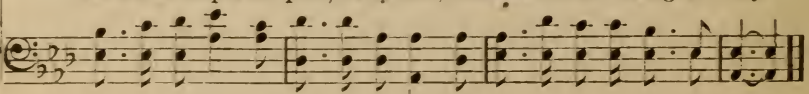
CHORUS.



- Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll gladly thy message con-vey;



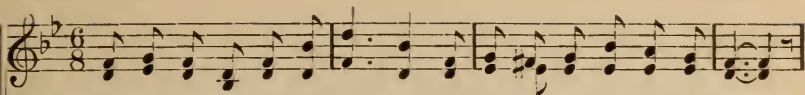
- Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to - day.



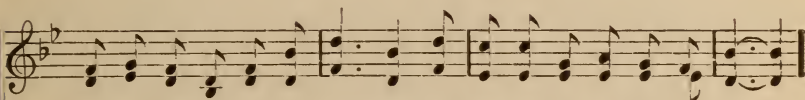
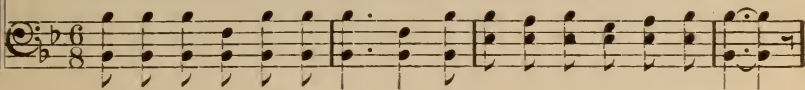


KATE ULMER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



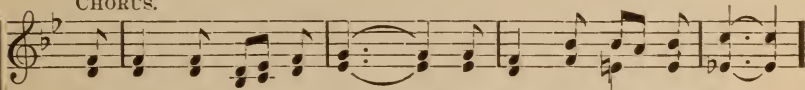
1. O what a won-der-ful Sav-iour In Je-sus my Lord I have found!
2. When a poor sin-ner he found me, No goodness to of-fer had I;
3. Nothing of mer-it pos-sess-ing, All helpless be-fore him I lay;
4. In him, my gracious Redeem-er, My Prophet, my Priest and my King;
5. How can I keep from re-joic-ing? I'll sing of the joy in my soul;



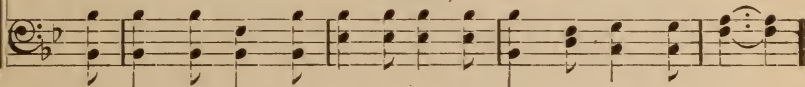
Tho' I had sins without num-ber, His grace un-to me did a-bound.  
 Oft-en his law I had bro-ken, And mer-it-ed naught but to die.  
 But in the pre-cious blood flow-ing He wash'd all my sin-stains a-way.  
 Mer-cy I find and for-giveness, My all to his keep-ing I bring.  
 Praising the love of my Saviour, While years of E-ter-ni-ty roll.



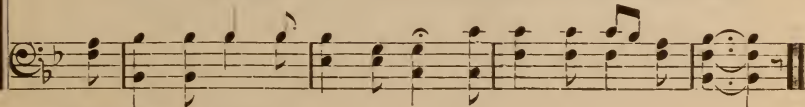
## CHORUS.



His grace a-bound-eth more, His grace a-bound-eth more,  
 and more,

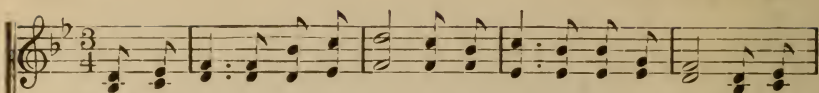


Tho' sin a-bound-ed in my heart, His grace a-bound-eth more.

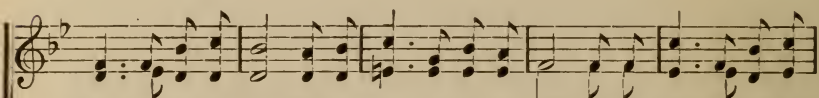
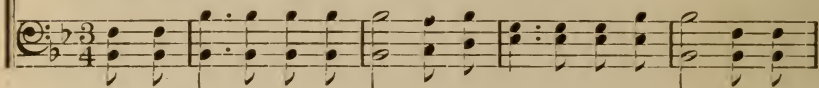


O. F. O.

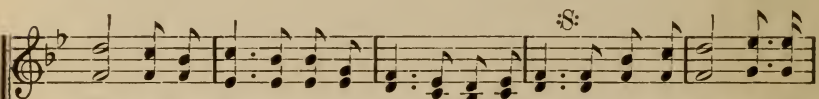
Arr. by W. J. K.



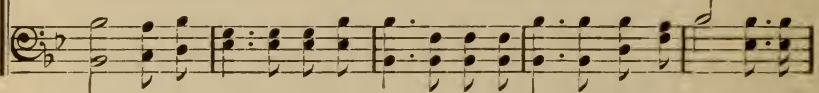
1. On the cross of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus died for thee and me; There he
2. O what wondrous, wondrous love, Bro't me down at Jesus' feet! O such
3. Take me, Je - sus, I am thine, Wholly thine for - ev - er - more; Blessed
4. Clouds and darkness veil'd the sky, When the Lord was cru-ci-fied; "It is



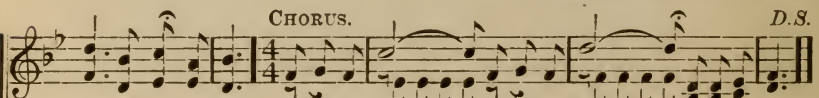
shed his precious blood, That from sin we might be free. O the cleansing stream doth  
wondrous, dy-ing love, Asks a sac - ri - fice complete! Lord, I give myself to  
Je - sus, thou art mine, Dwell within forevermore. Cleanse, O cleanse my heart from  
finish'd!" was his cry, When he bow'd his head and died. It was finish'd there for



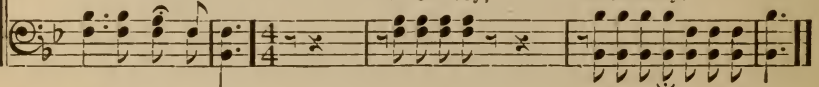
flow, And it washes white as snow: It was for me that Je-sus died On the  
thee, Soul and bod - y thine to be: It was for me thy blood was shed On the  
sin, Make and keep me pure within: It was for thisthy blood was shed On the  
me; All the world may now go free: It was for me that Je-sus died On the



D.S.—that Je-sus died On the



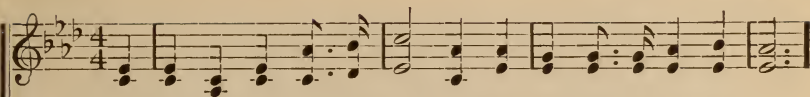
cross of Cal - va - ry. On Cal - va - ry, ..... on Cal - va - ry, ..... It was for me  
On Calvary, on Calvary.



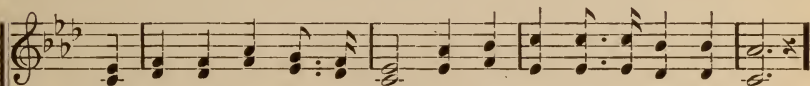
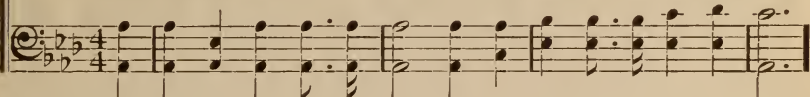
cross of Cal - va - ry.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I stand a-maz'd in the pres-ence Of Je - sus, the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He pray'd, "Not my will but thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held him, And came from the world of light
4. When with the ransom'd in glo - ry, His face I at last shall see,



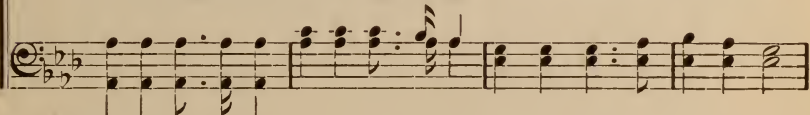
And won-der how he could love me, A sin-ner, condemn'd, unclean.  
 He had no tears for his own griefs, But sweat drops of blood for mine.  
 To com-fort him in the sor-rows He bore for my soul that night.  
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of his love for me.



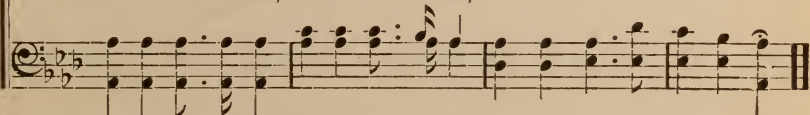
## CHORUS.



How mar-vel-ous, how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev - er be:—  
 O how mar-vel-ous! O how won-der-ful!

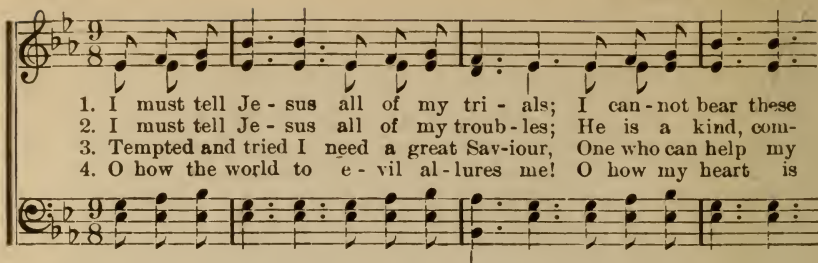


How mar-vel-ous, how won-der-ful Is my Saviour's love for 'me!  
 O how mar-vel-ous, O how won-der-ful,

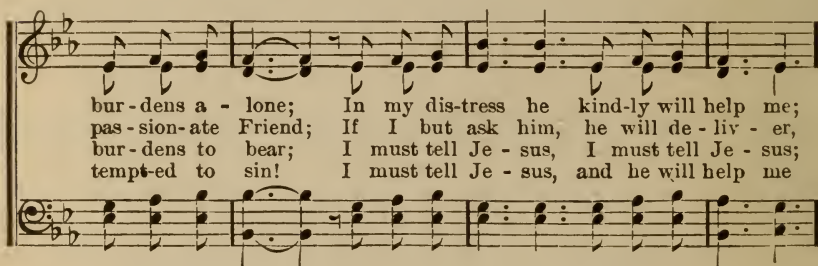


E. A. H.

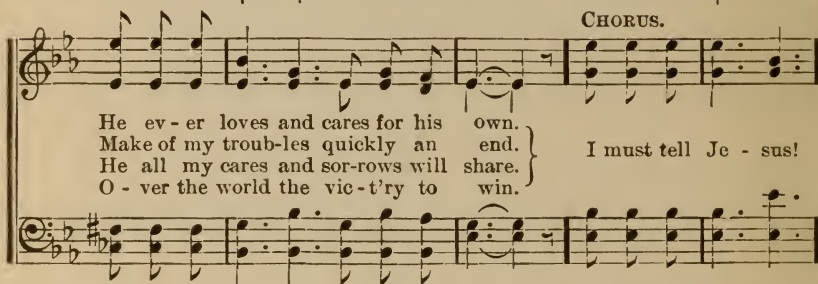
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these  
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com -  
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - iour, One who can help my  
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

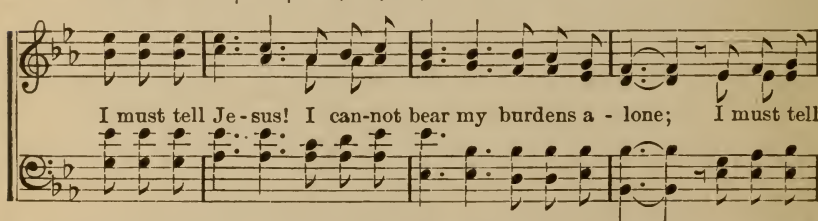


bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress he kind - ly will help me;  
 pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er;  
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;  
 tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and he will help me

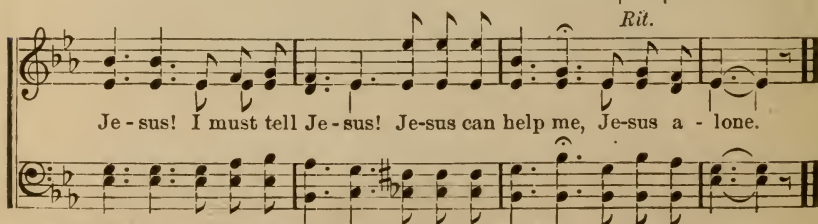


CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for his own.  
 Make of my troub - les quickly an end. } I must tell Je - sus!  
 He all my cares and sor - rows will share.  
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.



I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell



*Rit.*

Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.



BIRDIE BELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bow'd beneath your burden, is there none to share? Wea-ry with the  
 2. Ev - 'ry heav - y bur - den he will glad - ly share, Are you sad and  
 3. Tho' temptation meet you, Je - sus can sus - tain, Life has vex - ing  
 4. Wea - ry heart, he calls you, "Come to me and rest," Does the path grow

jour - ney, is there none to care? Cour - age, way - worn trav - 'ler,  
 wea - ry? Je - sus has a care; Well he knows the path - way  
 problems which he can ex - plain; Serve him where he sends you  
 rug - ged? yet his way is best; Leave the unknown fu - ture

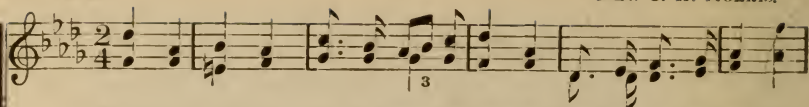
8: FINE.  
 heed your Lord's com - mands, There's a tho't to cheer you, Je - sus understands.  
 o'er life's burning sands, Courage, fainting pil - grim, Je - sus understands.  
 though in distant lands, Do not doubt or ques - tion, Je - sus understands.  
 in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je - sus understands.

D. S.—in the Master's hand, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je - sus understands.

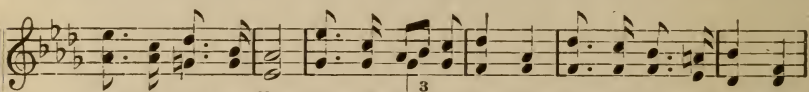
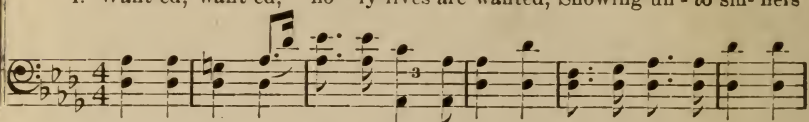
## CHORUS.

Yes, he un - der - stands, All his ways are best. Hear, he  
 O yes, O hear,

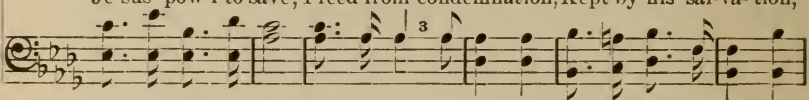
D. S.  
 calls to you, "Come to me and rest." Leave the unknown fu - ture



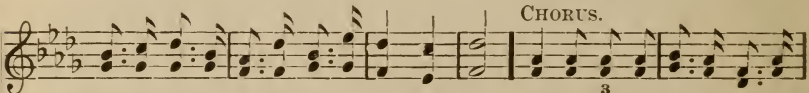
1. Want-ed, want-ed, loy- al hearts are wanted, Faithful in the ser- vice
2. Want-ed, want-ed, tongues of fire are wanted, Con- se- cra- ted lips with
3. Want-ed, want-ed, helping hands are wanted, Willing hands to la- bor
4. Want-ed, want-ed, ho- ly lives are wanted, Showing un- to sin- ners



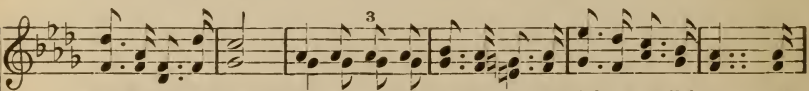
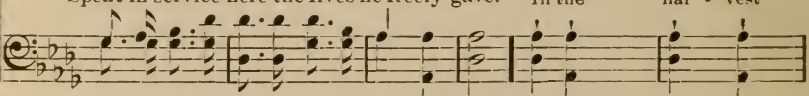
of our Lord and King; Hearts with true love burning, Hearts o'er sinners yearning,  
Pen- te- cost a- flame; Free to tell the sto- ry Of his pow'r and glory,  
an- y time or where; Fields with harvest bending, God his reapers sending,  
Je- sus' pow'r to save; Freed from condemnation, Kept by his sal- va- tion,



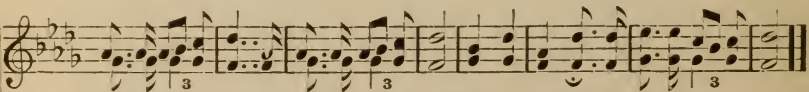
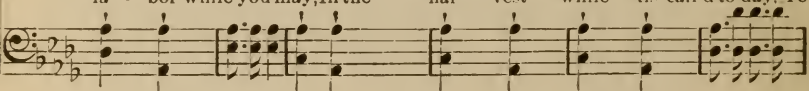
## CHORUS.



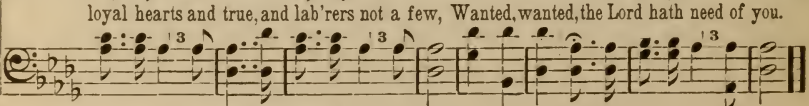
Seeking evermore the lost ones back to bring. } Out into the harvest field and  
Glad to go a full sal- va- tion to pro- claim. }  
Who will go the precious golden sheaves to bear? }  
Spent in service here the lives he freely gave. } In the har- vest

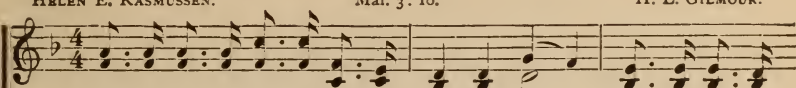


labor while you may, Out into the harvest field, work while 'tis call'd to-day; Ye  
la- bor while you may, In the har- vest while 'tis call'd to-day; Ye

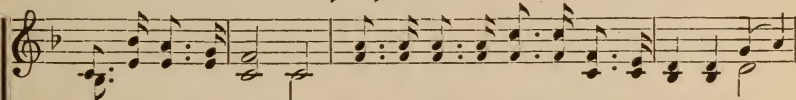
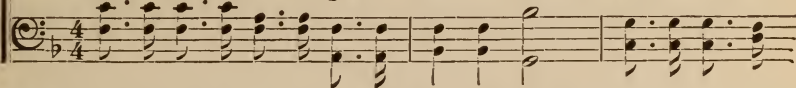


loyal hearts and true, and lab'ers not a few, Wanted, wanted, the Lord hath need of you.

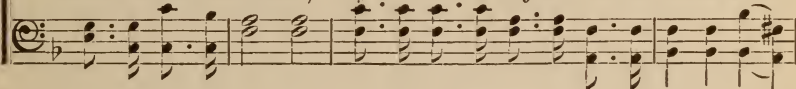




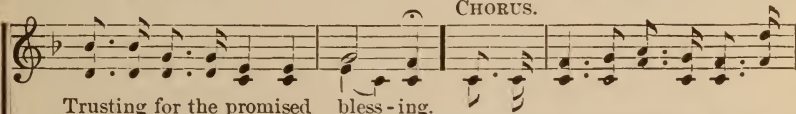
1. Hear the words of scripture from the a - ges past, "Bring ye all the
2. Do you seek to know the Ho - ly Spir - it's power? "Bring ye all the
3. Is there aught that stands between you and your Lord? "Bring ye all the
4. Lift your heart this moment : claim him Lord and King, As ye bring the
5. Let the anthems roll in grandeur thro' the skies, Having brought the



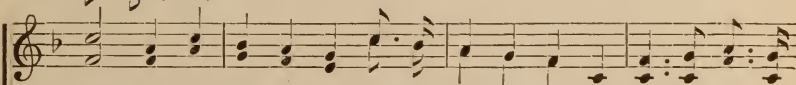
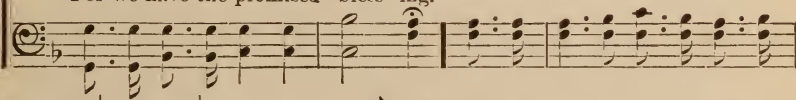
tithes into the storehouse," Make a con - se - cra - tion that will ev - er last,  
tithes into the storehouse." Live in sweet communion with him hour by hour,  
tithes into the storehouse." Bring them on con - di - tions promised in his word,  
tithes into the storehouse. Trust the blessed promise, and your praise shall ring,  
tithes into the storehouse; Joy - ous hal - le - lu - jah's from our hearts a - rise



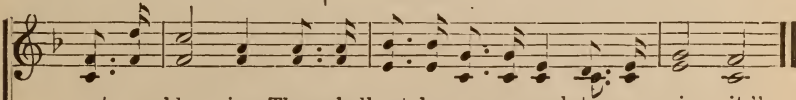
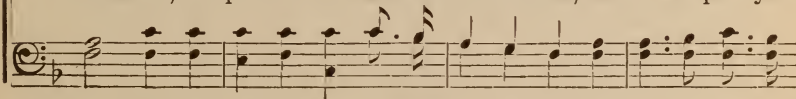
## CHORUS.



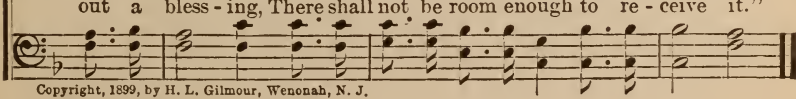
Trusting for the promised bless - ing.  
While he gives the promised bless - ing. "Bring ye all the tithes in - to the  
And he'll pour you out a bless - ing.  
From the heart he is pos - sess - ing.  
For we have the promised bless - ing.



storehouse, And prove me now saith the Lord of hosts; And I will pour you



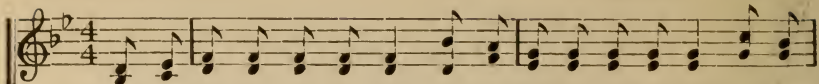
out a bless - ing, There shall not be room enough to re - ceive it."



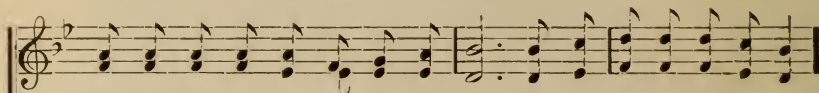
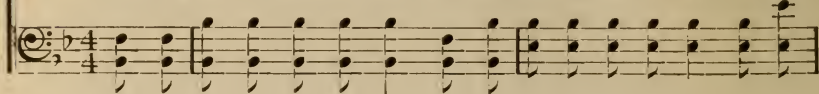


ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

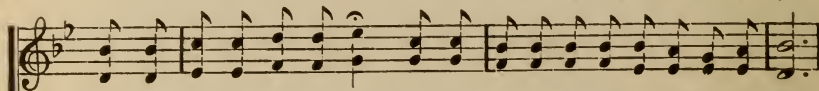
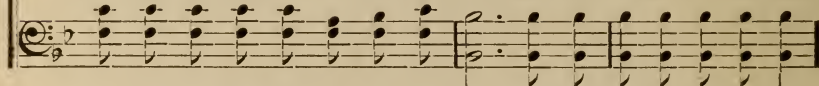
HERBERT J. LACEY.



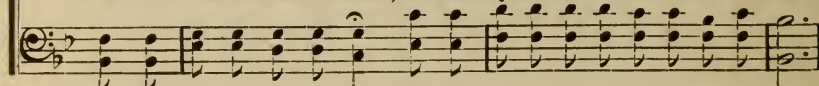
1. O the prom-is - es of God Long have Satan's might withstood, And no
2. O the might-y hand of time Fashions many a work sublime, Yet the
3. Trust those ho - ly words to - day, Let them guide you on life's way, Seek their



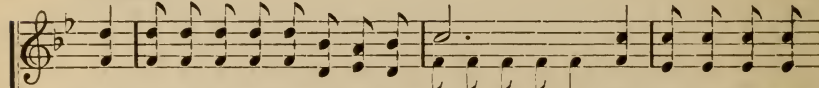
pow'r of darkness o'er them shall pre- vail; They are builded sure and strong  
 tide of years their splendor shall as - sail; But the Word of God, this hour,  
 ref - uge in temptation's roughest gale; Strength and courage they shall lend,



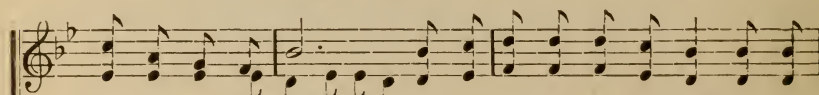
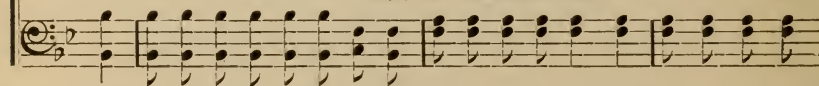
For the conflict with the wrong, And those promises were never known to fail!  
 Thrills with all the old-time pow'r, For those promises were never known to fail!  
 Pow'r from heaven shall descend, For those promises were never known to fail!



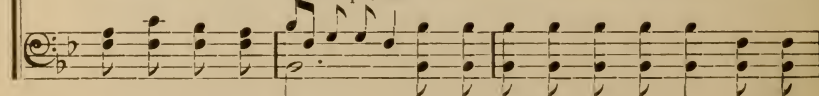
## CHORUS.



God's prom-is es were never known to fail! No pow'r of darkness  
 were nev - er known to fail!



o'er them shall pre-vail! They are build-ed sure and strong For the  
 shall prevail!





# Never Known to Fail.—Concluded.

con-flict with the wrong, God's prom-is-es were nev er known to fail!

81

## I Left Them at the Cross.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I am free from con-dem-na-tion, Ful-ly saved and sat-is-fied;
2. I was weak and heav-y la-den With a load I could not bear,
3. I was poor, de-spised, for-sak-en, Ma-n-y years I went a-stray,
4. Now my life is full of sunshine, It is heav-en here be-low;

All my sins have been re-mit-ted By the Sav-iour cru-ci-fied.  
 But I fled to Cal-v'ry's mountain All my sins were cancelled there.  
 But at last I found the Sav-iour, He has washed my sins a-way.  
 Ev'-ry sin has been for-giv-en, They are un-der-neath the flow.

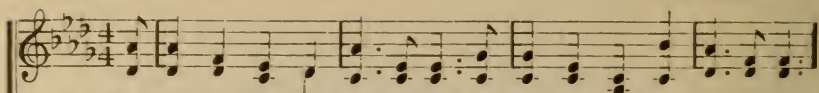
CHORUS.

For I left..... them at the cross, At the cross..... of Cal-va-  
 for I left at the cross, at the cross

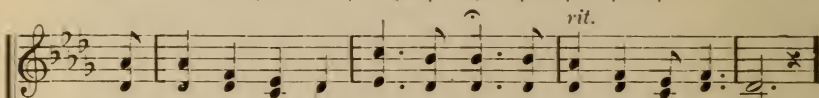
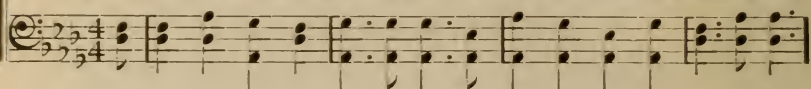
ry; Underneath the blood, the precious blood That was shed to make me free.  
 Cal-va-ry;

INA DULEY OGDON.

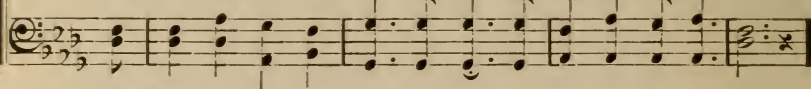
P. P. BILHORN.



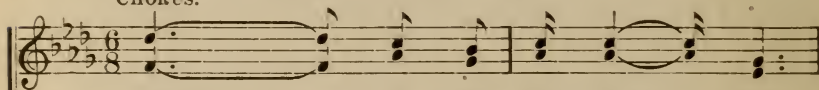
1. My soul se-cure, no fear I know, With songs of praise I homeward go;
2. No mat-ter what my grief or strife, No mat-ter what the storms of life,
3. The heal-ing wa-ter cheers my way, The liv-ing man-na greets my day;
4. Would you from sin and darkness flee? Would you from pain and death be free;



In light un-fail-ing I con-fide, In Christ the sun-ny side.  
 His ten-der care is ne'er de-nied, In Christ the sun-ny side.  
 My ev-'ry need in him sup-plied, In Christ the sun-ny side.  
 Then in his shelt'ring love a-bide, In Christ the sun-ny side.

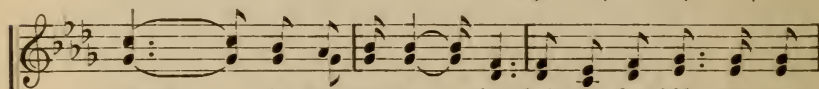
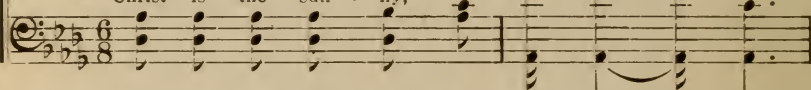


## CHORUS.

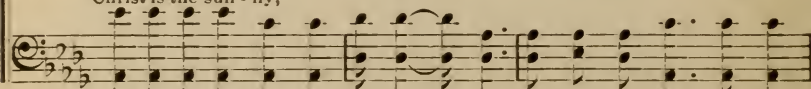


Christ..... is the sun - ny..... side;

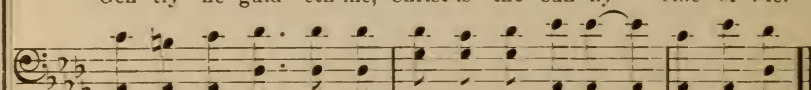
Christ is the sun - ny,



Christ..... is the sun-ny side, Safe-ly he hid-eth me,  
 Christ is the sun-ny,



Gen-tly he guid-eth me, Christ is the sun-ny side of life.

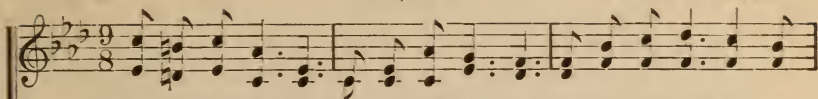


# 83 Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?

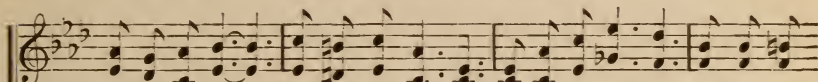
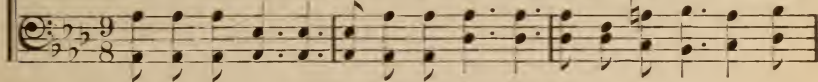
C. H. M.

ACTS, 19 : 2.

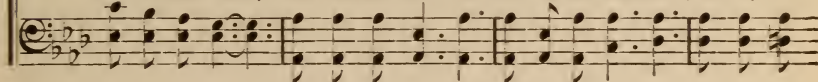
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



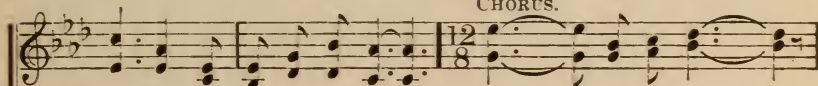
1. Ye are the temples, Je - sus hath spo - ken, Temples of God's Ho - ly
2. He who has pardon'd surely will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
3. Showers of mer - cy, ful - ness of bless - ing, Ev - er the Spir - it's in
4. Wea - ry of wand'ring, come in - to Ca - naan, Feast on the ful - ness and



Spir - it di - vine; Have ye receiv'd him, bidden him en - ter, Make his a  
na - ture re - fine; Cleans'd from all sin, his Spirit will en - ter, Fill you and  
dwelling at - tend; 'Tis the enduement, pow - er of service, Fruits for your  
fat of the land; Feed on the man - na, dwell in the sunshine, Led by his



## CHORUS.

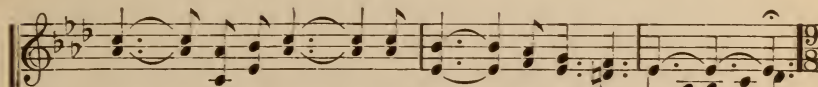
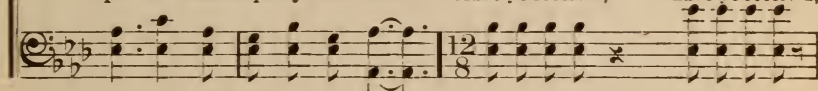


bode in that poor heart of thine?  
thrill you with pow - er di - vine.  
la - bor he sure - ly will send.  
Spir - it and kept by his hand.

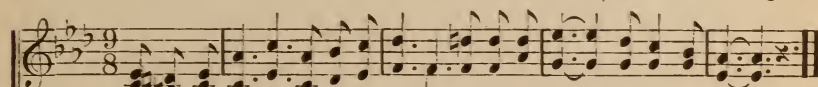
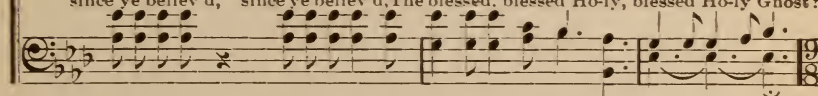
Have.... ye re - ceiv'd,....

Have ye receiv'd,

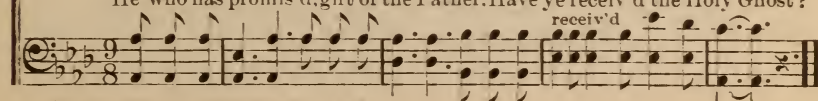
have ye receiv'd,



since ye be - liev'd The bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost?.....  
since ye believ'd, since ye believ'd, The blessed, blessed Ho - ly, blessed Ho - ly Ghost?



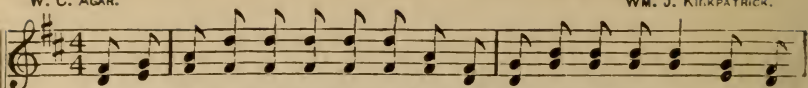
He who has promis'd, gift of the Father. Have ye receiv'd the Holy Ghost?



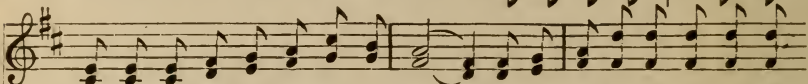
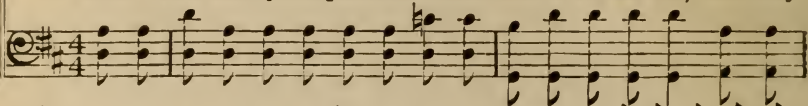


W. C. AGAR.

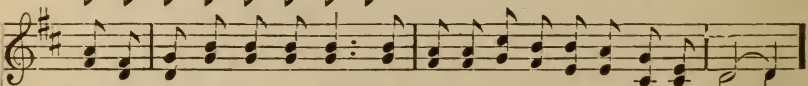
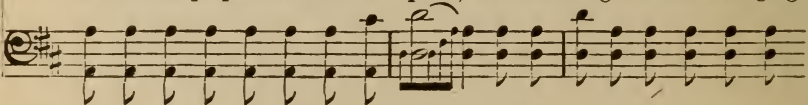
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



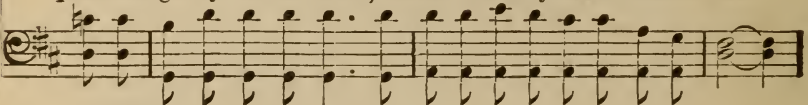
1. I am glad I found the Saviour, for he makes my heart rejoice, And I
2. Yes, I know he ev - er loves me, dai - ly guides my erring feet, And I'm
3. When life's sun is slowly set - ting, twilight shadows veil the sky, And I'm
4. When I tread the crys - tal pav - e - ment of the new Je - ru - sa - lem, Where my



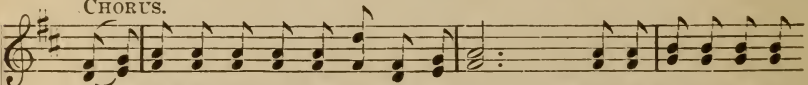
feel with - in my soul his sav - ing grace; But I want to talk with Je - sus,  
rest - ing in his ten - der, fond em - brace; But I want to know him better,  
near the ending of life's wea - ry race; In my heart will be this longing,  
Saviour has prepared for me a place; Where the angel choirs are singing



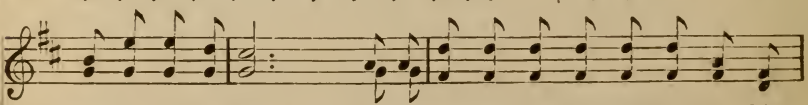
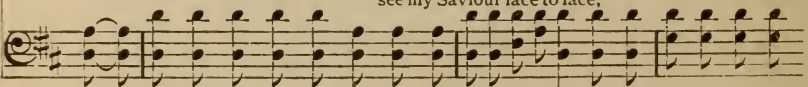
hear his lov - ing, gen - tle voice, I want to see my Saviour face to face.  
and my dear Redeem - er meet, I want to see my Saviour face to face.  
none but Christ can sat - is - fy, I want to see my Saviour face to face.  
praise and glo - ry to the Lamb, O then I'll see my Saviour face to face.



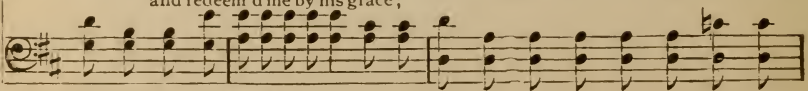
## CHORUS.



O I want to see my Saviour face to face, Who hath lov'd me and re -  
Last v. O then I'll see my Saviour face to face,  
see my Saviour face to face,



deem - ed by his grace; In his kingdom, crown'd with glory, on his  
and redeem'd me by his grace;





# My Saviour Face to Face.—Concluded.

ev - er-lasting throne, I want to see my Saviour face to face.....  
see my Saviour face to face,

85

## No, Not One.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

Geo. C. Hagg.

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho-ly. No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev-er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

**FINE.**

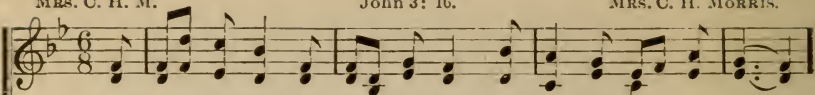
None else could heal all our soul's diseas-es, No, not one! no, not one!  
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!  
No night so dark, but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!  
Or sin-ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!  
Will he refuse us a home in heaven? No, not one! no, not one!

*D.S.*—There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus, No, not one! no, not one!

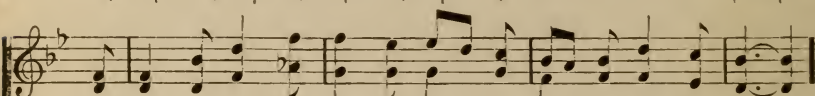
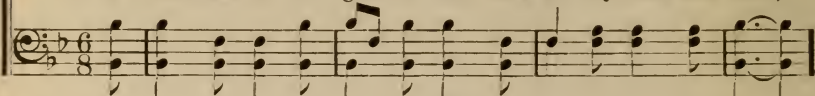
CHORUS.

*D. S.*

Je-sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;



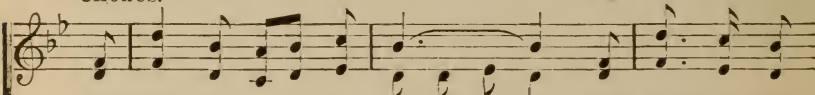
1. For God so loved this sin-ful world, His Son he free-ly gave,
2. I was a way-ward, wand'ring child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "who-so-ev-er" of the Lord, I trust-ed was for me;
4. E-ter-nal life be-gun be-low Now fills my heart and soul;



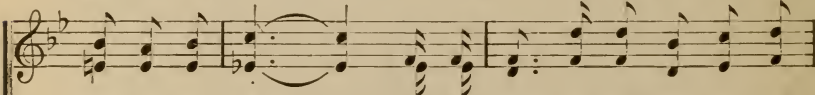
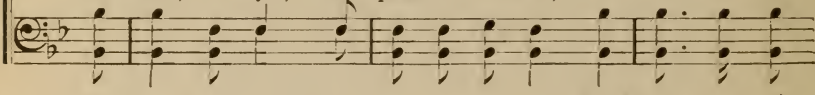
That who-so-ev-er would be-lieve, E-ter-nal life shall have.  
 Un-till this bless-ed prom-ise fell Like mu-sic on my ear.  
 I took him at his gra-cious word, From sin he set me free.  
 I'll sing his praise for-ev-er-more, Whose blood has made me whole.



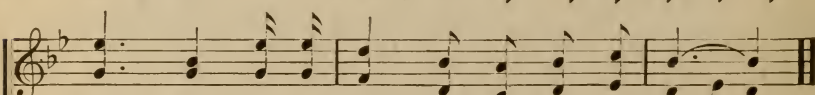
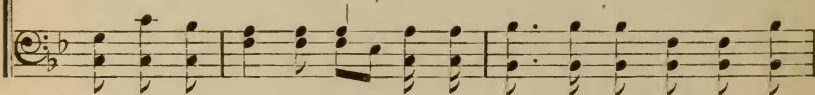
## CHORUS.



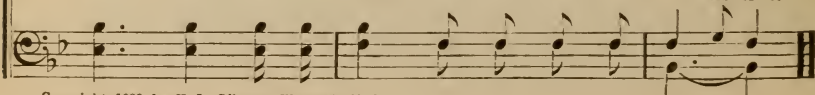
'Tis true, O yes, 'tis true,..... God's won-der-ful  
 'Tis true, O yes, the prom-ise is true,



prom-ise is true,..... For I've trust-ed, and test-ed, and  
 'tis true,

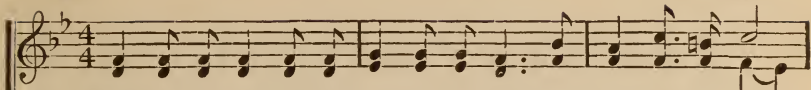


tried it, And I know God's prom-ise is true.....  
 'tis true.

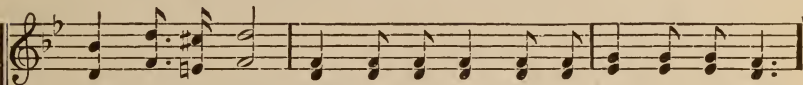
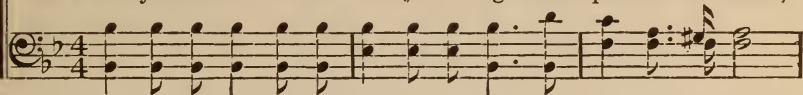


L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.



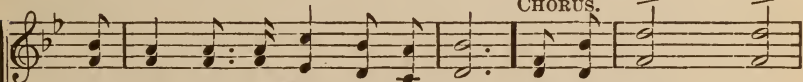
1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's power in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's power in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's power in the blood,
4. Would you do ser - vice for Jesus your King? There's power in the blood,



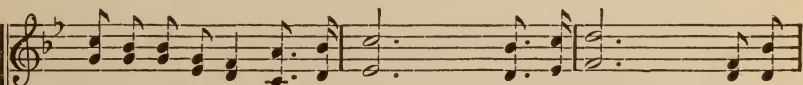
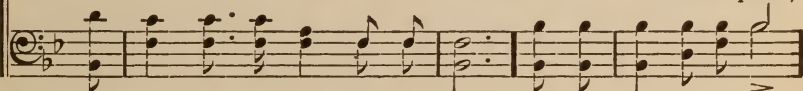
power in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?  
 power in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to cal - va - ry's tide,  
 power in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,  
 power in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, his prais - es to sing?



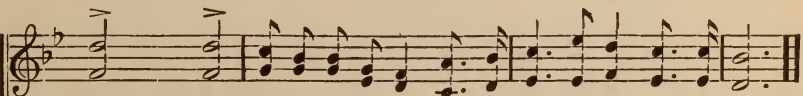
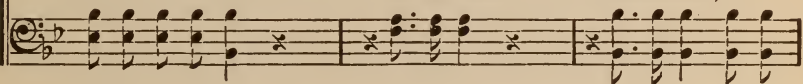
## CHORUS.



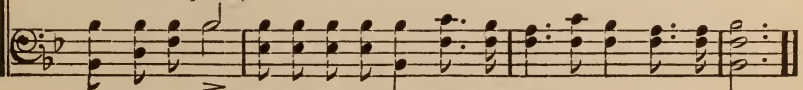
There's won - der - ful power in the blood. There is power, power,  
 There is power,



Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is  
 in the blood of the Lamb,



power, power, Wonder-working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.  
 There is power,

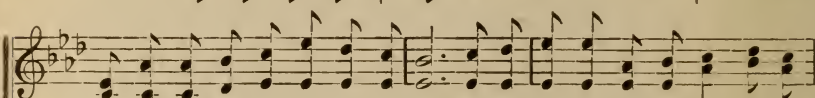
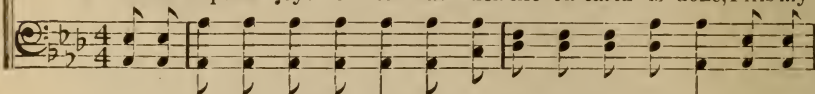


HATTIE E. BUELL.

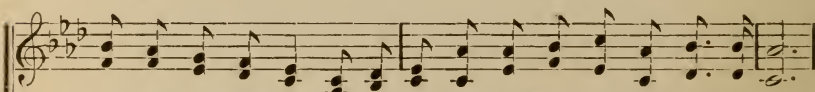
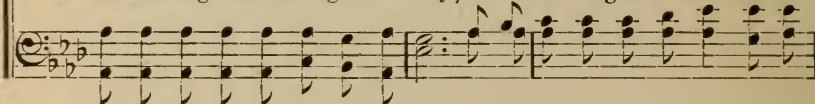
J. M. BLACK.



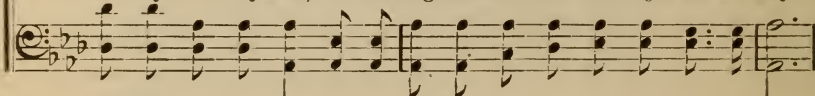
1. O the brightness and the glo - ry of love that came to me, On the
2. In this won - der - ful sal - va - tion and his re - deem - ing grace, I have
3. 'Tis the hope of joys e - ter - nal when life on earth is done, Fills my



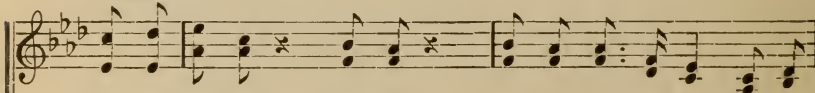
morn - ing of that bright and hap - py day, When I found my blessed Saviour whose  
peace and joy, and nothing can dis - may; In the com - fort of his presence, the  
soul with strength and courage in the fray; So I'll shout a glad ho - san - na for



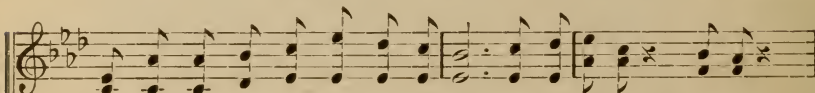
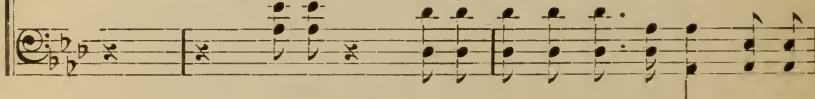
pardon made me free, Now there's bright and blessed sun - light all the way.  
shin - ing of his face There is bright and bless - ed sun - light all the way.  
ev - 'ry vic - t'ry won, And the bright and blessed sun - light all the way.



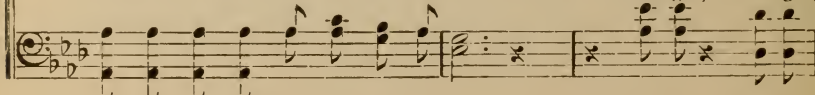
## CHORUS.



The is sun - light, sun - light, beam - ing bright and clear In the  
sun - light, sun - light,

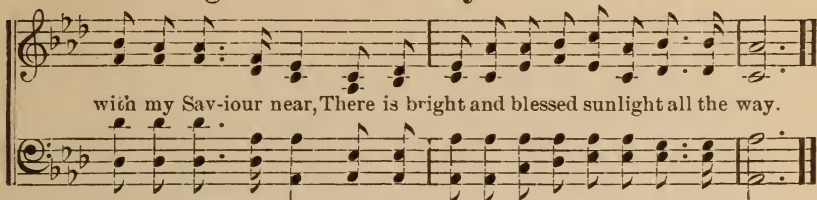


sweetness of his ser - vice day by day, There is sunlight, sunlight,  
sunlight, sunlight,





# Sunlight All the Way.—Concluded.

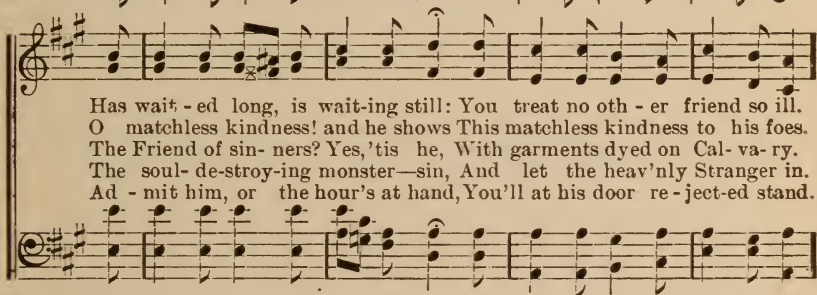
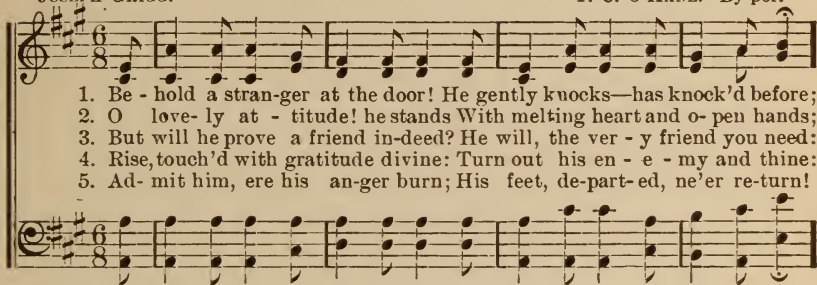


89

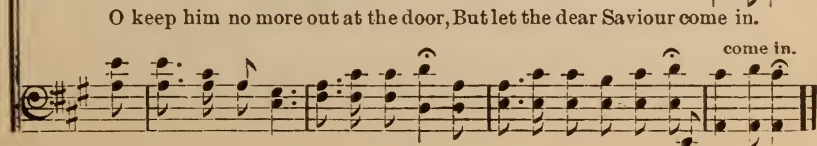
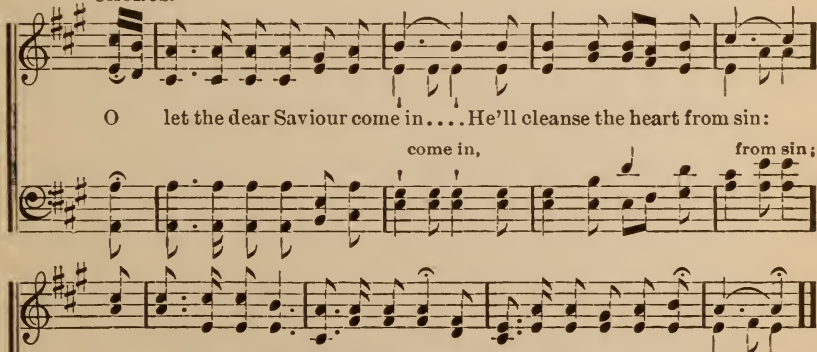
## The Stranger at the Door.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.



CHORUS.



*Con espress.*

1. Do you ev - er feel down-hearted or dis - cour-aged? Do you  
 2. Darkest night will al-ways come be-fore the dawn-ing, Sil - ver  
 3. God is might-y, he is a - ble to de - liv - er, Faith can

ev - er think your work is all in vain? Do the burdens thrust up -  
 lin-ings shine on God's side of the cloud; All your jour-ney he has  
 vic - tor be in ev - 'ry try - ing hour; Fear and care, and sin and

on you make you tremble. And you fear that you shall ne'er the vict'ry gain?  
 promis'd to be with you, Naught has come to you but what his love allow'd.  
 sor - row be de - feat - ed By our faith in God's almighty, conqu'ring pow'r.

CHORUS.

Have faith in God,..... the sun will shine,..... Tho' dark the  
 Have faith in God, the sun will shine,

clouds,..... may be to - day;..... His heart hath plann'd. . your path and  
 Tho' dark the clouds may be to-day; His heart hath plann'd

# Have Faith in God.—Concluded.

*rit.*

mine, . . . . . Have faith in God, . . . . . have faith al - way . . . . .  
 your path and mine, Have faith in God, have faith alway.

91

## Refreshing. S. M.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, Lord, and let thy pow'r On each and all de-scend, While  
 2. Come, Lord, and let thy pow'r Each tho't of self re-move; And  
 3. Our wait-ing, long-ing eyes, Are look-ing up to thee, O  
 4. Come, Lord, thy pow'r a-lone The work of grace can do; Now  
 5. Be ours, with fer-vent zeal, Thy blood-stain'd cross to bear; Till

gath-er'd in thy ho - ly name, Be - fore thy throne we bend.  
 may we feel as ne'er be - fore Thy pure and per - fect love.  
 may we, in thy smil-ing face, Our Fa - ther's glo - ry see.  
 let it con - se - crate to thee Our hearts and lives a - new.  
 at thy feet we lay it down, A crown of life to wear.

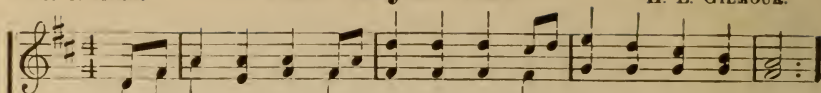
CHORUS.

Re - fresh our wait-ing souls, Our fee - ble faith in-spire, And

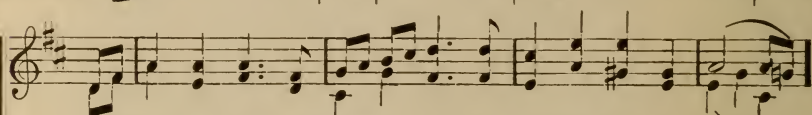
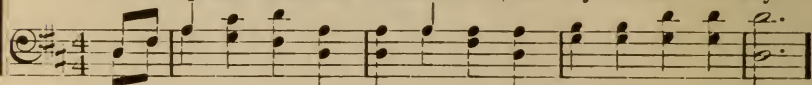
from thine al - tar touch our hearts With coals of sa - cred fire.

## The Royal Call.

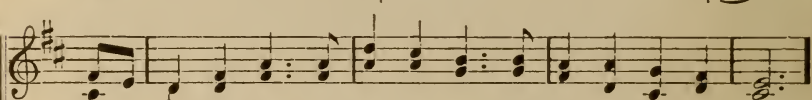
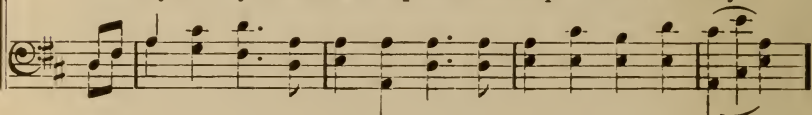
H. L. GILMOUR.



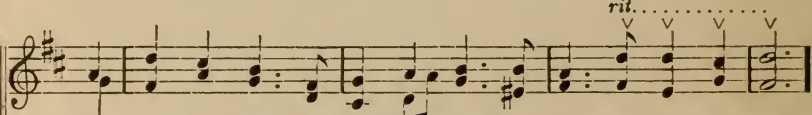
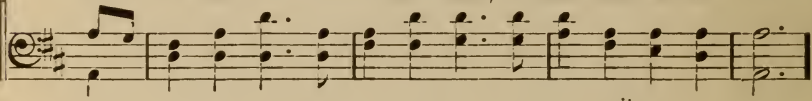
1. O hear the call, the Roy - al call! Ye hosts of God give ear!
2. The call is un - to ev - 'ry one: Be gird - ed for the fray!
3. Fill up the ranks and on - ward move, The Roy - al call o - bey:



It comes to me, it comes to all, "Ten mil-lion souls a year!"  
 The bat-tle long a - go be - gun, Is rag - ing still to - day.  
 Your loy-al - ty and val - or prove: Stand up for Christ to - day.



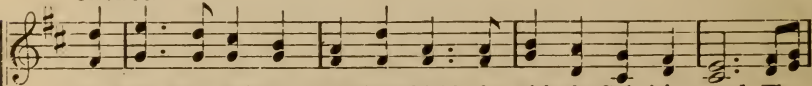
Stay not to ask, or rea-son how, But ral - ly, ev - 'ry one;  
 The sign of tri-umph lights the sky, Be - hold its ris - ing sun!  
 Go for-ward in Je - ho-vah's name, In heart and hand as one:



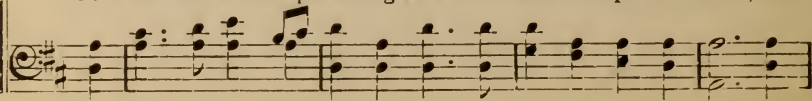
Be - lieve and see the tri - umph now: In Christ it can be done.  
 Go forth with this your bat - tle cry: "In Christ it can be done!"  
 The world for Je - sus be our aim—in Christ it can be done.



## CHORUS.

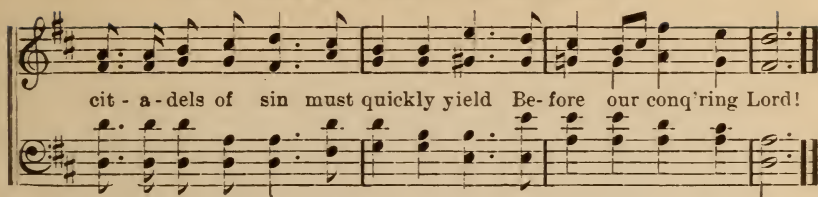


Go forth with Faith's protecting shield: Go with the Spir-it's sword, The





# The Royal Call.—Concluded.

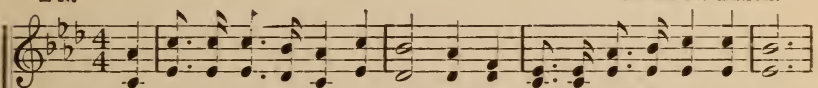


cit - a - dels of sin must quickly yield Be - fore our conq'ring Lord!

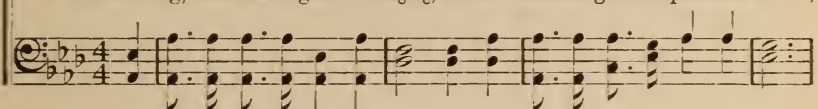
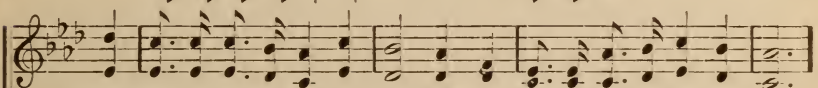
## 93 There is Cleansing in the Precious Blood.

L. N.

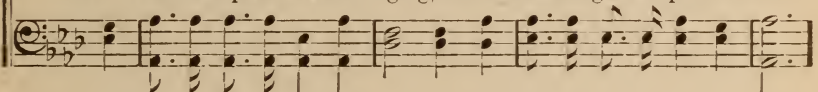
JAMES M. BLACK.



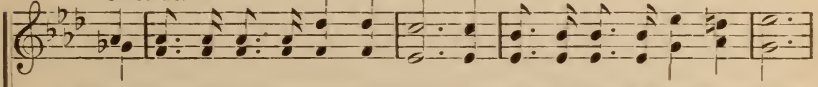
1. O hasten now to Calv'ry's mountain, There's cleansing in the precious blood;
2. "Come now to-ge-th-er let us reason," There's cleansing in the precious blood;
3. Your heart is full of sin and sadness, There's cleansing in the precious blood;
4. At morning, noon and night I'm singing, There's cleansing in the precious blood;

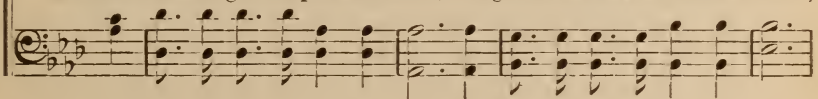
And plunge in-to-the flowing fountain, There's cleansing in the precious blood.  
 "Although your sins be red like crimson," There's cleansing in the precious blood.  
 In Je-sus there is joy and gladness, There's cleansing in the precious blood.  
 O Let us keep the anthem ringing, There's cleansing in the precious blood.



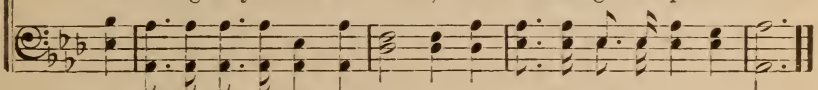
CHORUS.



There's cleansing in the precious blood, Plunge now beneath the crimson flood;




Con-fess-ing all your sins to Je-sus, There's cleansing in the precious blood.



1. If earth-ly friends should fail you And fears come like a host, There  
 2. When Mos-es call'd up-on him He saw the sea di-vide, God's  
 3. And thus thro' all the a-ges We find, that, by his pow'r, God

is a Friend will help you, When help you need the most; 'Tis God your heav'nly  
 peo-ple all pass'd ov-er Safe to the oth-er side. And so E-li-jah  
 always help'd his children In ev-'ry try-ing hour. If we his help are

Fa-ther, O be his name adored! He'll reach an arm to help you If you  
 triumph'd, His pray'r of faith was heard, The fire from heav'n descended When he  
 need-ing, He will his aid af-ford, If we like saints and prophets Will but

## CHORUS.

call on the Lord.  
 call'd on the Lord. } Call on the Lord, call on the Lord, No  
 call on the Lord. }

earth-ly friend can ev-er Such blees-ed help af-ford; Call on the Lord,

# Call On the Lord.—Concluded.

call on the Lord; If you want a friend to help you, Call on the Lord.

95

## I'm Happy All the Day.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

A. A. BALDWIN.

1. I'm hap - py since I found the Lord, I'm hap - py on the way;  
 2. I love to pray, I love to sing, I'm hap - py on the way;  
 3. He says my bur - dens he will bear, I'm hap - py on the way;  
 4. He cleanseth me from ev - 'ry sin, I'm hap - py on the way;  
 5. I'll praise him while he gives me breath, I'm hap - py on the way;

The world can not such joys af - ford, I'm hap - py all the day.  
 My Fa - ther is the heav'nly King, I'm hap - py all the day.  
 I cast on him my ev - 'ry care, I'm hap - py all the day.  
 He makes me pure with - out, with - in, I'm hap - py all the day.  
 And still I'll praise him af - ter death, I'm hap - py all the day.

### CHORUS.

I'm hap - py all the day, I'm hap - py on the way;

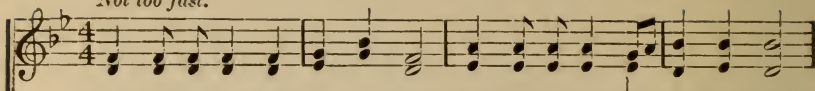
My Sav - iour now with me a - bides, I'm hap - py all the day.

"I have called, and ye have refused."—Prov. 1: 24.

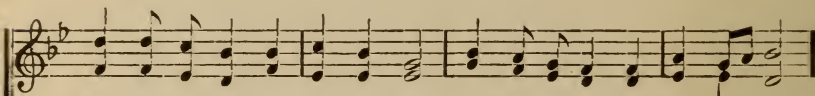
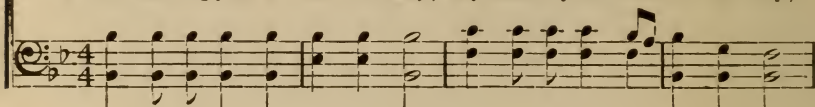
J. BORTHWICK.

JOHN.

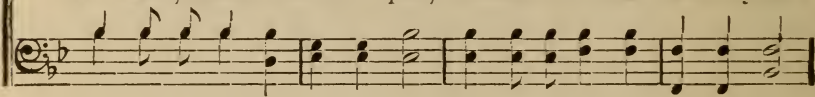
*Not too fast.*



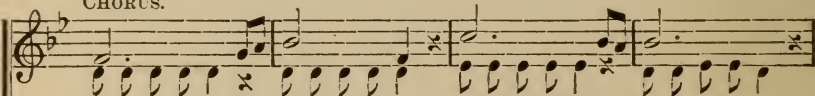
1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov - ing voice de - spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live?
4. God call-ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield without de - lay;



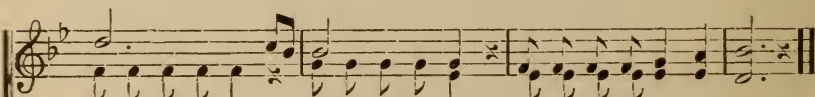
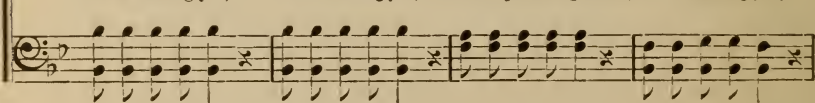
Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?  
And base-ly his kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?  
I wait, but he does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart a - wake!  
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reach'd my heart.



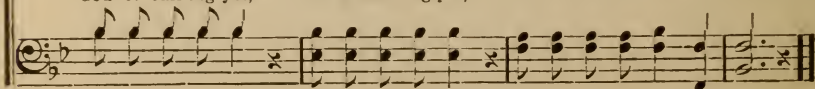
CHORUS.



God is call - ing, call - ing yet,  
God is calling yet, God is calling yet, Heed his pleading voice, God is calling yet,



God is call - ing, Sinner, hear his pleading voice.  
God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet,

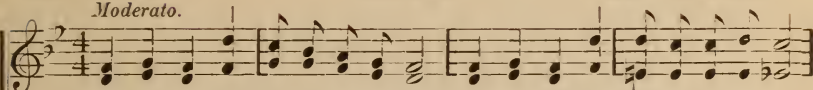




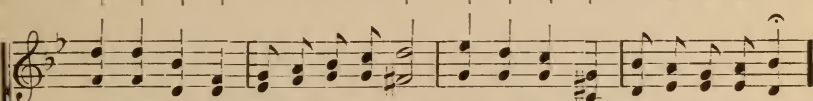
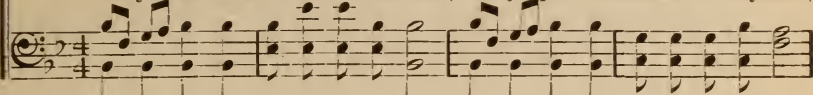
MRS. C. H. M.

John 14: 16.

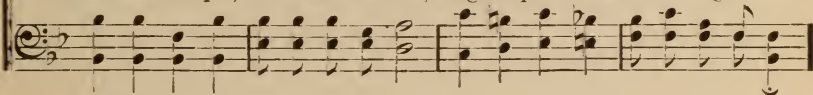
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

*Moderato.*

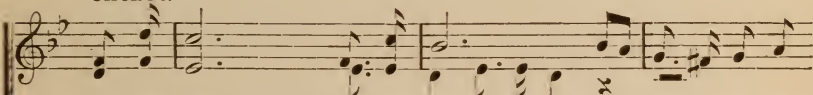
1. "I will pray the Father, (Jesus said,) He will send the Spir-it in my stead;
2. He in love and nev-er-failing grace, Makes the heart his chosen dwelling place,
3. For this fulness all my being cries; On the al-tar is my sac-ri-fice,
4. Ver-y God in truth I know thou art, Ho-ly Spir-it come and fill my heart;



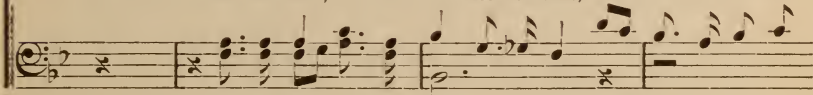
Answered is his condescending pray'r: He has come the promised Comforter.  
 Wondrous temples of the Holy Ghost, Cleansed and saved to the ut-termost.  
 All I am, or have, or hope to be, Thine, O Lord, henceforth, eter-nal-ly.  
 Cleanse the temple, idols all dethrone, Reign in pow'r within and reign alone.



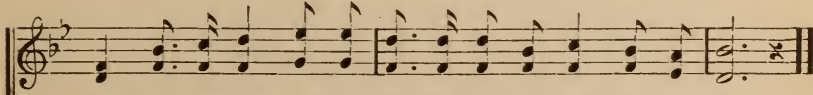
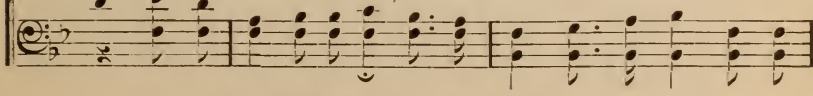
CHORUS.



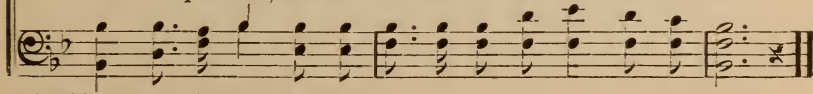
He has come, to a-bide, he has come to a-bide, The Com-fort-er nas

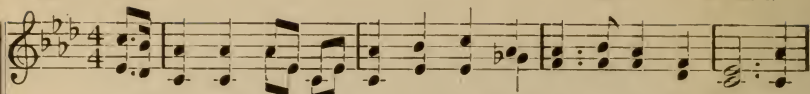


come to a-bide;..... Bid him wel-come to-day, ev-'ry  
 to a-bide;

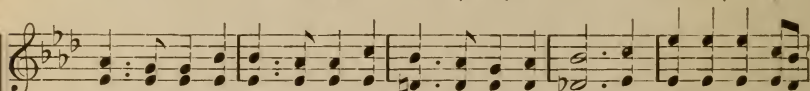
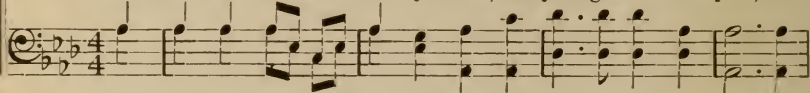


door o-pen wide, For the Com-fort-er has come to a-bide.

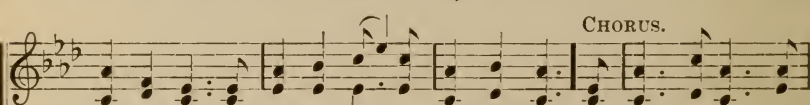
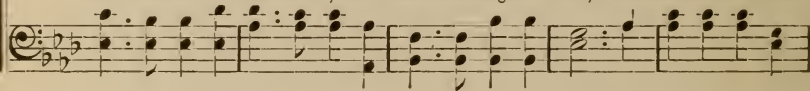




1. The pow'r that fell at Pen - te - cost, When in the up - per room, Up -
2. "Ye shall have pow'r (said Je - sus) when. The Holy Ghost is come;" Your
3. The wav'ring shall stead-fast become; The weak in faith be strong, With
4. Breathe on us now the Ho - ly Ghost, The young and old inspire; Let



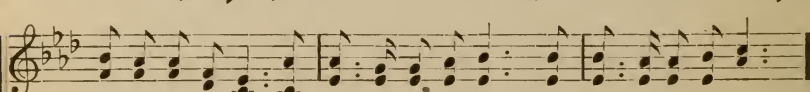
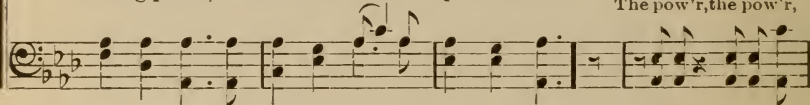
on the watching, waiting ones, The Holy Ghost had come, Remaineth ev - er -  
loosen'd tongues shall speak his praise, Your lips no more be dumb, The timid, shrinking  
holy boldness going forth, Denouncing sin and wrong, With burning zeal each  
each receive his Pentecost, Send hearts and tongues of fire, Thou wonderful trans -



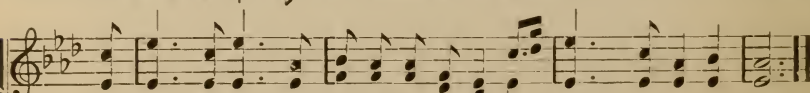
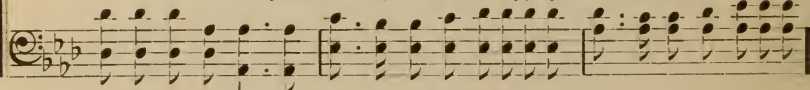
## CHORUS.

more the same; Unchanging still, O praise his name. } The pow'r, the pow'r, the  
ones be brave, To reach a hand the lost to save. }  
heart a - flame, A whole sal - vation to proclaim. }  
forming pow'r, Come now in this ac - cept - ed hour.

The pow'r, the pow'r,

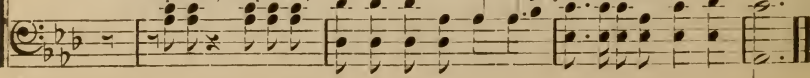


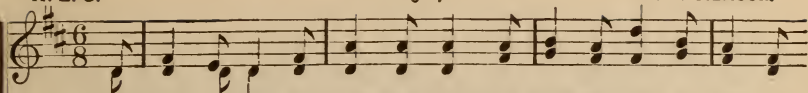
Pen - te - cost - al pow'r, Is just the same to - day, Is just the same to - day,  
Is just the same, the same to - day, Is just the same, the same to day,



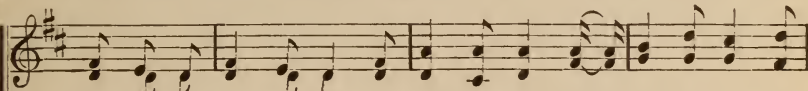
The pow'r, the pow'r, The Pentecostal pow'r, Is just the same to - day.

The pow'r, the pow'r, just the same,

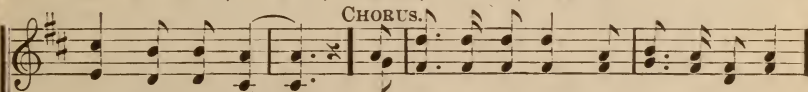
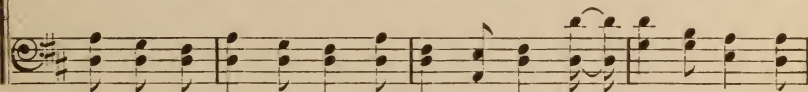




1. Our Lamb is slain, the Pas-chal Lamb, Of which the old is but a
2. Come, climb to Calv'ry's mournful site, And see the streaming wounds of
3. I'll ne'er for-get when first, by faith, I saw my Sav-iour, bleeding,
4. There's sweet repose be-neath the cross, And safe-ty when the blood doth
5. The blood's the bridge that spans the gulf, And brings us near to God, and

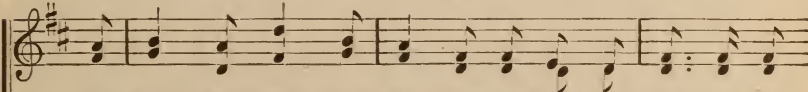
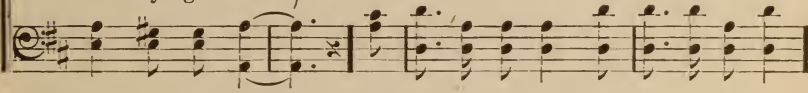


tok-en; Tho' shadowed in the mid-night past, There's not a word has  
 Je-sus; The spot-less vic-tim yields his life, And from the sword of  
 dy-ing; And there a-gain, for Per-fect Love, I plunged in - to the  
 cov-er; For God has spok-en in his word, "When I see the blood, I  
 Heav-en; It flows for you, it flows for me, O sin-ner, come, 'tis

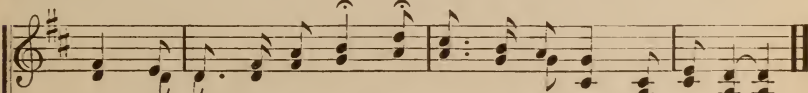
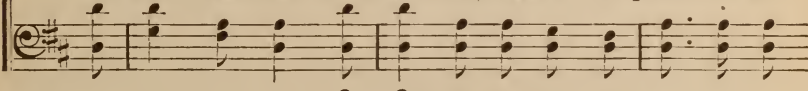


e'er been brok-en.  
 jus-tice frees us.  
 fount-ain, cry-ing.  
 will pass o-ver."  
 free-ly giv-en.

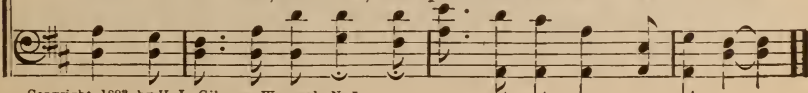
I'm un-der the blood, the pass-o-ver blood,



The Lamb was "slain from the foun-da-tion:" It points to the



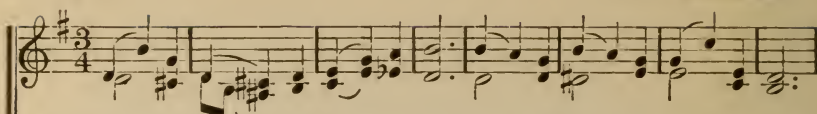
side of Je-sus, who died, And purchased for us sal-va-tion.



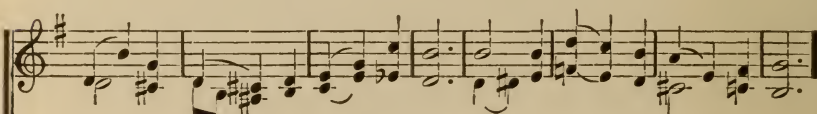
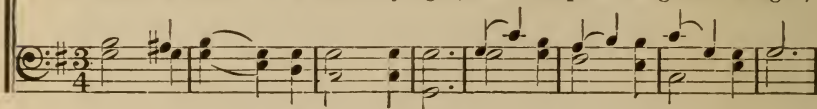


H. R. P.

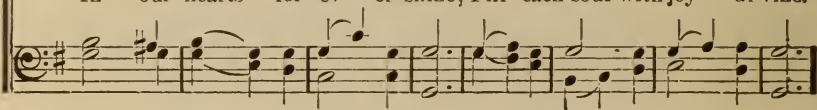
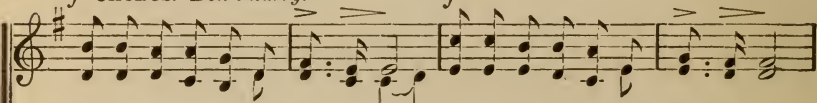
DR. H. R. PALMER.



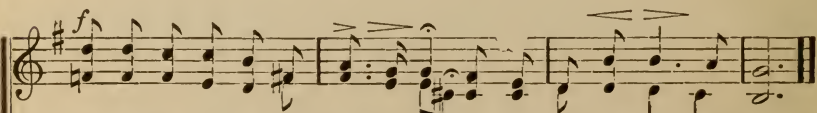
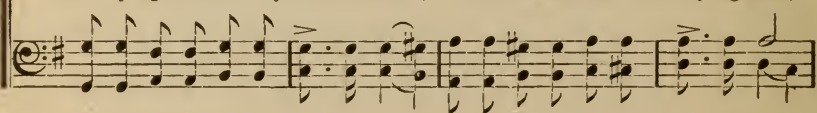
1. Ho - ly Spir - it from a-bove, Fill our hearts with thy pure love;
2. Take our sin - ful tho'ts a-way; Lead, O lead us lest we stray;
3. With the al - tar's sa - cred fire, Touch our lips, our hearts in - spire;
4. Bless - ed source of heav'nly light, Now dis - perse the gloom of night;



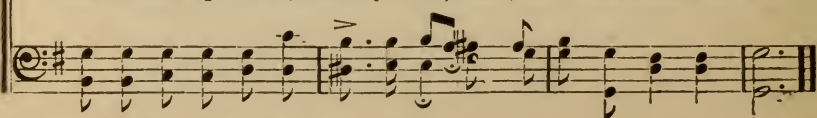
O in - spire us with thy zeal; May each soul thy pres - ence feel.  
 Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, May each soul in thee a - bide.  
 O il - lume us by thy grace; In each soul thy im - age trace.  
 In our hearts for - ev - er shine; Fill each soul with joy di - vine.

*f* CHORUS. *Don't hurry.*

Ho - ly Spirit from thy throne a-bove, Fill us with the Saviour's dying love;



Now descend up - on us, Heav'nly Dove; Come, thou bles - sed Com - fort - er.

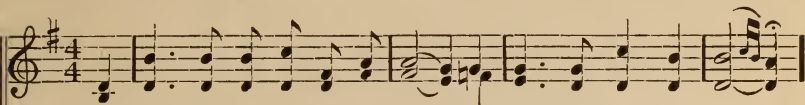




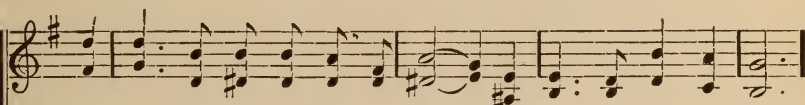
(Solo or Quartet with Chorus.)

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN Jr.

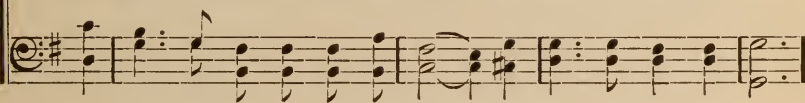
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



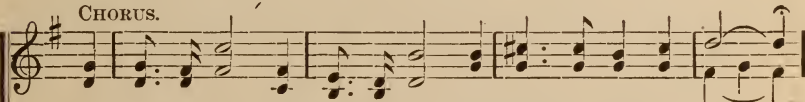
1. I ask not for the high-est place, But find a spot more sweet,
2. Tho' waves of darkness round me roll, I have a safe re - treat,
3. He gives me from his lov-ing hand, The fin - est of the wheat,
4. And when I reach the mys-tic sea, Where earth and heav-en meet,



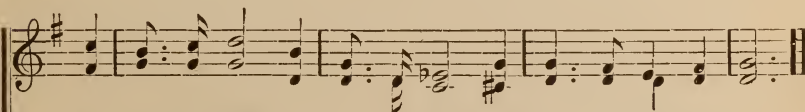
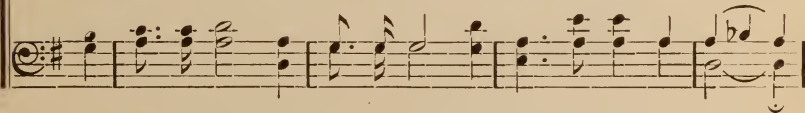
Where God be-stows on me his grace, At my Re-deem-er's feet.  
 No storm can ev - er harm a soul, At my Re-deem-er's feet.  
 I live in heav-en's bor-der land, At my Re-deem-er's feet.  
 I'll spend a blest e - ter - ni - ty, At my Re-deem-er's feet.



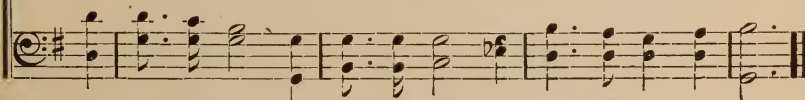
## CHORUS.

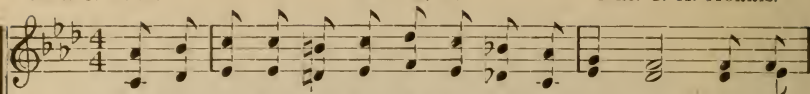


Come joy or pain, come weal or woe, In Christ I am com - plete;

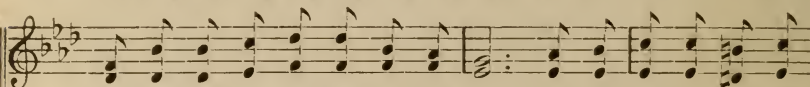
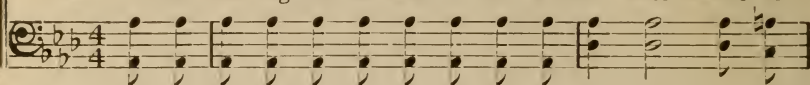


My high - est place is ly - ing low, At my Re-deem-er's feet.

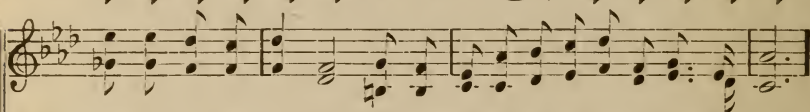
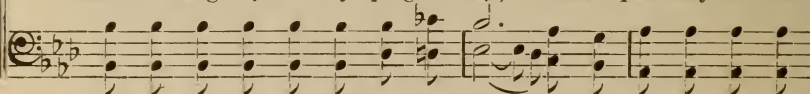




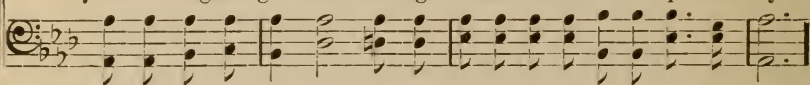
1. I can ne'er for- get the day when Je- sus sav'd me Speak-ing
2. What he gave me in that hour was but a fore- taste Of the
3. In his pastures green and large I'm ev- er feed- ing, And my
4. I am rest- ing on the won- der- ful as- sur- ance While so



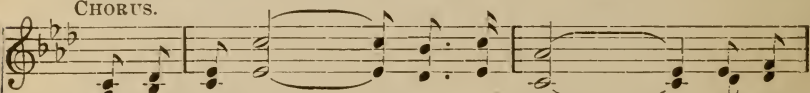
par- don to my guil- ty, sin- sick soul, Or the bless- ed words of  
ful- ness of his bless- ing yet in store, And the sun- light of his  
thirst is quench' d where living waters flow, While from "grace to grace" the  
crown' d with glo- ry is my pil- grim way; "That the path- way of the



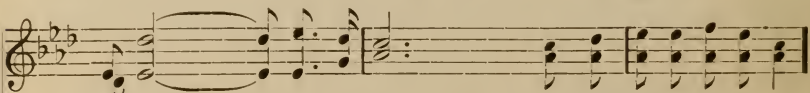
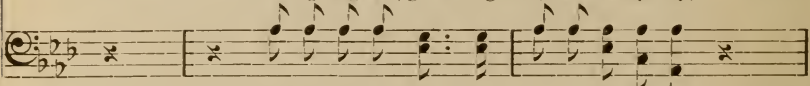
comfort there he gave me, "Go in peace, thy faith hath sav'd and made thee whole."  
presence groweth brighter, Day by day his grace aboundeth more and more.  
Spir- it still is lead- ing And from "glory un- to glo- ry" here be- low.  
just still brighter groweth. Shining more and more unto the per- fect day."



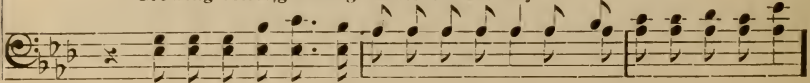
## CHORUS.



Grow- ing bright- er..... ev- 'ry day..... Grow- ing  
Growing brighter, grow ing brighter ev- ry day,



bet- ter..... all the way, Let the hal- le- lu- jahs roll,  
Growing better, grow- ing bet- ter all the way.



# Growing Brighter Every Day.—Concluded.

Jesus sweetly saves my soul, And my way is growing brighter ev'ry day.  
ev'ry day.

103

## Healing at the Fountain.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is heal-ing at the fount- ain, Come, be-hold the crim-son tide,
2. There is heal-ing at the fount- ain, Come and find it, wea-ry soul,
3. There is heal-ing at the fount- ain, Look to Je- sus now and live.
4. There is heal-ing at the fount- ain, Precious fountain filled with blood.

Flow - ing down from Calvary's mountain, Where the Prince of Glo-ry died.  
There your sins may all be cov - ered; Je- sus waits to make you whole.  
At the cross lay down your bur - den; All your wand' rings he'll for-give.  
Come, O come, the Sav-iour calls you; Come and plunge beneath its flood.

CHORUS.

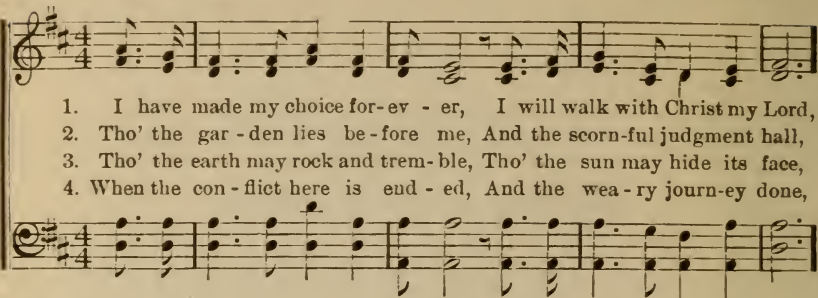
O the fount-ain! blessed, healing fount-ain! I am glad 'tis flowing free,

O the fountain! precious, cleansing fountain! Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.

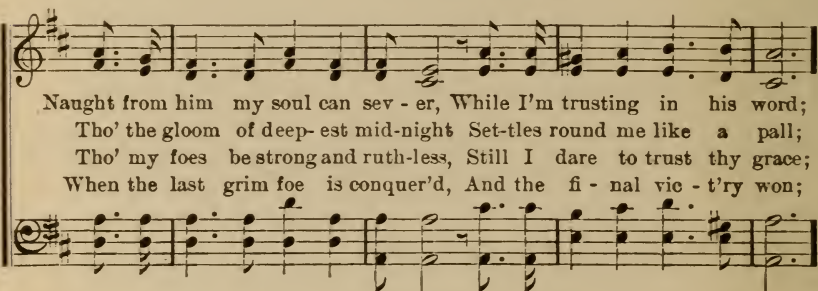
(Dedicated to Rev. O. O. McColloch, Central Illinois Conference.)

MRS. F. E. WILLIAMS.

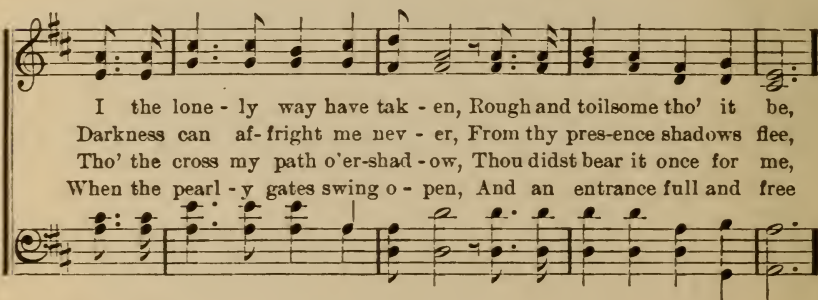
H. L. GILMOUR.



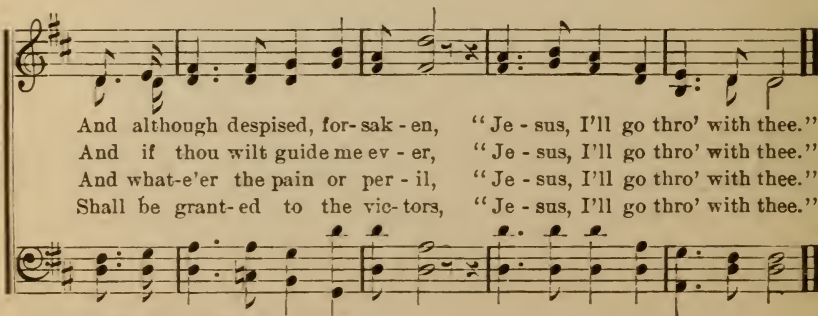
1. I have made my choice for-ev - er, I will walk with Christ my Lord,  
 2. Tho' the gar - den lies be - fore me, And the scorn - ful judgment hall,  
 3. Tho' the earth may rock and trem - ble, Tho' the sun may hide its face,  
 4. When the con - flict here is end - ed, And the wea - ry jour - n - ey done,



Naught from him my soul can sev - er, While I'm trusting in his word;  
 Tho' the gloom of deep - est mid - night Set - tles round me like a pall;  
 Tho' my foes be strong and ruth - less, Still I dare to trust thy grace;  
 When the last grim foe is conquer'd, And the fi - nal vic - t'ry won;



I the lone - ly way have tak - en, Rough and toilsome tho' it be,  
 Darkness can af - fright me nev - er, From thy pres - ence shadows flee,  
 Tho' the cross my path o'er - shad - ow, Thou didst bear it once for me,  
 When the pearl - y gates swing o - pen, And an entrance full and free



And although despised, for - sak - en, "Je - sus, I'll go thro' with thee."  
 And if thou wilt guide me ev - er, "Je - sus, I'll go thro' with thee."  
 And what - e'er the pain or per - il, "Je - sus, I'll go thro' with thee."  
 Shall be grant - ed to the vic - tors, "Je - sus, I'll go thro' with thee."



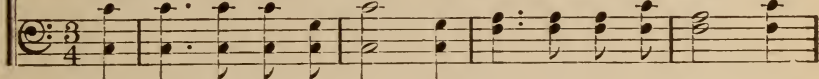
"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John 14: 16.

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

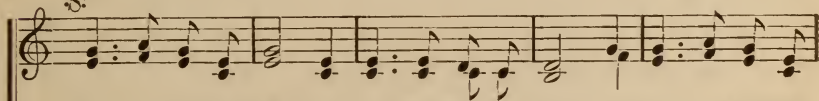
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O spread the tid-ings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher -
2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in his wings, To
4. O bound-less Love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And



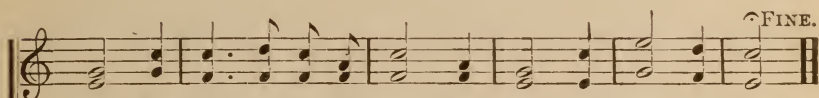
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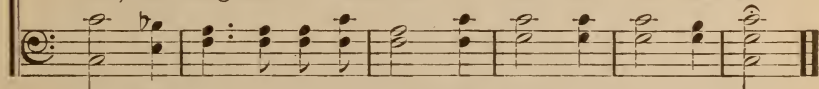
ev - er human hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian  
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en  
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant  
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of  
all the saints a - bove to all be-low re - ply, In strains of end-less



D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n. The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the tid-ings



tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!  
hills the day ad-van-ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!  
cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!  
sin, should in his im-age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!  
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

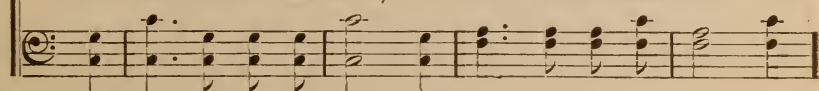


round, Wher-ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The



ISAAC WATTS.

Isa. 45: 22.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?  
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?  
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would he de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be - yond de - gree!  
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

## CHORUS.

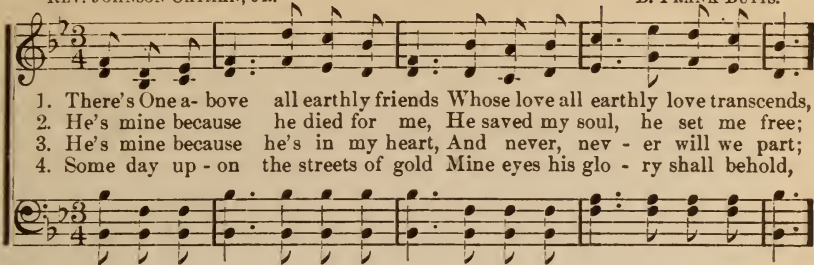
At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith  
 rolled a-way,

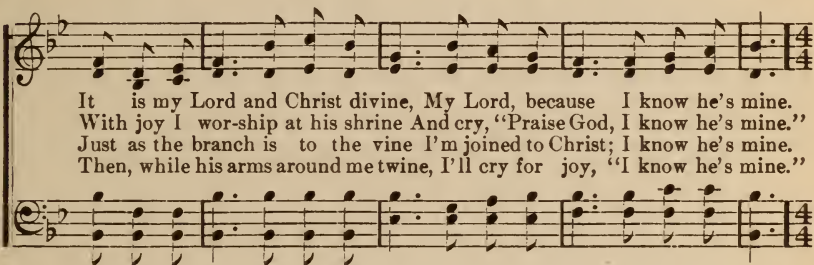
I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

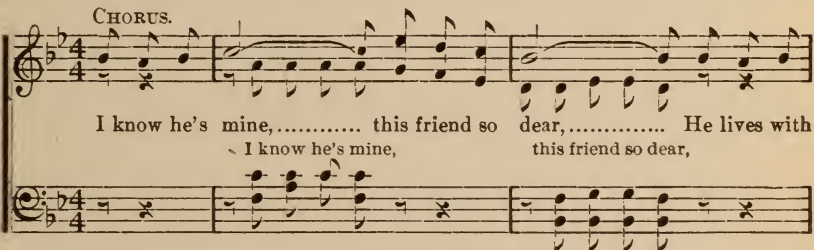


1. There's One a-bove all earthly friends Whose love all earthly love transcends,  
 2. He's mine because he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;  
 3. He's mine because he's in my heart, And never, nev - er will we part;  
 4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo - ry shall behold,

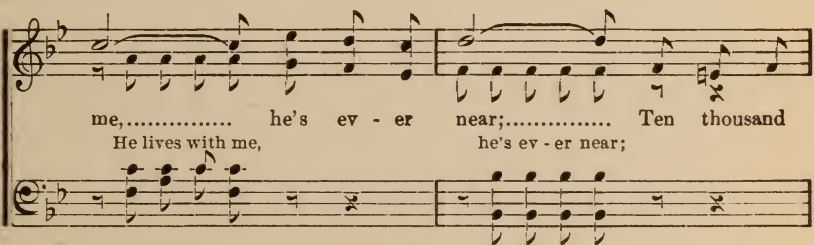


It is my Lord and Christ divine, My Lord, because I know he's mine.  
 With joy I wor-ship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."  
 Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.  
 Then, while his arms around me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

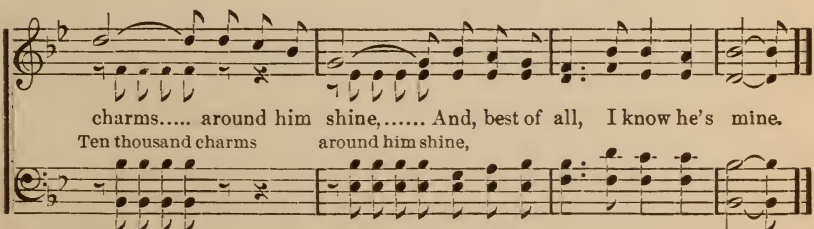
## CHORUS.



I know he's mine,..... this friend so dear,..... He lives with  
 ~ I know he's mine, this friend so dear,



me,..... he's ev - er near;..... Ten thousand  
 He lives with me, he's ev - er near;



charms..... around him shine,..... And, best of all, I know he's mine.  
 Ten thousand charms around him shine,

1. O so long was my bark toss'd a-bout on life's sea, But I've anchor'd in  
 2. Safely moor'd to the Rock which no tempest can shake, I have anchor'd in  
 3. In the har-bor of faith there is safe-ty and rest, I have anchor'd in  
 4. Deeper grow-eth my peace as I'm near-ing the shore, I have anchor'd in

Je-sus at last; And I heard a sweet voice gently calling to me, And I've  
 Je-sus at last; Tho' the billows in fu - ry around me may break, I have  
 Je-sus at last; And a deep settled peace now is filling my breast, I have  
 Je-sus at last; And by simply be-liev - ing I'm safe ev-er-more, I have

CHORUS.  
 anchor'd in Je - sus at last. At last!... at last!....  
 I've anchor'd in Jesus, I've anchor'd at last,

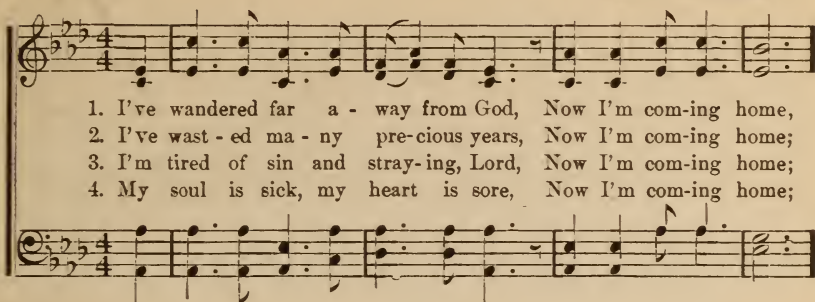
All my doubtings are o - ver, my struggling is past, And the load of my

sin at his feet I have cast, I have anchor'd in Je-sus at last.  
 at last.

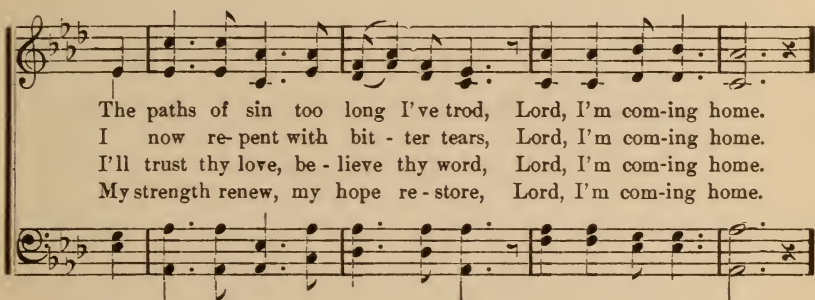


W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

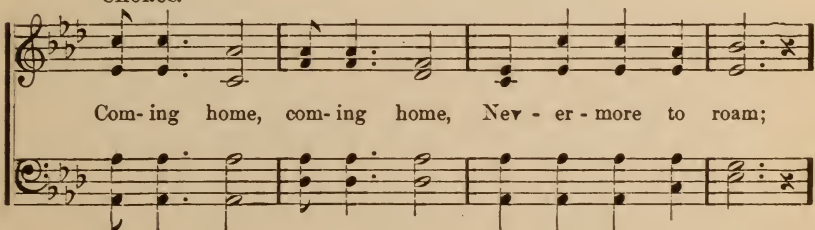


1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home,  
 2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;



The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 My strength renew, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

## CHORUS.



Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;



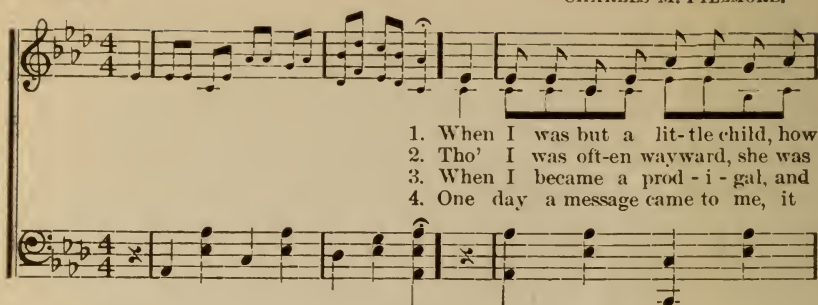
O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,  
 Now I'm coming home;  
 That Jesus died, and died for me,  
 Lord, I'm coming home.

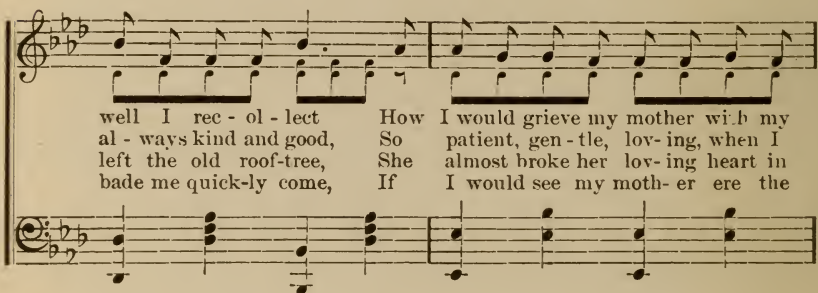
6 I need his cleansing blood I know,  
 Now I'm coming home;  
 O wash me whiter than the snow,  
 Lord, I'm coming home.

C. M. F.

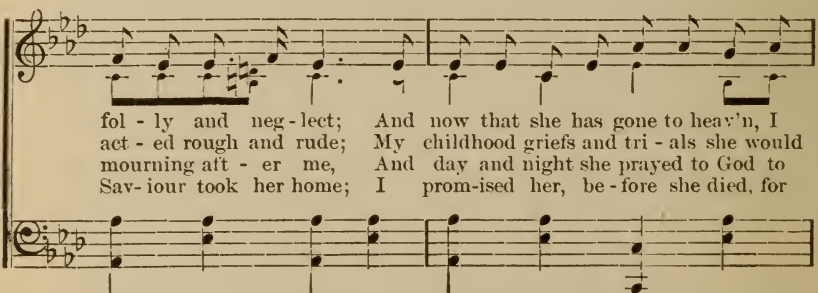
CHARLES M. FILLMORE.



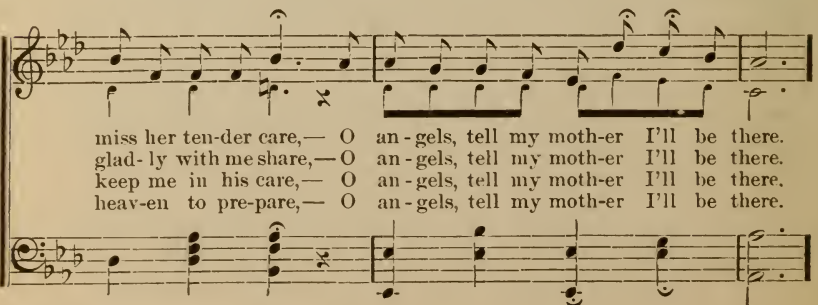
1. When I was but a lit-tle child, how  
 2. Tho' I was oft-en wayward, she was  
 3. When I became a prod-i-gal, and  
 4. One day a message came to me, it



well I rec-ol-lect      How I would grieve my mother with my  
 al-ways kind and good,      So patient, gen-tle, lov-ing, when I  
 left the old roof-tree,      She almost broke her lov-ing heart in  
 bade me quick-ly come,      If I would see my moth-er ere the



fol-ly and neg-lect;      And now that she has gone to heav'n, I  
 act-ed rough and rude;      My childhood griefs and tri-als she would  
 mourning aft-er me,      And day and night she prayed to God to  
 Sav-iour took her home;      I prom-ised her, be-fore she died, for



miss her ten-der care,— O an-gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there.  
 glad-ly with me share,— O an-gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there.  
 keep me in his care,— O an-gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there.  
 heav-en to pre-pare,— O an-gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there.

# Tell Mother I'll Be There.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Tell { moth-er I'll be there in an-swer to her pray'r, This  
 { moth-er I'll be there, heav'n's joys with her to share, Yes,

message, guardian an-gels to her bear; Tell }  
 tell my darling (Omit.....) } mother I'll be there.

111

C. F. O.

## When Mother Prayed.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When mother pray'd! O precious hour When God would come in mighty pow'r!  
 2. When mother pray'd! ah, then I knew With - in my soul that God was true;  
 3. And tho' the years may come and go, This heart of mine can nev-er know  
 4. Tho' oth - er scenes may be for-got, While life shall last this one can-not;

O mem'ry sweet! O hallowed place Where God did shine in mother's face.  
 I could no lon - ger doubt his love, But yielded all.—born from a-hove.  
 A sweeter time than that blest hour When Je-sus came in saving power.  
 When mother pray'd! O peace divine! My mother's God to-day is mine.

D.S.—Her heart and mind on Christ were stay'd, And God was there when mother pray'd.

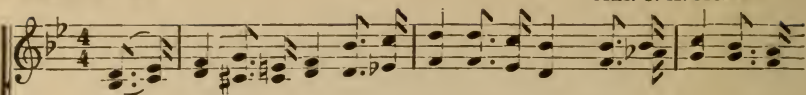
CHORUS.

D.S.

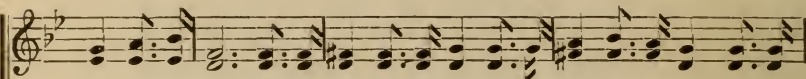
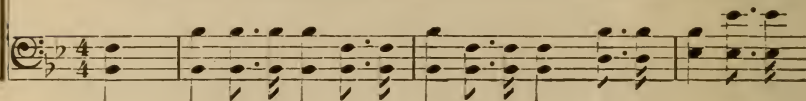
When mother pray'd, she found sweet rest! When mother pray'd, her soul was blest!

MRS. C. H. M.

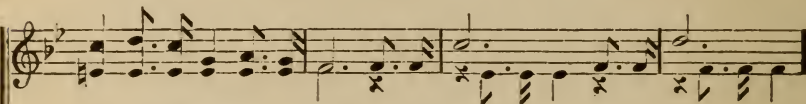
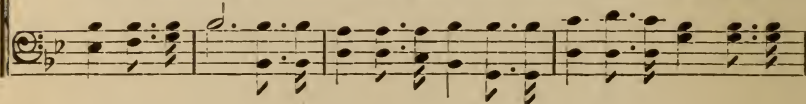
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. O where, where to-day are the sheep of the fold, Those for whom the dear
2. And where are the lambs to his great heart so dear? Are they out on the
3. O ye who are out on the mountains of sin, Heed the voice of the
4. Tho' the nine-ty and nine may be safe in the fold, While there's one lost in



Shepherd has died, Those for whom he has sought thro' the night bleak and cold, O - ver  
mountains a-stray? Are they far, far a-way from his kind lov-ing care? Tell me  
Shepherd so true, Ev - er-more he is seek-ing the lost ones to win, And his  
sin and un-done, Will the Shepherd go forth and his dear voice be heard, As he

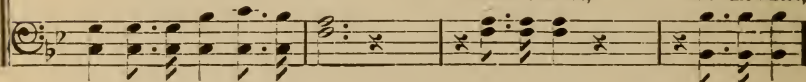


tor-rent and steep mountain side? Tell me where,  
where are the young lambs to-day? Tell me where,  
mer-cy includes me and you, Ev-en me,  
calls for his wan-der-ing one, As he calls,

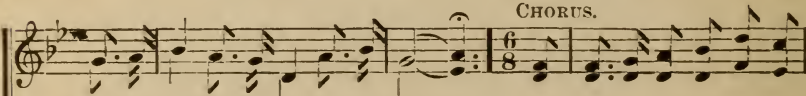
tell me where,  
tell me where,  
ev-en you,  
sweet-ly calls,

tell me where,

tell me where,

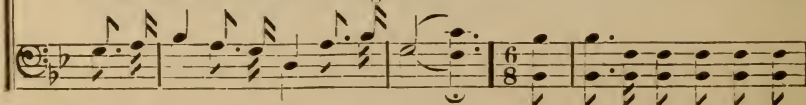


## CHORUS.



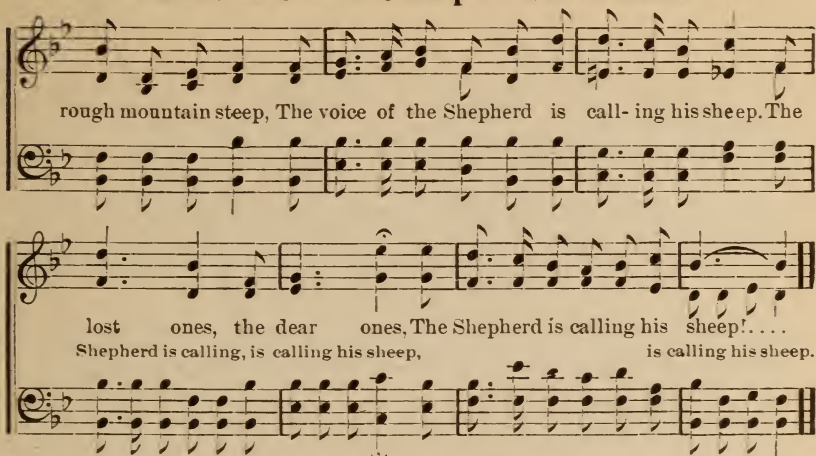
Tell me where are the lost sheep to-day?  
Tell me where are the young lambs to-day?  
And his mer-cy includes me and you.  
As he calls for his wan-der-ing one.

Still ech-o-ing down from the





# Where are the Sheep?—Concluded.



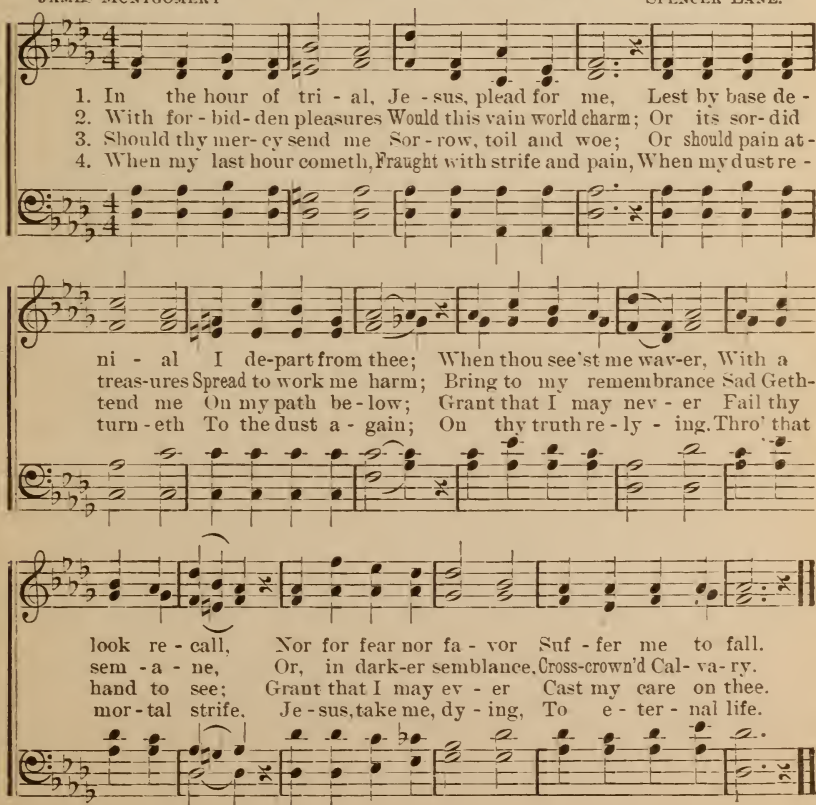
rough mountain steep, The voice of the Shepherd is call-ing his sheep. The  
lost ones, the dear ones, The Shepherd is calling his sheep! . . .  
Shepherd is calling, is calling his sheep, is calling his sheep.

113

## In the Hour of Trial.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

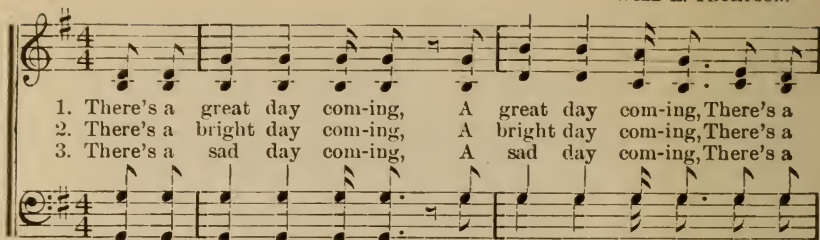
SPENCER LANE.



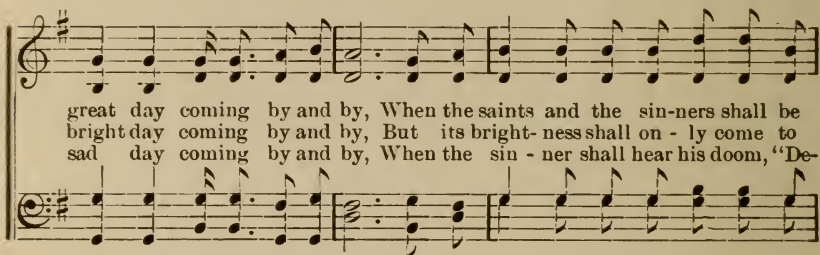
1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de -  
2. With for - bid - den pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor - did  
3. Should thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil and woe; Or should pain at -  
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re -  
ni - al I de-part from thee; When thou see'st me wav-er, With a  
treas-ures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my remembrance Sad Geth-  
tend me On my path be-low; Grant that I may nev - er Fail thy  
turn-eth To the dust a - gain; On thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that  
look re - call, Nor for fear nor fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.  
sem - a - ne, Or, in dark-er semblance, Cross-crown'd Cal - va - ry.  
hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on thee.  
mor-tal strife. Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

W. L. T.

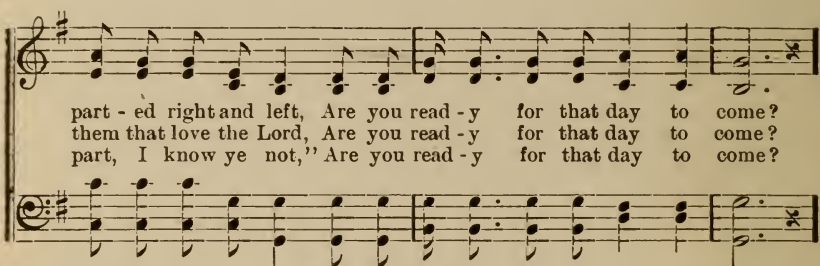
WILL L. THOMPSON.



1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a  
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a  
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

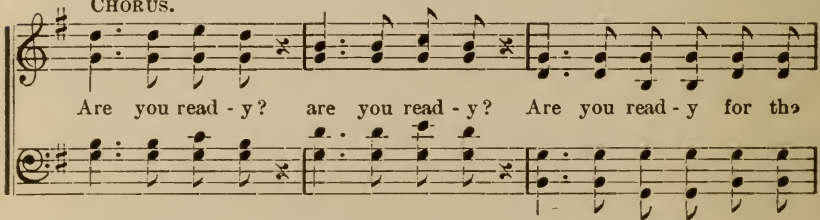


great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be  
 bright day coming by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to  
 sad day coming by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-

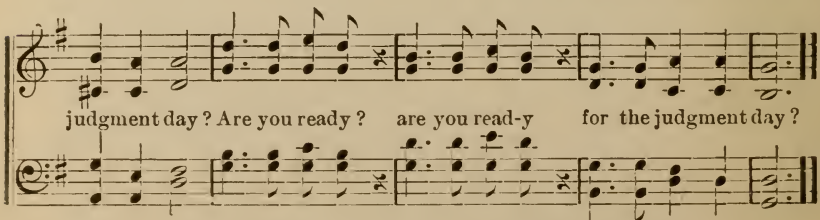


part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?  
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?  
 part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

## CHORUS.



Are you read-y? are you read-y? Are you read-y for the



judgment day? Are you ready? are you read-y for the judgment day?

1. Tidings, hap-py tidings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joyful ech - o
2. Tidings, hap-py tidings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,
3. Tidings, hap-py tidings, Hark! hark! a - gain! Rushing o'er the mountain,

Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them. Hear and heed the call:  
Come, O come to-day. Christ, our lov-ing Sav-iour, Still re-peats the call:  
Sweep-ing o'er the plain; On-ward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call:

## CHORUS.

Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all.  
Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y la-den, Room, room for all. } Whoso-ev-er ask-eth  
Come, for ev-'ry thing is read-y, Room, room for all. }

Jesus will receive; Who-so-ev-er thirsteth, Je-sus will relieve. See the living

waters, Flowing full and free; O the blessed who-so-ev-er, That means me.

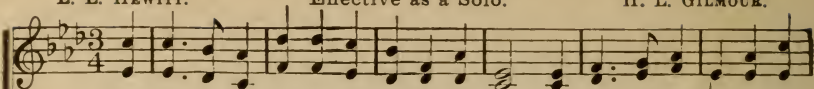


## Saved From the Wreck.

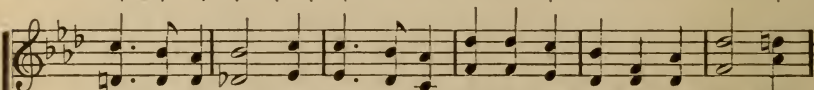
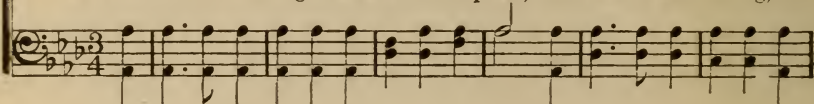
E. E. HEWITT.

Effective as a Solo.

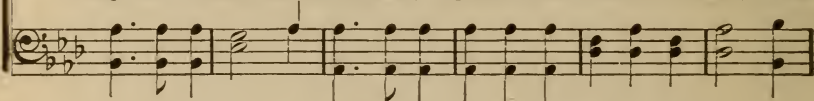
H. L. GILMOUR.



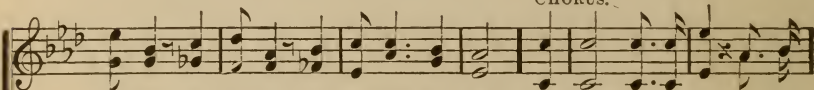
1. A - drift on the waters, so dark and so cold, A - far from the beau-ti - ful
2. O I was the sinner a - lone on the sea, But love's blessed signals were
3. I stepped in the life-boat, provided for me, And Je - sus, my Pi - lot, my
4. Life's tur-bulent surges are kissed into peace, The beacons are shining, and



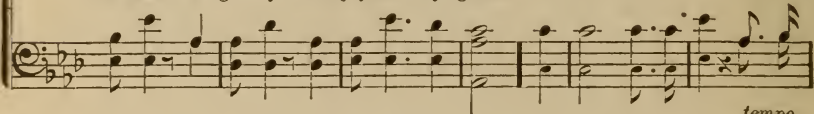
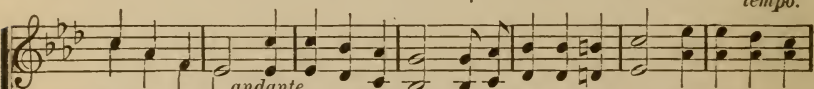
cit - y of gold, A ves - sel is sinking, for heav - y the gale, The  
floating for me; Tho' thunders were rolling, and billows at strife, Lo,  
Captain will be; His bos - om my ref - uge, my "haven of rest." I'm  
songs never cease; Fair moonbeams, bright sunshine, illumine the tide, While



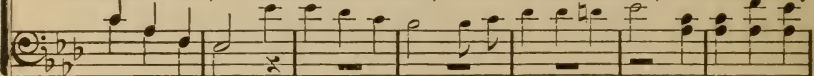
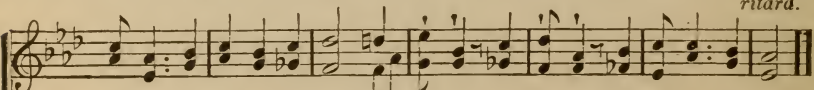
CHORUS.



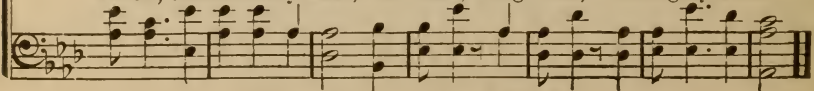
ca - ble is broken, and tattered each sail. } *con anima.*  
Je - sus was calling, "escape for thy life." } Poor child of the wreck, see the  
rescued from shipwreck, so happy and blest. }  
onward to glo - ry we'll joy - ful - ly glide.

*tempo.**andante.*

life-boat is near, A sweet voice is heard, for the Master is here; He walks ev'ry

*ritard.*

billow, controls ev'ry wave, 'Tis Jesus, King Jesus, "the mighty to save."

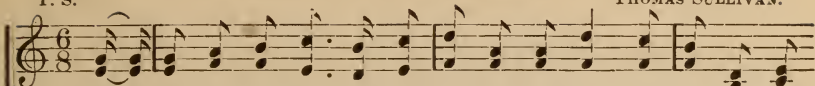




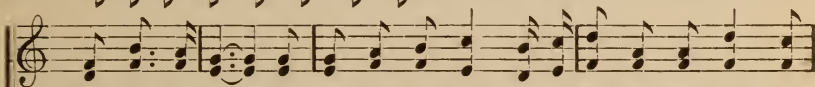
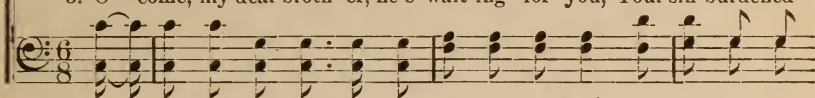
# 117 He Touched Me and Made Me Whole.

T. S.

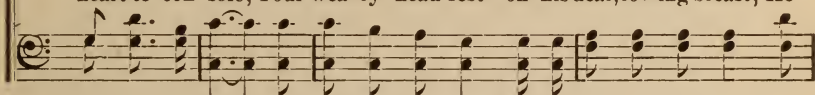
THOMAS SULLIVAN.



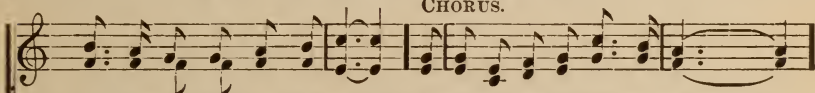
1. To the feet of my Sav-iour, in trembling and fear, A pen - i - tent
2. I knew not the ten - der com - pas - sion and love That Je - sus, my
3. "My grace is suf - fi - cient," I heard his dear voice, "O come and find
4. O Je - sus, dear Je - sus, thy name I a - dore, For sav - ing and
5. O come, my dear broth - er, he's wait - ing for you, Your sin - burdened



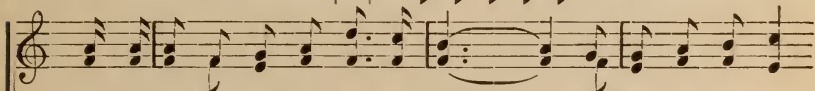
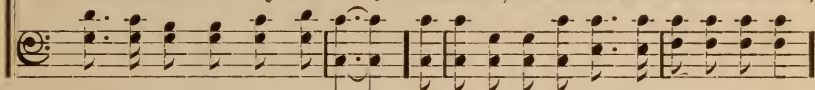
sin - ner I came; He saw, and in mer - cy he bade me draw near; All  
Saviour, had shown; Tho' burdened with grief, his dear hand bro't relief; He  
rest for your soul, From sin you to save, my life free - ly I gave; I  
keeping my soul; Thy prais - es I'll sing, my Redeem - er and King, Thy  
heart to con - sole; Your wea - ry head rest on his dear, lov - ing breast; He



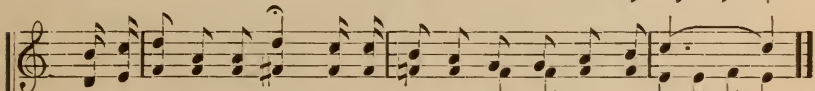
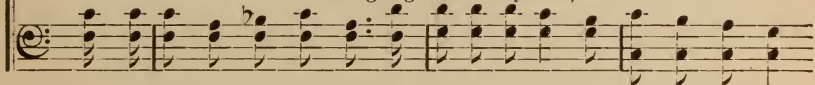
## CHORUS.



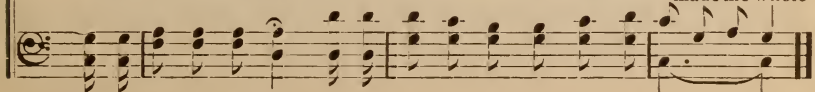
glo - ry and praise to his name.	} He touched me and thus made me whole,
healed me and called me his own.	
died that you might be made whole."	
dear, lov - ing hand made me whole.	} He touched me, he touched me and thus made me whole,
suf - fered and died for your soul.	

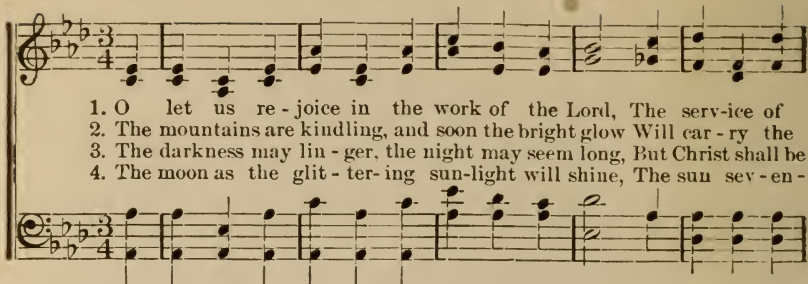


Bring - ing comfort and rest to my soul, . . . . . O glad hap - py day  
bring - ing rest to my soul;

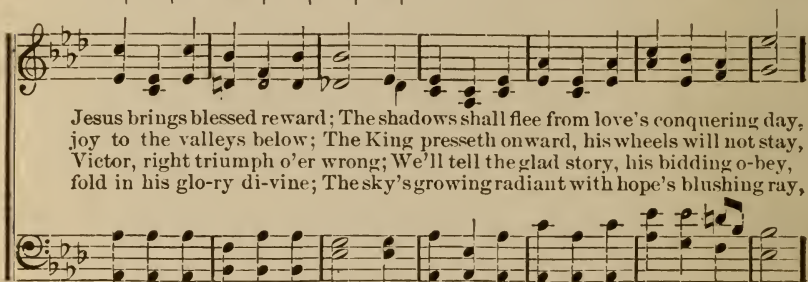


all my sins rolled a - way! For he touched me and thus made me whole. . . .  
made me whole.

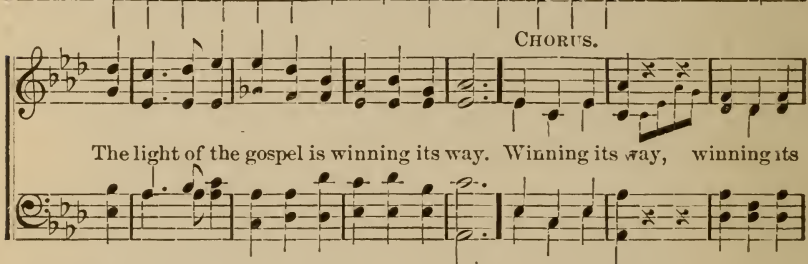




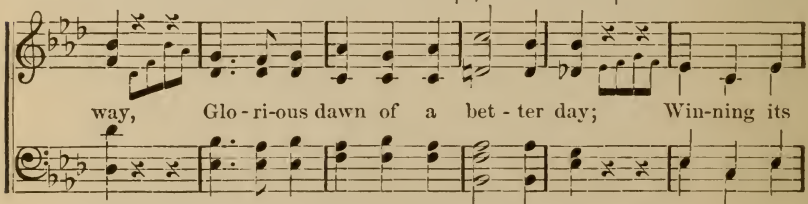
1. O let us re-joice in the work of the Lord, The serv-ice of  
 2. The mountains are kindling, and soon the bright glow Will car-ry the  
 3. The darkness may lin-ger, the night may seem long, But Christ shall be  
 4. The moon as the glit-ter-ing sun-light will shine, The sun sev-en-



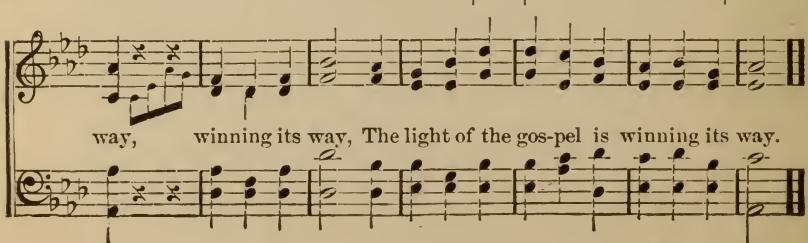
Jesus brings blessed reward; The shadows shall flee from love's conquering day,  
 joy to the valleys below; The King presseth onward, his wheels will not stay,  
 Victor, right triumph o'er wrong; We'll tell the glad story, his bidding o-bey,  
 fold in his glo-ry di-vine; The sky's growing radiant with hope's blushing ray,



CHORUS.  
 The light of the gospel is winning its way. Winning its way, winning its



way, Glo-rious dawn of a bet-ter day; Win-ning its



way, winning its way, The light of the gos-pel is winning its way.

MRS. C. H. M.

MATTHEW, 1: 21.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. There is one name all names a-bove, Un - to be - liev - ers pre - cious,  
 2. We have no goodness of our own, His mer - its we come plead - ing;  
 3. To guard us he is ev - er near In wak - ing hours or sleep - ing,  
 4. "He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin," From Satan's bond - age frees us;

Which caus - es hearts to glow with love, It is the name of Je - sus.  
 He who the wine - press trod a - lone, Is for us in - ter - ced - ing.  
 This one to trust - ing hearts so dear, Is con - stant vig - il keep - ing.  
 O where, my soul, shall I be - gin To praise the name of Je - sus?

CHORUS. *Soprano and Tenor in unison.*

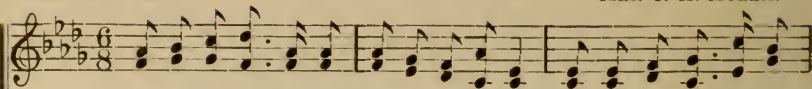
*Bass and Alto, unison.*  
 His name shall be Je - sus, Won - der - ful name, won - der - ful name; His

name shall be Je - sus, for he shall save his peo - ple from their sins;

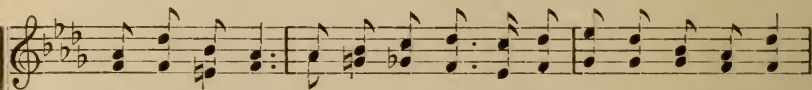
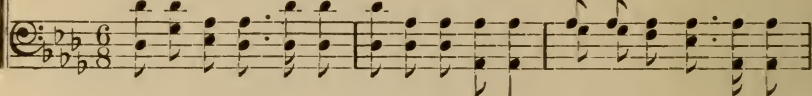
name shall be Je - sus, for he shall save his peo - ple from their sins.

MRS. C. H. M.

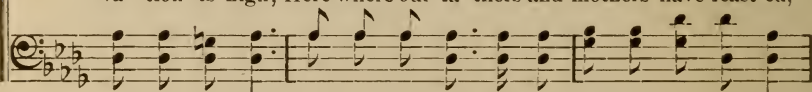
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



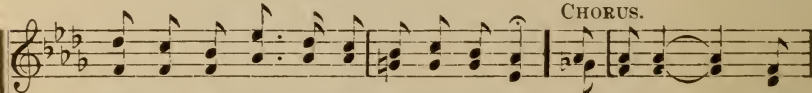
1. Hearken to-day to the blest in- vi- ta- tion Giv- en in love by our
2. Look! for its source is in Cal- vary's mountain, Where the dear Saviour was
3. Saints of all a- ges its vir- tue have tested; No oth- er hope of sal -



Fa- ther on high; Come to the won- der-ful stream of sal- va- tion,  
 lift- ed on high; Pure and ex-haust- less it springs from the fountain,  
 va- tion is nigh; Here where our fa- thers and mothers have feast- ed,

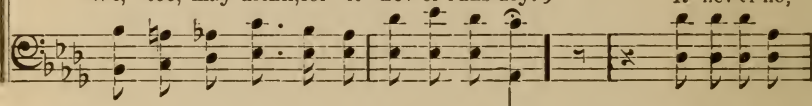


## CHORUS.

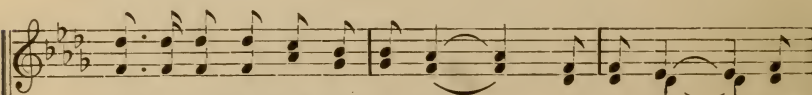
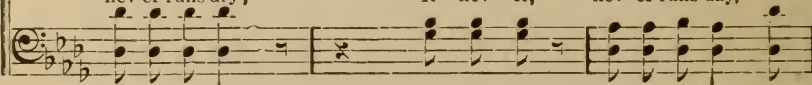


Drink of the fount- ain that nev- er runs dry. } It nev- er.... runs  
 Life- giv- ing cur- rent that nev- er runs dry. }  
 We, too, may drink, for it nev- er runs dry. }

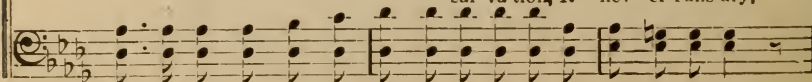
It nev- er no,



dry;..... It nev- er..... runs dry;..... This  
 nev- er runs dry; It nev- er, nev- er runs day,



won- der-ful stream of sal- va- tion, It nev- er..... runs  
 sal- va- tion, It nev- er runs dry,





# It Never Runs Dry.—Concluded.

dry;..... Tho' mil-lions their thirst are now slak-ing,.... It  
nev-er runs dry; now slaking,

nev-er.... runs dry;..... And mil-lions may still come par -  
it nev-er, nev-er runs dry;

tak-ing,..... It nev-er..... runs dry.....  
par-tak-ing, nev-er runs dry, nev-er runs dry.

121

## Footsteps of Jesus.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard thee calling, Come, follow me! And we see where thy  
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seeking his sheep; Or a - long by Si -  
3. If they lead thro' the tem-ple ho-ly, Preaching the Word; Or in homes of the  
4. By and by, thro' the shining portals, Turning our feet, We shall walk, with the  
5. Then at last when on high he sees us, Our journey done, We shall rest where the

D.S.—We will fol-low the

FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.

foot-prints fall-ing, Lead us to thee.  
loam's fountains, Helping the weak.  
poor and low-ly, Serving the Lord  
glad immortals, Heav'n's golden streets.  
steps of Je-sus End at his throne.

Footprints of Je-sus, that make the pathway glow;

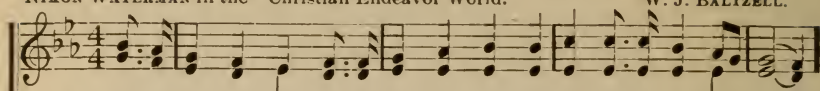
steps of Jesus, Where'er they go

# 122 What Have We Done To-day?

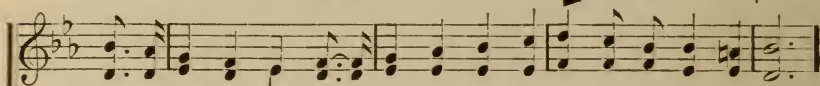
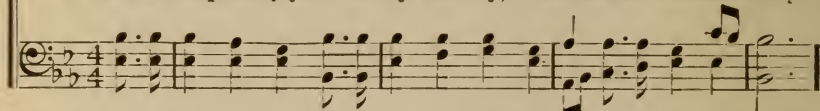
Words by permission of Author and Publisher.

NIXON WATERMAN in the "Christian Endeavor World."

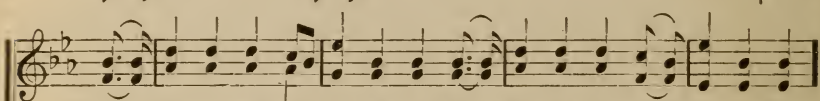
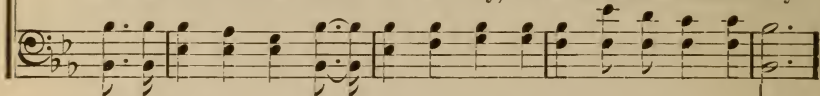
W. J. BALTZELL.



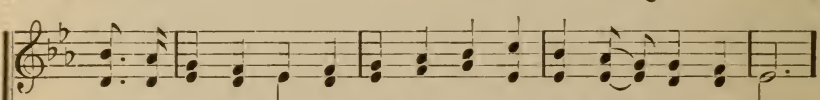
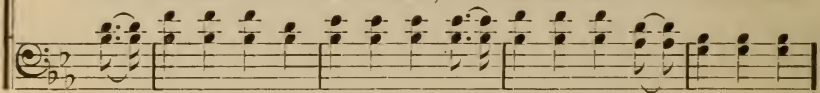
1. We shall do so much in the years to come, But what have we done to-day?
2. We shall be so kind in the af-ter while, But what have we been to-day?
3. We shall reap such joys in the by and by, But what have we sown to-day?



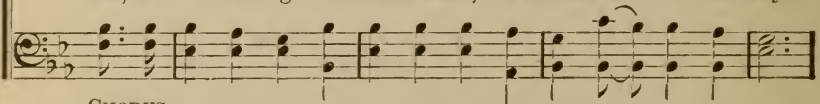
We shall give out gold in a prince-ly sum, But what did we give to-day?  
We shall bring each lonely life a smile, But what have we bro't to-day?  
We shall build us man - sions in the sky, But what have we built to-day?



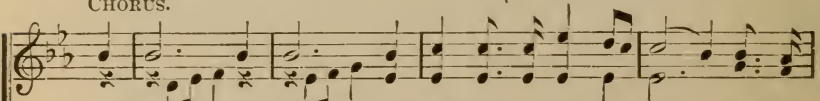
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear, We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,  
We shall give to truth a grander birth, And to steadfast faith a deep-er worth,  
'Tis sweet in i-dle dreams to bask, But here and now do we our task?



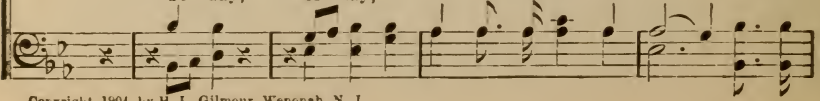
We shall speak the words of love and cheer; But what did we speak to-day?  
We shall feed the hun-gry souls of earth; But whom have we fed to-day?  
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask, "What have we done to-day?"



## CHORUS.



To-day, to day, But what have we done to-day; We shall  
To-day, to-day,



# What Have We Done To-day?—Concluded.

do so much in the days to come, But what have we done to - day ?

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support.

## 123 Jesus Has Lifted the Load.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The trust-ing heart to Je - sus clings, Nor an - y ill for - bodes,  
2. The pass-ing days bring ma - ny cares, "Fear not," I hear him say,  
3. He tells me of my Fa - ther's love, And nev - er - slumb'ring eye;  
4. When to the throne of grace I flee, I find the prom - ise true,

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support.

But at the cross of Cal - v'ry, sings, Praise God for lift - ed loads!  
And when my fears are turned to prayers, The burdens slip a - way.  
My ev - er - last-ing King a - bove Will all my needs sup - ply.  
The mighty arms up - hold-ing me Will bear my bur - dens too.

Musical notation for the third system, featuring a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support.

### CHORUS.

Sing-ing I go a-long life's road, Praising the Lord, praising the Lord,

Musical notation for the fourth system, featuring a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support.

*rit. ad lib.*  
Sing-ing I go a-long life's road, For Jesus has lift-ed my load.

Musical notation for the fifth system, featuring a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The tempo marking *rit. ad lib.* is placed above the staff.



GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

I. H. MEREDITH.

*Animato.*

1. Christ is our Captain, Sin our foe—Onward, then, ye soldiers brave.  
 2. Un - der the ban-ner of the cross, Bravely to the con-flict go;  
 3. What tho' the day be dark and drear—Even tho' the conflict's long;

List to his or-ders! For-ward go! Ma-n-y dying souls to save.  
 Fear not the dangers, count no loss, Fighting such a mighty foe.  
 Christ is the Captain, comrade, cheer, Mighty is his arm and strong.

Fight till the con-flict shall be won, Nev-er lay your ar-mor down.  
 Loud tho' the battle's din and roar, Louder rings the vic-tor's song—  
 Soon for the faithful he will call, They shall all re-ward-ed be—

FINE. DUET.

Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry! Shout, shout the sound.  
 Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry! Sing loud and long.      Vic - tr'y shall be  
 Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry! Shout vic - to - ry. }

ours, Let the song of tri-umph ring, Vic - tr'y shall be ours,



# Song of Victory.—Concluded.

While we bat-tle for our King; Vict'ry shall be ours, Glad the message

now we bring; Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry! For our Sav-iour, King.

*D.C. al Fine.*

## 125 Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND.

Ps. 11: 17.

E. S. LORENA.

1. A - mid the tri- als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,  
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up- on my soul their shad-ows cast;  
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

*FINE.*

One thought remains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!  
Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!  
I am con-tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

*D.S.—What need I fear since thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me;*

CHORUS.


*D.S.*

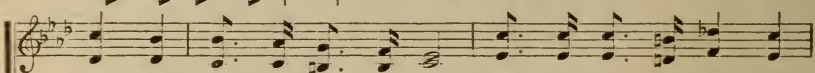
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me.  
of me, of me;

MRS. E. E. WILLIAMS.

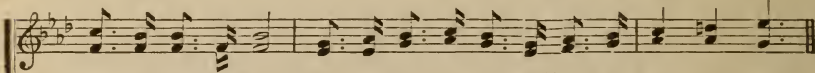
M. PAULINE GILMOUR.

*Martial style.*

- 
1. Vol - unteers are want-ed! hear the stir - ring call, O be swift to
  2. Vol - unteers are want-ed! val - iant men and true, In the ranks, my
  3. Vol - unteers are want-ed! for on land and sea Sa-tan's starving
  4. Vol - unteers are want-ed! on the bat - tle-plain Soldiers brave are
  5. Vol - unteers are want-ed! let the ranks be filled, Soon the din of

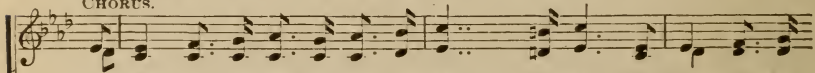


an - swer, com - rades one and all; Gird - ing on your ar - mor,  
broth - er, there is room for you; Christ is the Com-mand - er,  
bond - men clam - or to be free; Hast - en to their res - cue,  
fall - ing, ne'er to fight a - gain; Who will take their plac - es  
bat - tle will in peace be stilled; See! the clouds are lift - ing,

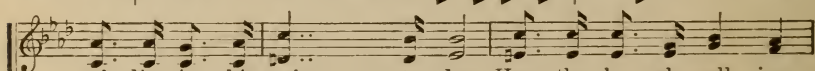


haste to march a-way, For the Lord is calling, "to the front to - day!"  
let us all o - bey When he gives the or - der, "to the front to - day!"  
if you still delay Blood-bought souls must perish, to the front to - day!  
in the dead - ly fray? Who will march with Jesus to the front to - day?  
soon they'll clear away, Glo-ry gilds the heights along the front to - day.

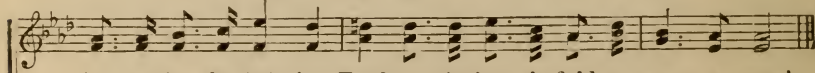
## CHORUS.



A - way to the bat - tle-field, a - way, a - way! The King calls for  
A - way, a - way to the bat - tle-field, a - way,



sol - diers in his ranks to - day, Hear the bu - gle call - ing,  
sol - diers in his ranks to - day.



in - to line be fall - ing, Forth to the bat - tle-field, a - way, a - way!

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When you get to heav-en, as you sure-ly will, If the Sav-iour's  
 2. When you roam with friends across the heav'nly fields, Ev-er find-ing  
 3. When you hear them singing round the great white throne, Songs of praise un-  
 4. When you kneel in wor-ship to the King of kings, Who has saved you

name you own, Af-ter you have greet-ed those you love the best,  
 treas-ures new; When you stand in rap-ture on some star-ry height,  
 to the Lamb; When you hear the ransomed, with their harps of gold,  
 by his grace; When you see that Saviour who has brought you there,

CHORUS.  
 Who are standing round the throne—  
 Gaz-ing on some glo-rious view—  
 Shouting "Glo-ry to his name!" } You may look for me, for I'll be  
 And with joy be-hold his face—

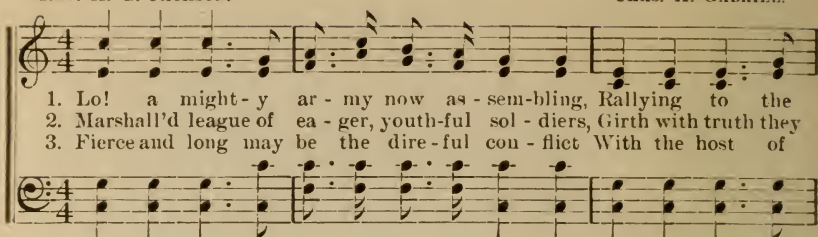
there, I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there! You may  
 I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!

look for me, for I'll be there! Glo-ry to his name!  
 I'll be there! Precious name!

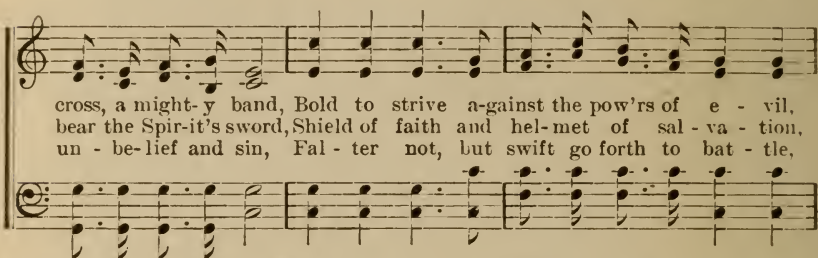


REV. H. G. JACKSON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

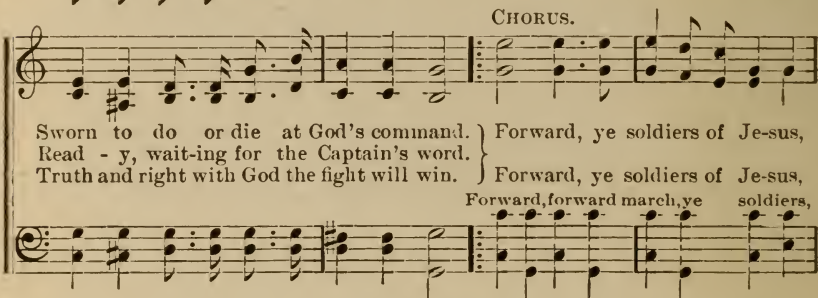


1. Lo! a might-y ar-my now as-sem-bling, Rallying to the  
 2. Marshall'd league of ea-ger, youth-ful sol-diers, Girth with truth they  
 3. Fierce and long may be the dire-ful con-flict With the host of

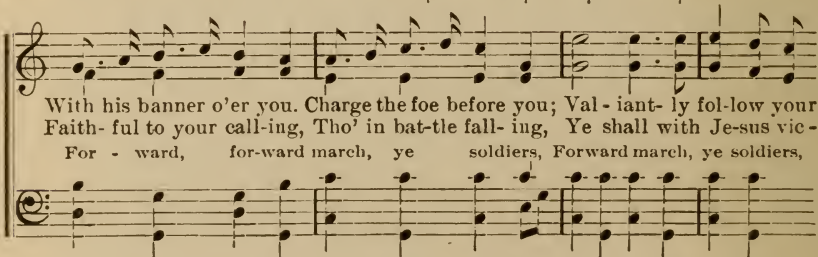


cross, a might-y band, Bold to strive a-against the pow'rs of e-vil,  
 bear the Spir-it's sword, Shield of faith and hel-met of sal-va-tion,  
 un-be-lief and sin, Fal-ter not, but swift go forth to bat-tle,

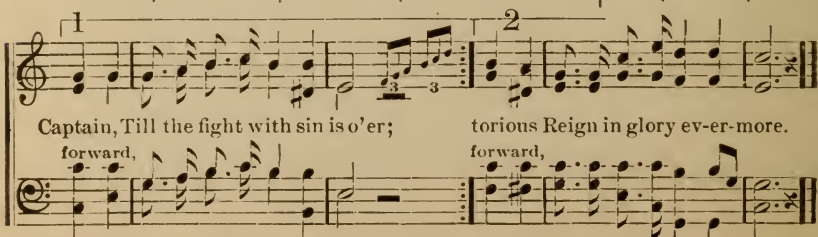
CHORUS.



Sworn to do or die at God's command. } Forward, ye soldiers of Je-sus,  
 Read-y, wait-ing for the Captain's word. } Forward, ye soldiers of Je-sus,  
 Truth and right with God the fight will win. } Forward, forward march, ye soldiers,



With his banner o'er you. Charge the foe before you; Val-iant-ly fol-low your  
 Faith-ful to your call-ing, Tho' in bat-tle fall-ing, Ye shall with Je-sus vic-  
 For-ward, for-ward march, ye soldiers, Forward march, ye soldiers,



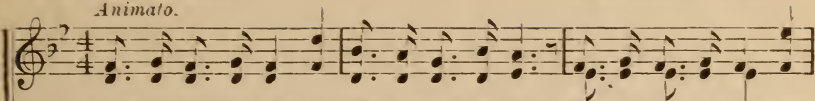
1 Captain, Till the fight with sin is o'er; } torious Reign in glory ev-er-more.  
 forward, } forward,

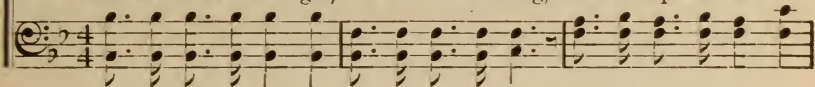


MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

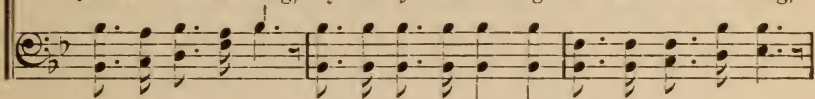
GRANT COLFAX TULLAR

*Animato.*

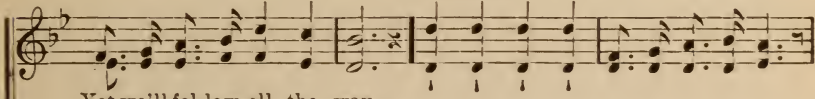
- 
1. Christ, our mighty Captain, leads against the foe; We will nev-er fal-ter
  2. Satan's fearful onslaughts cannot make you yield, While we trust in Christ, our
  3. Let our glorious ban-ner ev-er be unfurled, From its mighty stronghold
  4. Fierce the bat-tle ra-ges, but 'twill not be long, Then triumphant shall we



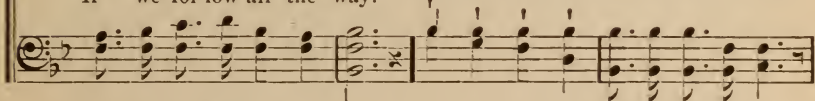
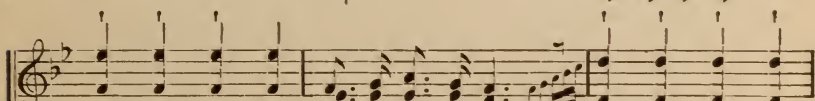
when he bids us go; Tho' his righteous pur-pose we may nev-er know  
Buckler and our Shield; Pressing ev-er on—the Spir-it's sword we wield,  
e-vil shall be hurled; Christ, our mighty Cap-tain, o-ver-comes the world,  
join the blessed throng, Joy-ful-ly u-nit-ing in the vic-tor's song,



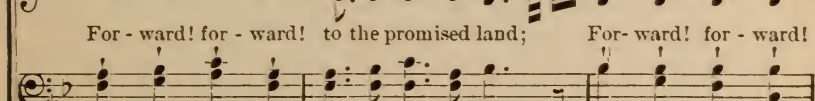
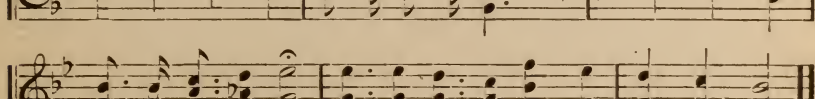
## CHORUS.



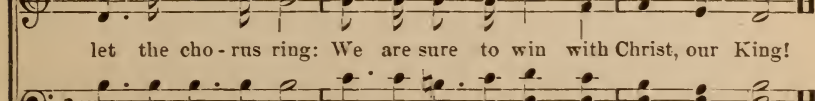
Yet we'll fol-low all the way.  
And we fol-low all the way.  
And we fol-low all the way.  
If we fol-low all the way. } Forward! forward! 'tis the Lord's command,

For-ward! for-ward! to the promised land; For-ward! for-ward!

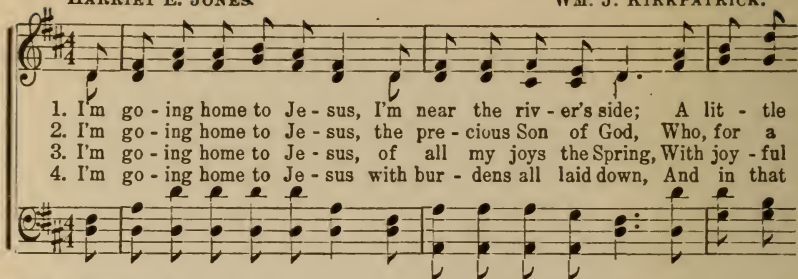



let the cho-rus ring: We are sure to win with Christ, our King!

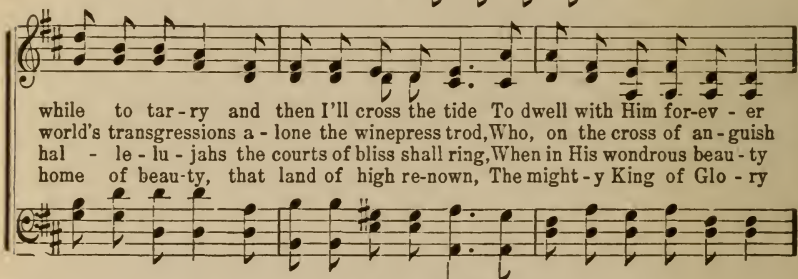


HARRIET E. JONES

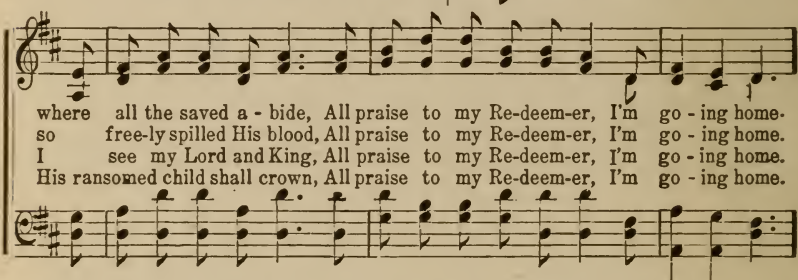
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I'm go - ing home to Je - sus, I'm near the riv - er's side; A lit - tle  
 2. I'm go - ing home to Je - sus, the pre - cious Son of God, Who, for a  
 3. I'm go - ing home to Je - sus, of all my joys the Spring, With joy - ful  
 4. I'm go - ing home to Je - sus with bur - dens all laid down, And in that

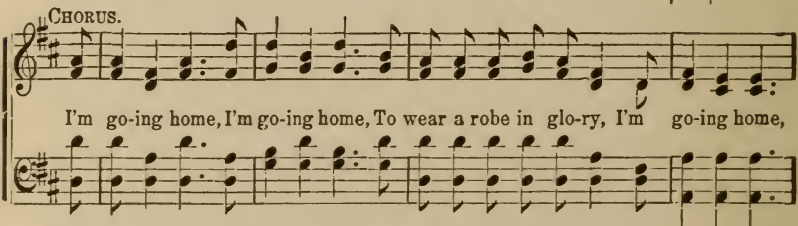


while to tar - ry and then I'll cross the tide To dwell with Him for - ev - er  
 world's transgressions a - lone the winepress trod, Who, on the cross of an - guish  
 hal - le - lu - jahs the courts of bliss shall ring, When in His wondrous beau - ty  
 home of beau - ty, that land of high re - nown, The might - y King of Glo - ry

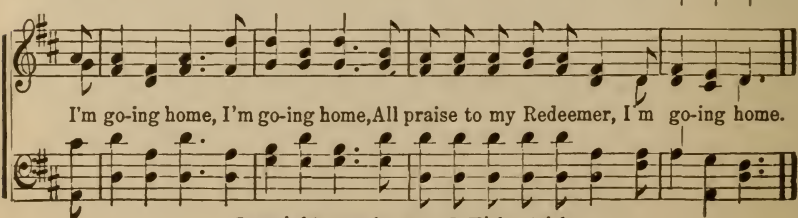


where all the saved a - bide, All praise to my Re - deem - er, I'm go - ing home -  
 so free - ly spilled His blood, All praise to my Re - deem - er, I'm go - ing home.  
 I see my Lord and King, All praise to my Re - deem - er, I'm go - ing home.  
 His ransomed child shall crown, All praise to my Re - deem - er, I'm go - ing home.

CHORUS.



I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, To wear a robe in glo - ry, I'm go - ing home,



I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, All praise to my Redeemer, I'm go - ing home.

1. I had wander'd far a-way In the land of might-y foes, And my  
 2. But I found it writ-ten down, Who-so-ev-er will believe In the  
 3. When we stand before the throne, And the books are open'd wide, And we're  
 4. O my sin-ner friend, beware, A re-veal-ing day is near That will

soul had felt the bit-ter-ness of sin; I was marching with the hosts  
 Son of God is saved from ev-'ry sin; And I bless his ho-ly name,  
 judged by all the deeds contained there-in; When that u-ni-ver-sal host  
 show the se-crets of thy heart within; Have it cleans'd by grace divine,

*Fine.*  
 That the truth of God oppose, And among the saved I was not counted in.  
 That the promise I receive,—In that "who-so-ev-er" I am counted in.  
 Shall to right and left divide, Will our names among the good be counted in?  
 And when Jesus shall appear, You will be a-mong his jew-els counted in.

*D.S.*—In the heavens then is heard, When a soul among the saved is counted in.

CHORUS.

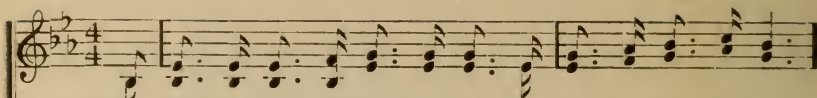
Counted in, Counted in, Counted in, Who-so-ev-er will be-  
 Counted in, Counted in, Counted in,

*D.S.*  
 lieve is count-ed in. (counted in.) What a ju-bi-lee of joy,

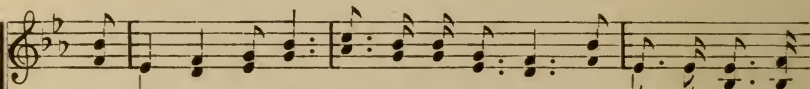
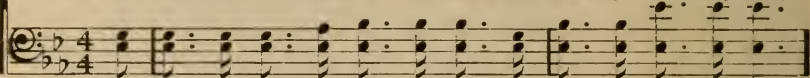


EDGAR LEWIS.

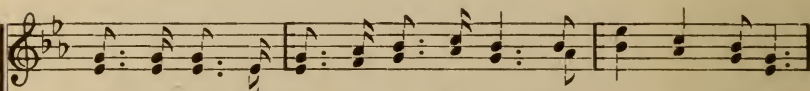
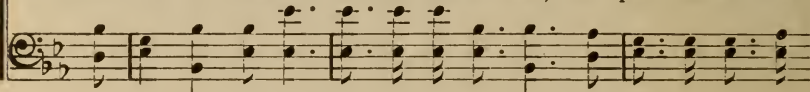
L. E. JONES.



1. Tho' dark the path my feet may tread, it is but joy to know
2. Life's brightest day may have its clouds, but still our heart should sing,
3. We're marching homeward to a land where weary feet may rest;



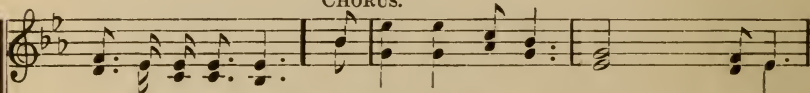
There'll be no shadows on the oth-er side; We should not fear the  
 There'll be no shadows on the oth-er side; 'Twill not be long till  
 There'll be no shadows on the oth-er side; No pain or sor- row



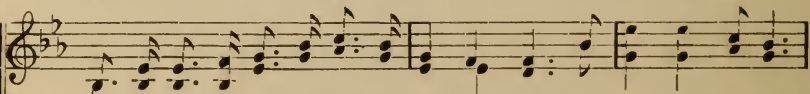
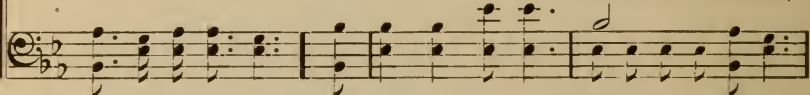
wild-est storm, but sing as on we go, There'll be no shadows  
 cares are o'er and we are with the King; There'll be no shadows  
 e'er can touch the re-gions of the blest; There'll be no shadows



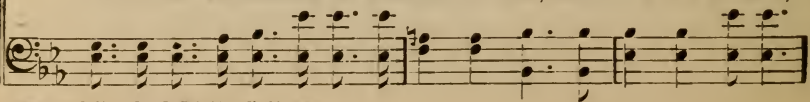
## CHORUS.



on the oth-er side. There'll be no shadows, no shadows,  
 there will be no shadows,



Je-sus is the sunshine of that land so fair; There'll be no shadows,





# There'll Be No Shadows.—Concluded.

no shadows, Pain and death can never en-ter there. ....  
there will be no shadows nev-er en-ter there.

## 133 'Tis Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to take him at his Word;  
2. O how sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;  
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just from sin and self to cease;  
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust thee, Pre-cious Je-sus, Saviour, Friend;

Just to rest up-on his prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."  
Just in sim-ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleansing flood.  
Just from Je-sus sim-ply tak-ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.  
And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

### CHORUS.

Je-sus, Je-sus, how I trust him; How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er.

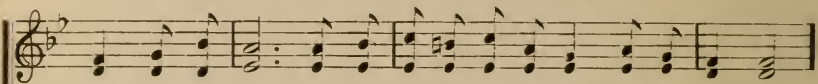
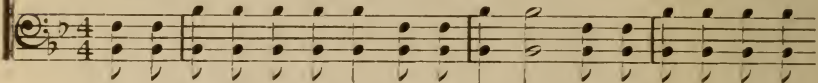
*p*  
Je-sus, Je-sus, pre-cious Je-sus! O for grace to trust him more.

A. A. PAYN.

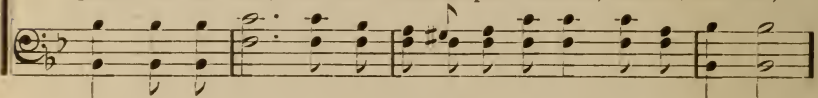
C. AUSTIN MILES.



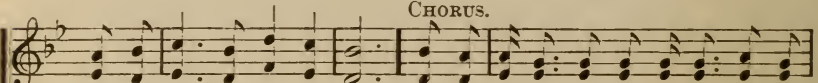
1. As the shadows of the night round are fall-ing, I am thinking of that  
 2. When we gather home at last there'll be singing, Such as angels round the  
 3. I shall rise to be with Je - sus for - ev - er, I shall meet the ones who



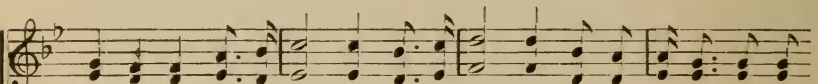
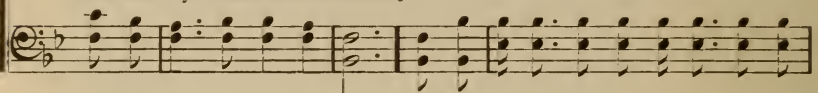
day by and by; When the trumpet of the Lord shall be call-ing,  
 throne-nev-er heard; For the song of souls redeemed shall go ring-ing,  
 passed on be-fore; We shall meet to part no more, nev-er, nev-er,



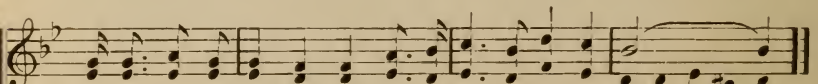
## CHORUS.



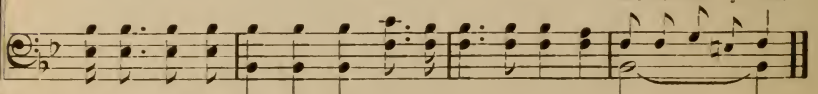
As the day breaks o'er the hills. }  
 As the day breaks o'er the hills. } I'll go singing, I'll go shouting on my  
 When the day breaks o'er the hills. }



journey home, Till the day breaks, till the day breaks, There'll be singing, there'll be

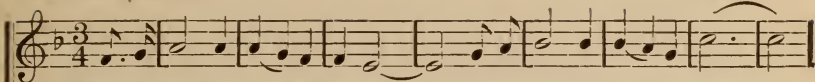


shouting, when we all get home, When the day breaks o'er the hills.....  
 the heaven-ly hills.

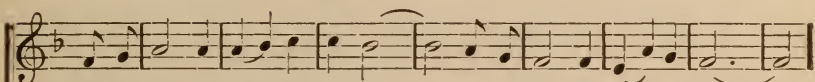


MYRON W. MORSE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There's a hand held out in pit - y,      There's a hand held out in love;
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hand of Je - sus,      O, how gen-tly will it lead!
3. O, how sweet its touch of heal-ing,      To the wounded heart ap-plied,
4. Yes, 'tis love to me, a sin - ner,      Prompts this hand to reach so low;
5. Let me take this hand ex-tend-ed,      Knowing that it leads a - right,
6. Henceforth, hand in hand together,      Hap - py will the jour-ney be,



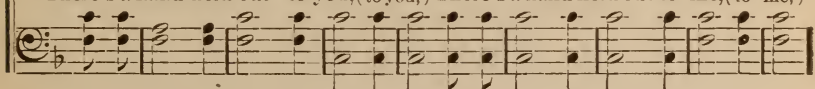
It will guide us to the cit - y,      Where our Father dwells above.  
 In its ten - der grace and mer-cy,      Breaking not the "bruised reed."  
 When the hand that bears the nail-prints,      Draws us to the riv - en side.  
 Reaching down that it may lift me      To the heights where blessings flow.  
 Find-ing ev - 'ry step de-fend-ed      By my Saviour's love and might.  
 Walking with my "Elder Broth-er"      Till his blessed home I see.



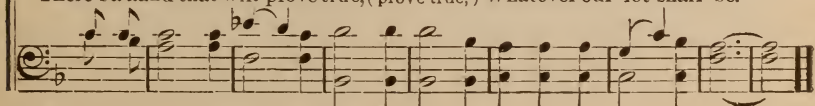
## CHORUS.



There's a hand held out to you, (to you,) There's a hand held out to me, (to me,)



There's a hand that will prove true, (prove true,) Whatever our lot shall be.





# 136 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, Alone.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a-lone Can turn our hearts from sin,  
 2. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a-lone Can deep - er love in - spire,  
 3. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can bring The gifts we seek in prayer,  
 4. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can give The grace we need this hour,

His power a-lone can sanc - ti - fy And keep us pure with - in.  
 His power a-lone with - in our souls Can light the sa - cred fire.  
 His voice can words of com - forts speak And still each wave of care.  
 And while we wait, O Spir - it, come In sanc - ti - fy - ing power.

## CHORUS.

O Spir - it of Love, de-scend, Come in our midst we pray,

And pu - ri - fy each wait - ing heart; Baptize us with pow'r to - day.

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# 137

## Jesus, Thine All Victorious Love.

Tune BALERMA, or Tune and Chorus above.

1 Jesus, thine all victorious love,  
 Shed in my heart abroad:  
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
 Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire  
 Might now begin to glow,  
 Burn up the dross of base desire  
 And make the mountains flow!

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,  
 And all my sins consume!  
 Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;  
 Spirit of burning, come!

4 Refining fire, go through my heart:  
 Illuminate my soul;  
 Scatter thy life through every part;  
 And sanctify the whole.

CHAS. WESLEY.



C. M. ROBINSON

P. P. BILHORN.

1. We are bound for Ca-naan land, Tent-ing by the way; Who shall lead us  
 2. Ma - ny tri - als we have seen, Thus far on our way; He hath led us  
 3. When the dark Red sea of doubt, Billow'd in our way; Then he part-ed  
 4. Can we safe-ly trust a guide Who knows not the way; God hath travel'd  
 5. Just be - fore us Jor-dan rolls, Right a-cross the way; We can safe-ly

## CHORUS.

on the road? Choose your king to - day.  
 safe - ly thro', Shall he lead to - day?  
 ev - 'ry wave—So he will to - day.  
 ev - 'ry foot, Shall he lead to - day?  
 trust the Lord, He shall lead to - day.

Dare to stand like Josh - u - a,

Dare to say the word; As for me and for my house, We will serve the Lord.

Copyright, 1898, by P. P. Bilhorn.

CHAS. WESLEY.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

- 1 Depth of mercy! can there be  
 Mercy still reserved for me?  
 Can my God his wrath for-bear,—  
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace;  
 Long provoked him to his face;  
 Would not hearken to his calls;  
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now incline me to repent;  
 Let me now my sins lament;  
 Now my foul revolt deplore,  
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,  
 Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;  
 God is love! I know, I feel:  
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of  
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now  
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am

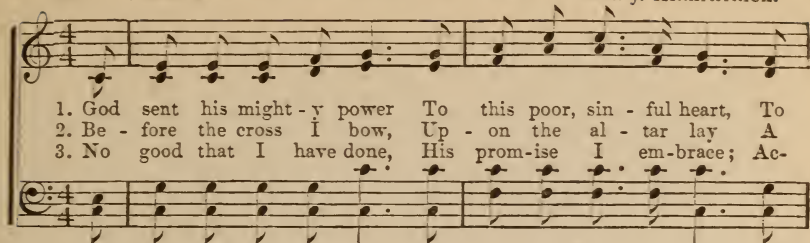
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchas'd of God, Born of His  
 burst on my sight; An - gels descending, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of  
 hap - py and blest; Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Fill'd with His

CHORUS.

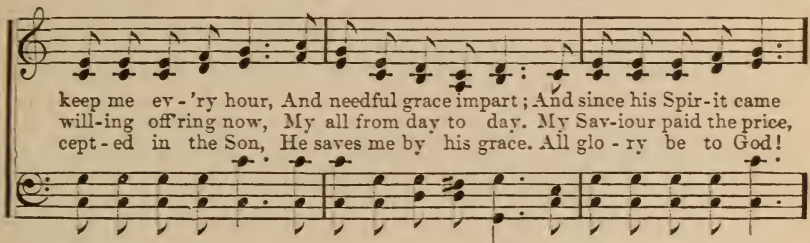
Spir - it, wash'd in His blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my  
 mer - cy, whis - pers of love.  
 good - ness, lost in His love.

song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry,

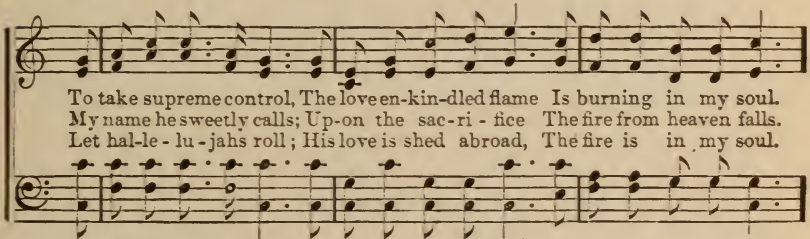
this is my song. Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.



1. God sent his might - y power To this poor, sin - ful heart, To  
 2. Be - fore the cross I bow, Up - on the al - tar lay A  
 3. No good that I have done, His prom - ise I em - brace; Ac -

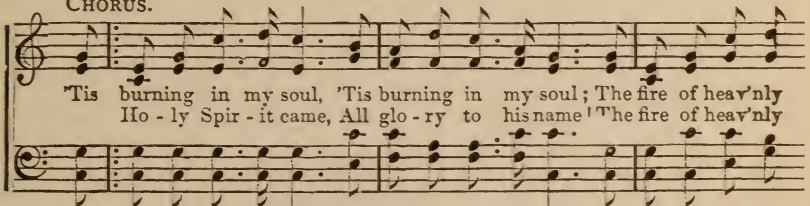


keep me ev - 'ry hour, And needful grace impart; And since his Spir - it came  
 will - ing off - ring now, My all from day to day. My Sav - iour paid the price,  
 cept - ed in the Son, He saves me by his grace. All glo - ry be to God!

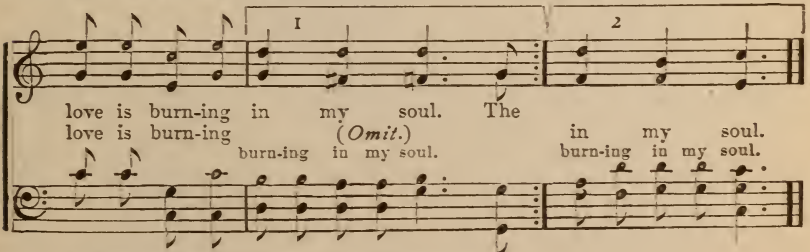


To take supreme control, The love en - kin - dled flame Is burning in my soul.  
 My name he sweetly calls; Up - on the sac - ri - fice The fire from heaven falls.  
 Let hal - le - lu - jahs roll; His love is shed abroad, The fire is in my soul.

## CHORUS.



'Tis burning in my soul, 'Tis burning in my soul; The fire of heav'nly  
 Ho - ly Spir - it came, All glo - ry to his name! The fire of heav'nly

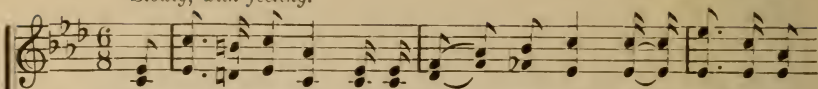


love is burn - ing in my soul. The  
 love is burn - ing burn - ing (Omit.) in my soul. in my soul.  
 burn - ing in my soul. burn - ing in my soul.

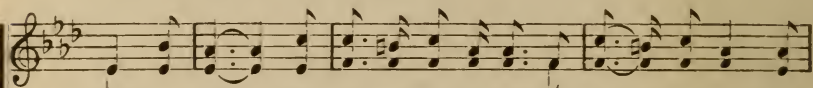
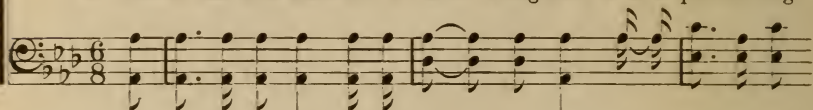


G. M. J.

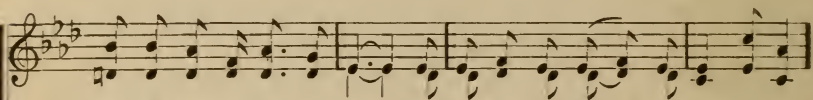
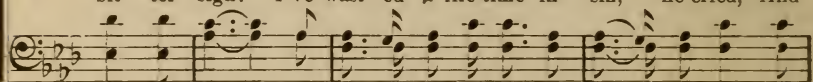
GERTRUDE MANLY JONES.

*Slowly, with feeling.*

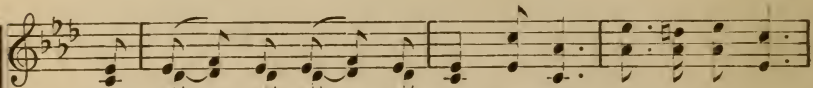
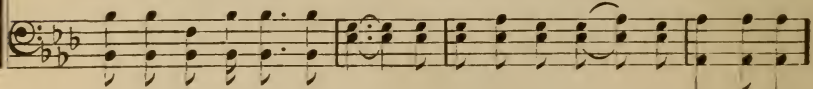
1. The Spir - it once came to an in - no - cent child And plead in the
2. The Spir - it came back to the tall, fair youth, With a lov - ing and
3. The Spir - it plead thus with the toil - worn man: "Make haste while God's
4. The old man now leans on 'his trem - bling staff With a quav - er - ing



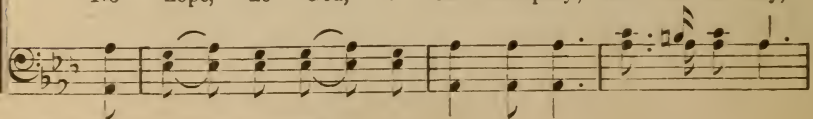
tend'rest tone: "Dear lit - tle one, let me come in - to thy heart, And  
 ten - der plea: "The har - vest is read - y, there's work to be done, A -  
 grace shall last; The sil - ver is tinging thy locks of brown, Thy  
 bit - ter sigh: "I've wast - ed a life - time in sin," he cried, "And



make it for - ev - er my own," "Sweet Spirit," he cried, "please go away;  
 rise, God is calling for thee." "O Spir - it," he cried, "leave me, I pray,  
 years are now slipping by fast." "O Spir - it," he cried, "I should obey,  
 now I am go - ing to die: The Spirit, long slighted, has flown away;

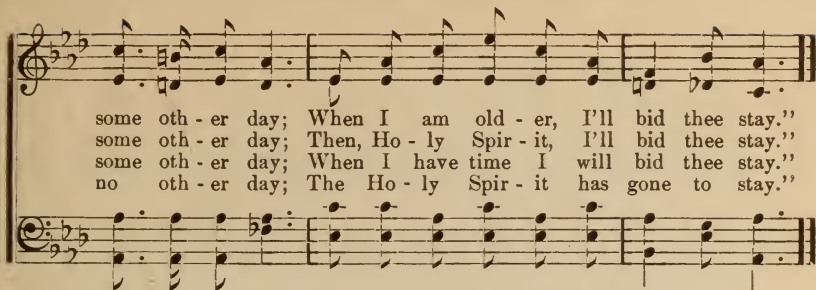


For childhood is on - ly for fun and play; Some oth - er day,  
 The pleasures of earth hold me in sway; Some oth - er day,  
 But I am too bus - y and tired to pray; Some oth - er day,  
 No hope, no God, I can - not pray; No oth - er day,





## Some Other Day.—Concluded.



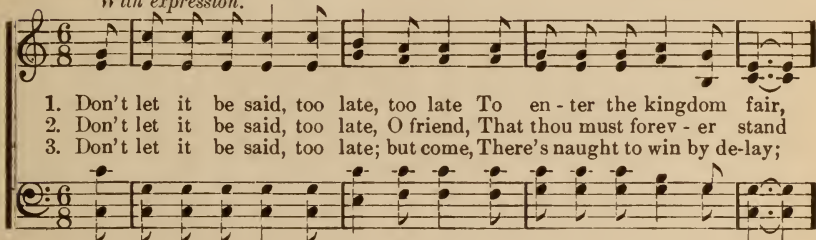
some oth - er day; When I am old - er, I'll bid thee stay."  
 some oth - er day; Then, Ho - ly Spir - it, I'll bid thee stay."  
 some oth - er day; When I have time I will bid thee stay."  
 no oth - er day; The Ho - ly Spir - it has gone to stay."

## 143 Don't Let it be Said, Too Late.

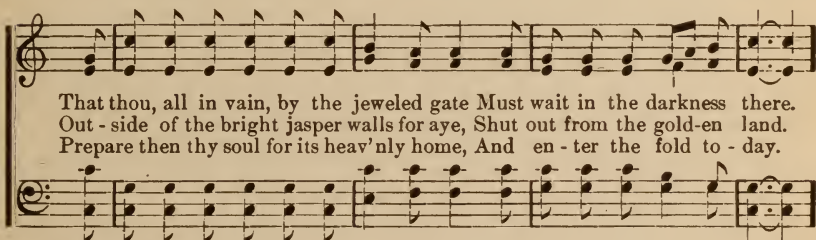
IDA L. REED.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*With expression.*

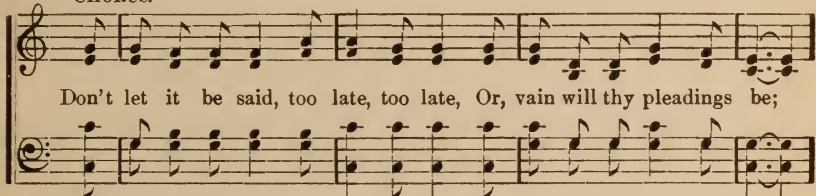


1. Don't let it be said, too late, too late To en - ter the kingdom fair,  
 2. Don't let it be said, too late, O friend, That thou must forev - er stand  
 3. Don't let it be said, too late; but come, There's naught to win by de-lay;

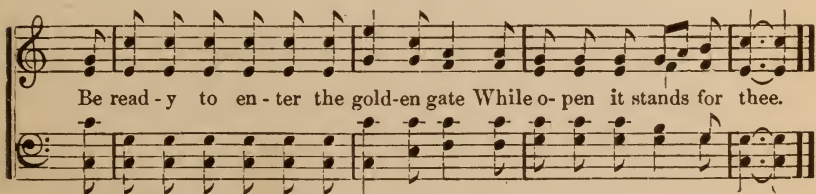


That thou, all in vain, by the jeweled gate Must wait in the darkness there.  
 Out - side of the bright jasper walls for aye, Shut out from the gold-en land.  
 Prepare then thy soul for its heav'nly home, And en - ter the fold to - day.

CHORUS.



Don't let it be said, too late, too late, Or, vain will thy pleadings be;

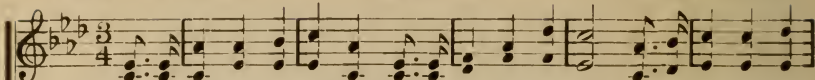


Be read - y to en - ter the gold-en gate While o - pen it stands for thee.

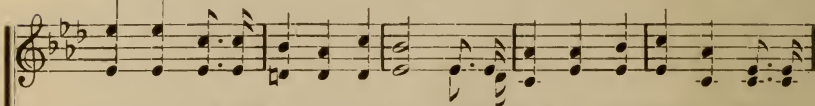
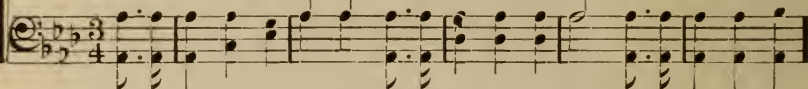
MRS. MARY A. KIDDER.

(Luke 10: 20.)

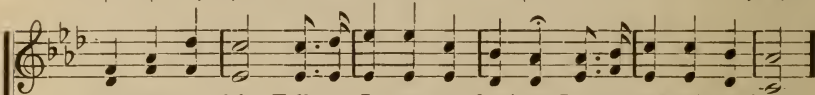
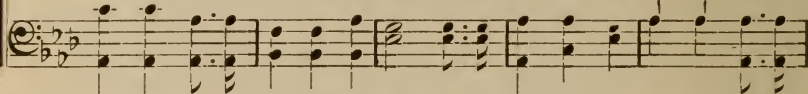
FRANK M. DAVIS,



1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Neither sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my
3. O! the beau-ti-ful cit-y, With the mansions of light, With its glori-fied



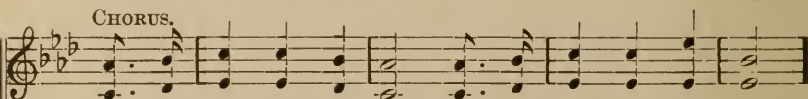
heav-en, I would en-ter the fold. In the book of thy kingdom, With its  
Sav-iour! Is suf-fi-cient for me; For thy promise is written, In bright  
be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e-vil thing cometh, To de-



pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Saviour, Is my name writ-ten there?  
let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."  
spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, Yes, my name's writ-ten there.



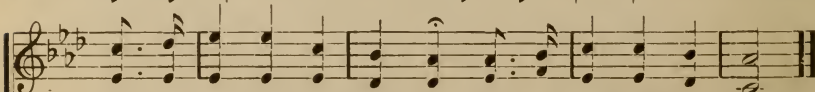
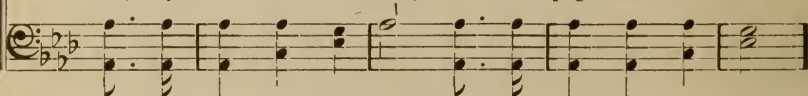
## CHORUS.



Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?

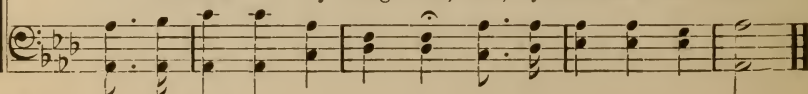
Chorus for 3d verse.

Yes, my name's writ-ten there, On the page white and fair;



In the book of thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?

In the book of thy king-dom, Yes, my name's writ-ten there.



MARGARET MOODY.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. When a sin-ner comes, as a sin-ner may, There is joy,.....there is  
 2. When a soul is born in the kingdom bright, There is joy,.....there is  
 3. When a pilgrim comes to the riv-er wide, There is joy,.....there is  
 There is joy,

joy;..... When he turns to God in the gos-pel way,  
 joy;..... When it walks by faith in the gos-pel light,  
 joy;..... When he dwells se-secure on the oth-er side,  
 there is joy;

CHORUS.  
 There is joy,..... there is joy. There is joy a-mong the  
 There is joy,

an-gels, And their harps with mu-sic ring,..... When a  
 mu-sic ring,

sin-ner comes re-pent-ing, Bend-ing low be-fore the King.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

*Slowly.*

HUBERT P. MAIN.

*Stoily.*

1. O, come to the Sav - iour, be - lieve in his name, And  
2. The way of trans - ges - sion that leads un - to death, O  
3. Be warned of your dan - ger; es - cape to the cross; Your

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It features two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with three verses. The tempo/mood is indicated as 'Stoily.' at the top left.

ask him your heart to re - new; He waits to be gra-cious, O  
why will you long-er pur - sue? How can you re - ject the sweet  
on - ly sal - va-tion is there; Be - lieve, and that mo-ment the

turn not a - way, For now there is par - don for you.  
mes - sage of love That of - fers full par - don for you?  
Spir - it of grace Will an - swer your pen - i - tent prayer.

CHORUS.

Yes, there is par-don for you,..... Yes, there is par-don for you,.....  
for you, for you;

For Je - sus has died to re-deem you, And of-fers full pardon to you.



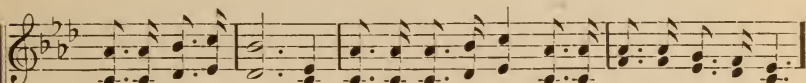
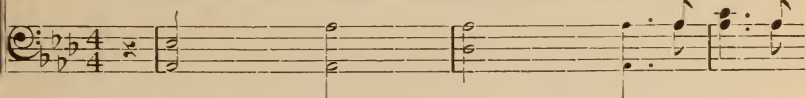
# 147 I'm Glad Salvation Reaches Me.

LEWIS EDGAR.

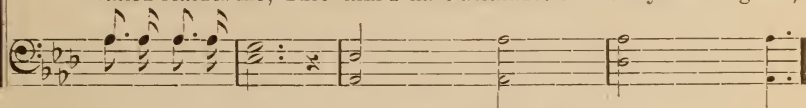
L. E. JONES.



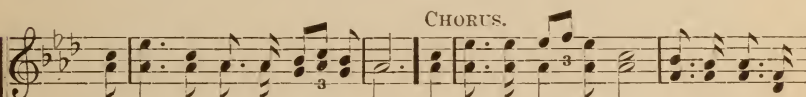
1. I came in faith to Jesus where none have sought in vain, I'm glad sal-
2. I heard the gos-pel sto - ry, 'twas mu-sic to my soul, I'm glad sal-
3. I'll tell the Saviour's goodness and tell his pow'r to save, I'm glad sal-



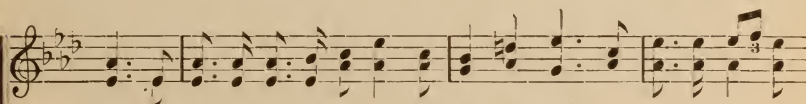
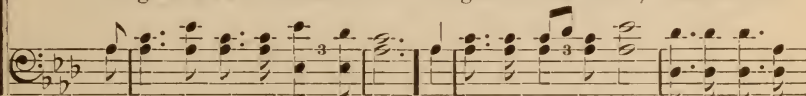
vation reaches me; He gladly took my burden and cleansed my ev'ry stain,  
vation reaches me; I came to Christ a sinner, he made me fully whole,  
vation reaches me; Thro' him I have assurance of life beyond the grave,



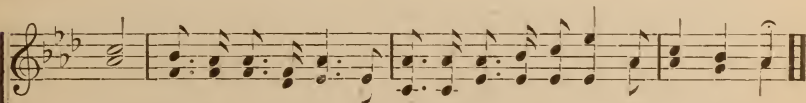
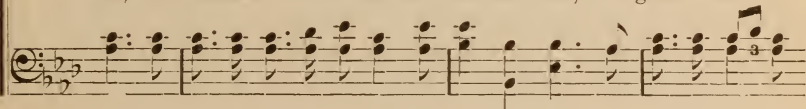
## CHORUS.



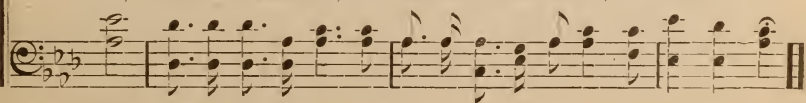
I'm glad salva - tion reaches me. I'm glad it reach-es me, Glad it reaches



me, This wonderful sal-va-tion so full and free; I'm glad it reach-es

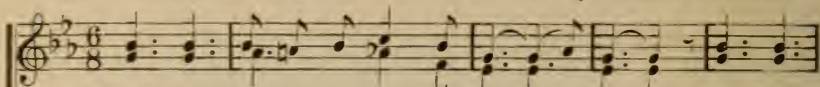


me, Glad it reaches me, This wonderful sal-va-tion, it reach-es me.

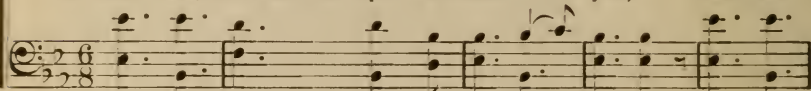


EDNA R. WORRELL.

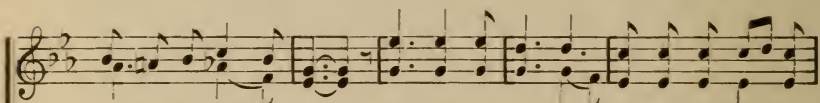
Arr. by CLARENCE B. STROUSE.



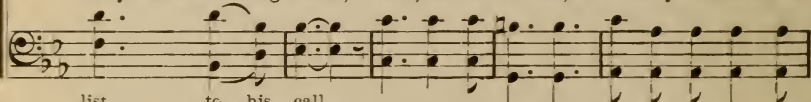
- |   |           |
|---|-----------|
| 1. Come, O come to the bless - ed Sav - - iour,           | List, O   |
| 2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - - pers      | God's own |
| 3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - - fle         | Yearnings |
| 4. Now, <i>now</i> , NOW as the Spir - it stirs..... you, | Hard - en |



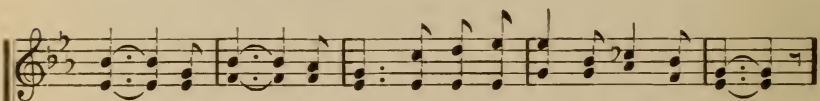
- |                          |                    |             |           |
|--------------------------|--------------------|-------------|-----------|
| 1. Come, O come          | to the bless - ed  | Sav - iour, | List, O   |
| 2. Deep, deep, deep      | in the heart there | whis - pers | God's own |
| 3. Long, long, long      | have you tried to  | sti - fle   | Yearnings |
| 4. Now, <i>now</i> , NOW | as the Spir - it   | stirs you,  | Hard - en |



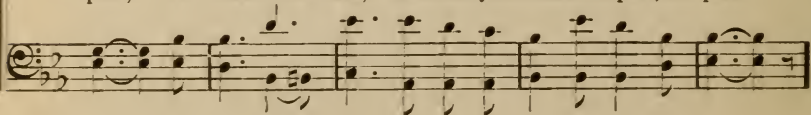
list to his lov - ing call,	Of - fer - ing par - don,	Pardon from sin to
voice to each wayward child;	Heed it! O heed it!	Be no more sin - be -
sweet to a life more pure;	Quench them no longer,	But in God rest se -
not your fast melting heart;	Take, take sal - vation,	Else shall your chance de -



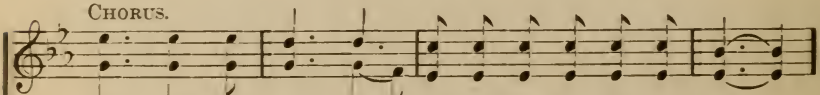
list	to his call,
voice	to his child;
toward	life more pure;
not	your heart;



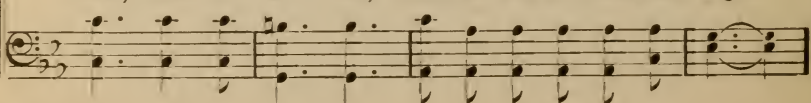
all;	O come, he gives	par - don from sin to all, to all.
guiled;	O heed his voice,	be now no more beguiled, be - guiled.
cure;	O strive no more,	but in God rest se - cure, se - cure.
part;	O take it <i>now</i> ,	else shall your chance depart, de - part.



## CHORUS.



Come, come to Je - sus,	Come ere this mo - ment takes flight;
-------------------------	---------------------------------------



# Someone's Last Call.—Concluded.

It may be now someone's last call, last call to - night.

149

## Trusting in the Lord.

T. P. W.

(Acts 27: 25.)

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

1. Tho' the storm of life be raging high, Fraught with dangers, perils ever nigh,
2. Pain may rack this earthly house of mine, I may bow at sorrow's gloomy shrine,
3. Oth - er hopes may swiftly pass a - way, Oth - er joys may vanish or de - cay,

Still I know my soul shall nev - er die, Trust - ing in the Lord.  
 Still my heart will nev - er, nev - er pine, Trust - ing in the Lord.  
 Still with faith I tread the nar - row way, Trust - ing in the Lord.

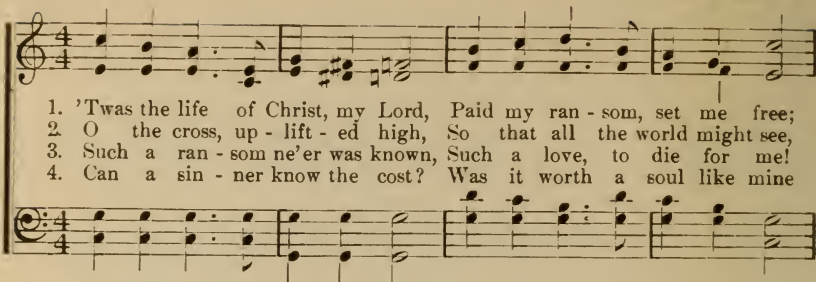
CHORUS.

O trust - ing, trusting in the Lord, I believe the prom - is - es he gave;  
 trusting, trusting,

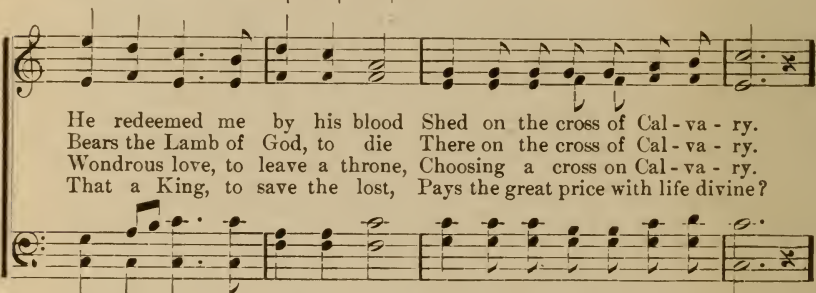
Trust - ing, trusting in the Lord, He a - lone can save.  
 'Trusting, trusting,

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

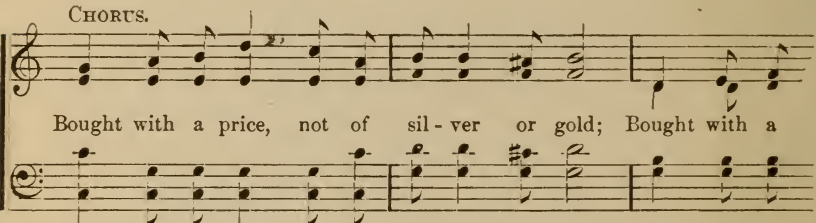


1. 'Twas the life of Christ, my Lord, Paid my ran - som, set me free;  
 2. O the cross, up - lift - ed high, So that all the world might see,  
 3. Such a ran - som ne'er was known, Such a love, to die for me!  
 4. Can a sin - ner know the cost? Was it worth a soul like mine

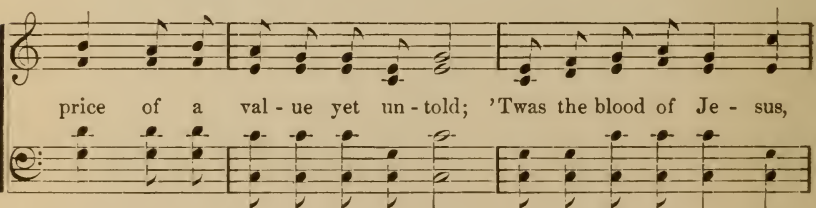


He redeemed me by his blood Shed on the cross of Cal - va - ry.  
 Bears the Lamb of God, to die There on the cross of Cal - va - ry.  
 Wondrous love, to leave a throne, Choosing a cross on Cal - va - ry.  
 That a King, to save the lost, Pays the great price with life divine?

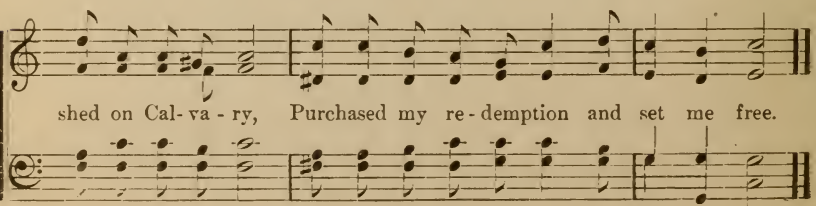
## CHORUS.



Bought with a price, not of sil - ver or gold; Bought with a



price of a val - ue yet un - told; 'Twas the blood of Je - sus,

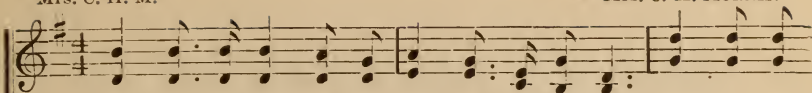


shed on Cal - va - ry, Purchased my re - demption and set me free.

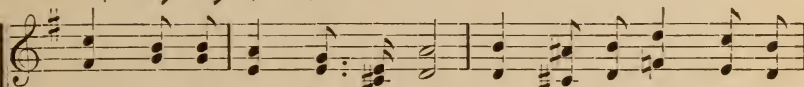
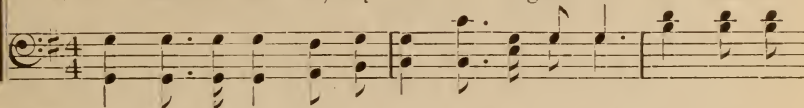


Mrs. C. H. M.

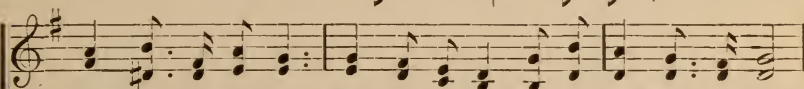
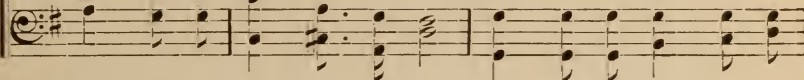
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



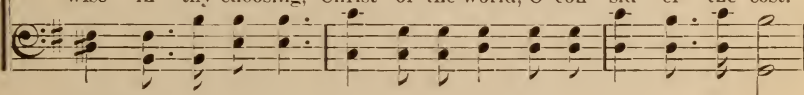
1. Some one for years at your heart has been knocking, Knock-ing and
2. Glimp-ses of light on thy path have been shin-ing, To - kens of
3. Haste, O make haste, for the night is approaching, Soon will thy
4. Al - most de-cid - ed, why not al - to-geth - er? Al - most de -



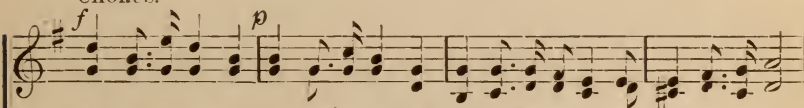
plead - ing a - gain and a - gain; Out - side the door he's been  
 treas - ures of love yet in store, All to be thine, free - ly  
 day of pro - ba - tion be o'er; Haste for thy Lord will not  
 cid - ed is but to be lost; Choose ye to - day and be



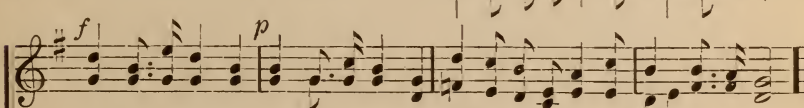
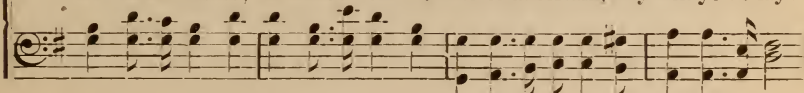
pa - tient - ly stand - ing, Will you per - mit him to plead thus in vain?  
 thine, for the ask - ing, If un - to him thou wilt o - pen the door.  
 al - ways stand pleading, Haste, lest he leave to re - turn nev - er more.  
 wise in thy choosing, Christ or the world, O con - sid - er the cost.



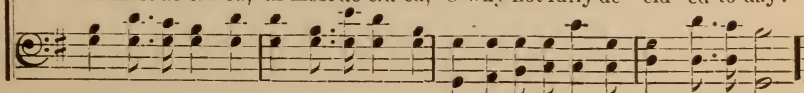
## CHORUS.



Al - most de - cid - ed, al - most de - cid - ed, Life is uncertain, why will ye de - lay?



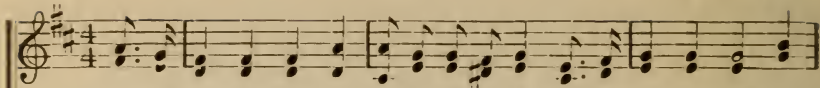
Al - most de - cid - ed, al - most de - cid - ed, O why not fully de - cid - ed to - day?



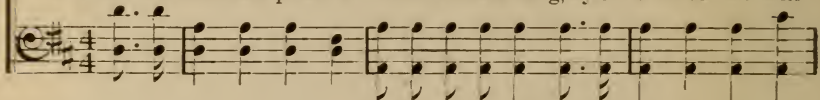
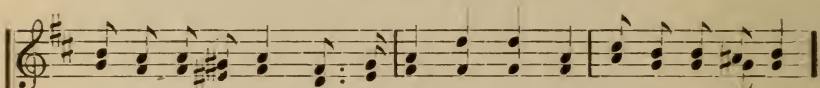
L. E. J.

1 John 1: 7.

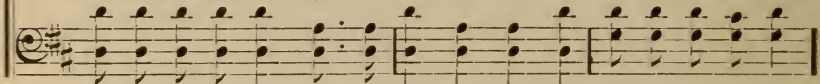
L. E. JONES.



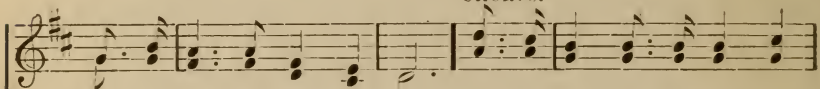
1. There's a pre-cious fountain, flowing deep and wide, There is perfect cleansing  
 2. We are liv-ing safe beneath the fountain's flow, Free from sinful dross, with  
 3. From the bonds of sin the Lord hath brought release. Bade our cry of mourning  
 4. From our hearts the praise of Je-sus Christ we sing, By our serv-ice we will

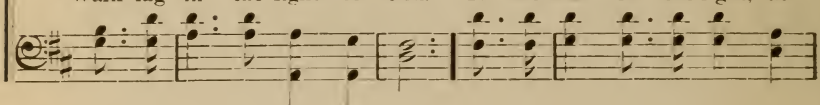
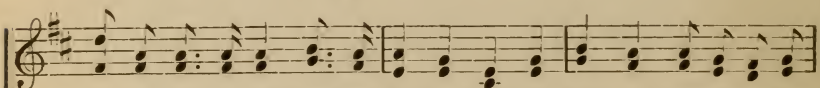
in its crimson tide; Un-der-neath its cur-rent we would e'er a-bide,  
 rai-ment white as snow; We've a hand to guide us, as we onward go,  
 ev-er-more to cease; We are filled each mo-ment with his bless-ed peace,  
 crown him Lord and King; To his feet an of-fer-ing of love we bring,



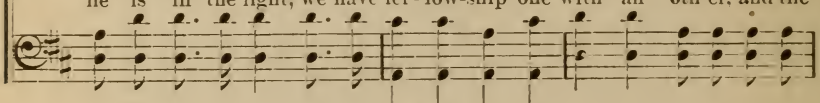

## CHORUS.



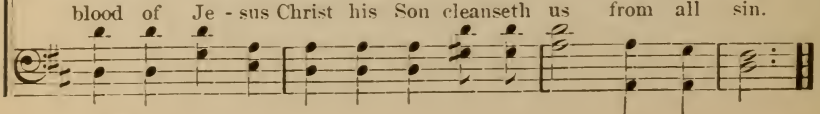
Walk-ing in the light of God. If we walk in the light, as

he is in the light, we have fel-low-ship one with an-oth-er, and the

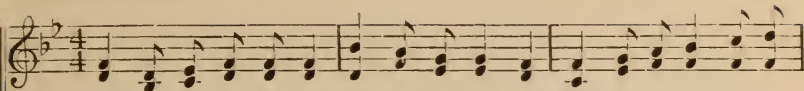



blood of Je-sus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

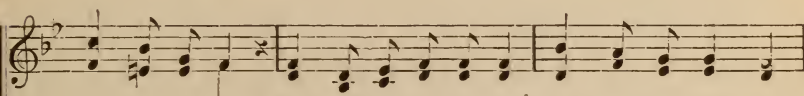
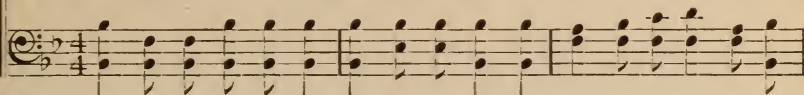


FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



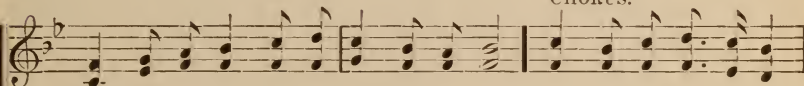
1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy labor the



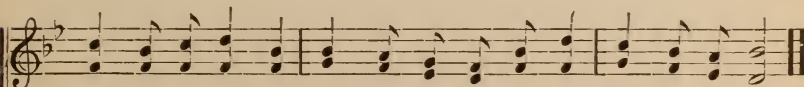
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fal - len,  
 o' - er to re - ceive. Plead with them earnest - ly, Plead with them gen - tly;  
 grace can re - store; Touch'd by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,  
 Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;



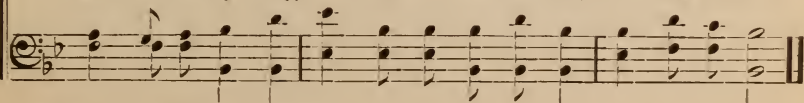
## CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.  
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.  
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once more. } Res - cue the per - ish - ing,  
 Tell the poor wand' rer a Sav - iour has died.



Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.



C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Standing in the mar-ket plac-es all the sea-son thro', Id-ly say-ing  
 2. Ev-'ry sheaf you gath-er will be-come a jew-el bright In the crown you  
 3. Morn-ing hours are pass-ing, and the even-ing fol-lows fast; Soon the time of

"Lord, is there no work that I can do;" O how ma-ny loi-ter, while the  
 hope to wear in yonder world of light. Seek the gems im-mor-tal that are  
 reap-ing will for-ev-er-more be past. Emp-ty hand-ed to the Mas-ter

Mas-ter calls a-new—"Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"  
 pre-cious in his sight! "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"  
 will you go at last? "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"

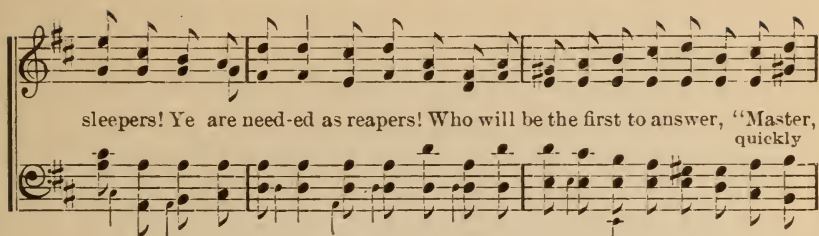
## CHORUS.

Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand  
 Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand all read-y  
 Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all

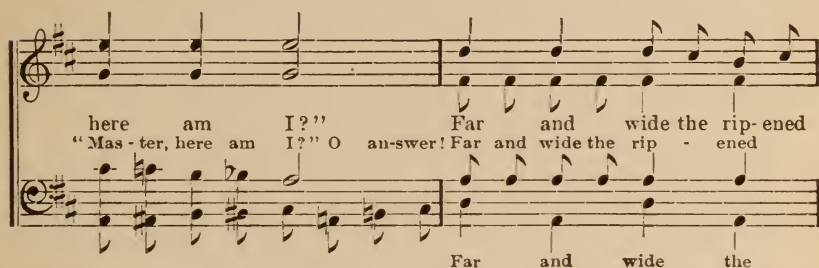
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, Rouse ye, O  
 Ripe and ready for the will-ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,  
 Read-y for the glean-er's hand, O



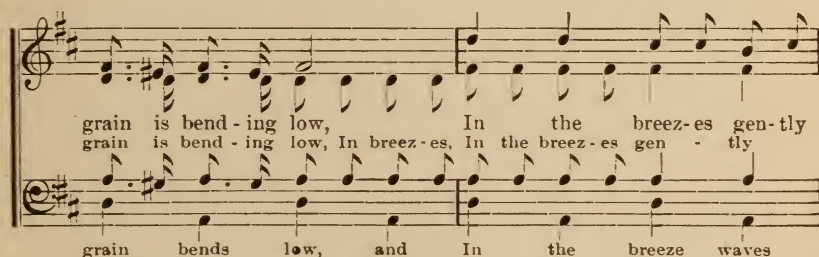
# Reapers are Needed.—Concluded.



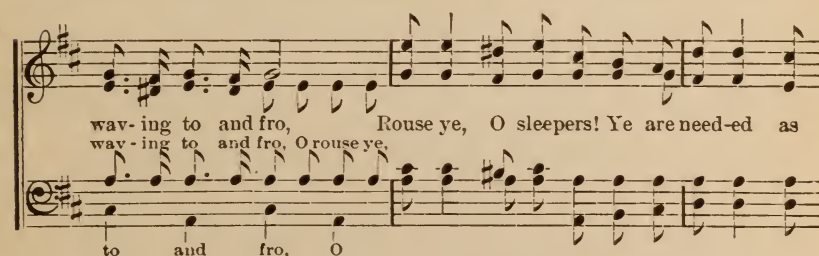
sleepers! Ye are need-ed as reapers! Who will be the first to answer, "Master, quickly



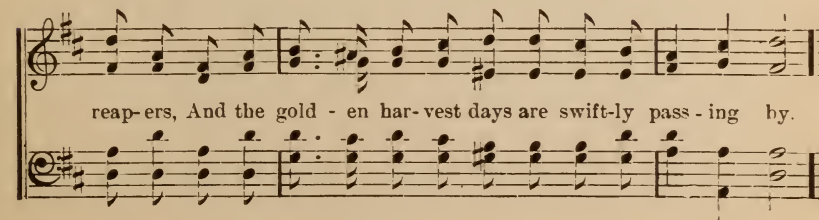
here am I?" "Far and wide the rip-ened  
"Mas-ter, here am I?" O an-swer! Far and wide the rip-ened  
Far and wide the



grain is bend-ing low, In the breez-es gen-tly  
grain is bend-ing low, In breez-es, In the breez-es gen-tly  
grain bends low, and In the breeze waves



wav-ing to and fro, Rouse ye, O sleepers! Ye are need-ed as  
wav-ing to and fro, O rouse ye,  
to and fro, O



reap-ers, And the gold-en har-vest days are swift-ly pass-ing by.

ELLA M. PARKS.

W. J. BALTZELL.

1. From hill and val - ley, o - ver land and main, From hearts redeemed there  
 2. "From sin's do - min - ion he doth bring re - lease, On ma - ny hearts he  
 3. Like sound of ma - ny waters' mighty voice, The blood - washed throng with  
 4. Re - joice, O earth, and join the heav'nly song, The day is break - ing.

comes a tri - umph strain, "To God's own a - noint - ed One, our  
 breathes his won - drous peace. His own to the man - sions of the  
 an - them's fill the skies, Their crowns they are cast - ing at his  
 it will not be long Till we shall be - hold him in his

songs we would bring. To Cal - va - ry's Sav - iour, our Re - deem - er King!"  
 blest he will bring. Their keep - er for - ev - er, mighty Lord and King."  
 feet as they sing "To him who hath bought us," heav'n's eternal King.  
 beau - ty and sing "He com - eth! He com - eth! Our Re - deem - er King!"

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Mrs. C. H. M.

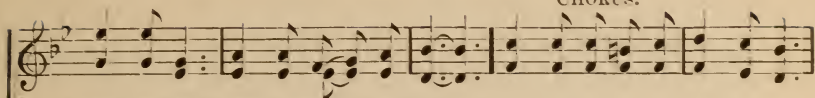
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Thou my ransom price hast paid, Bless - ed Son of God, Since on thee my  
 2. At the cross where first I knelt Full of sin - ful pride, Where I first sal -  
 3. Where to self and sin I died, Where the nails were driv'n, Let me still for  
 4. Shout - ing with my lat - est breath Prais - es to our God, Who my soul has

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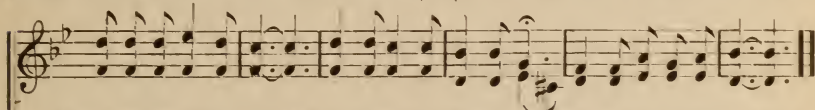
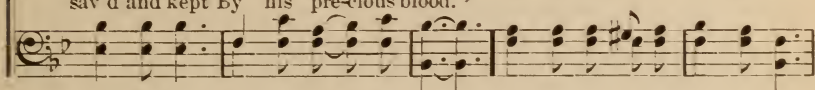
# Keep Me Under the Blood.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

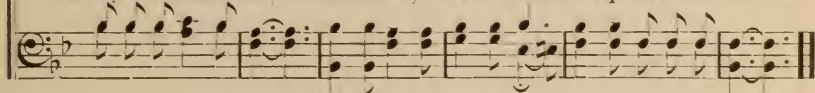


heart is stay'd, Keep me under the blood.  
va - tion felt Let me still a - bide.  
cleansing hide In thy dear side riv'n.  
sav'd and kept By his pre-cious blood.

} Keep me under the blood, dear Lord,



Calvary's crimson flood; Not mine own, but thine alone. Keep me under the blood.

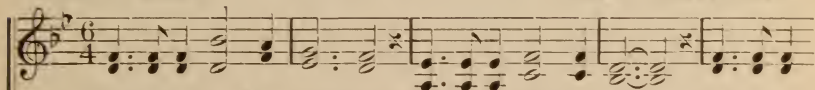


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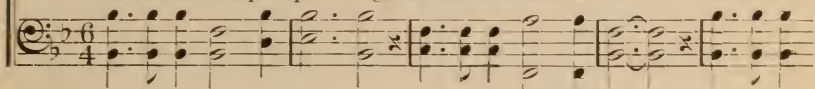
## Great is the Love of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

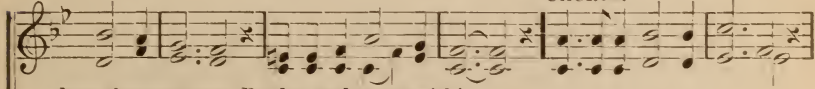
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Great is the love that brought me, Out of the path of sin; Great is the
2. Great is the love that draws me, Near to my heav'nly Guide; Great is the
3. Great is the love that leads me, Safe-ly where'er I go; More of its
4. Great is the love pre - par - ing, Mansions of rest a - bove; There shall I

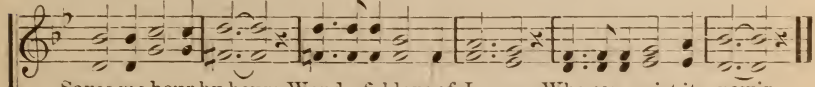
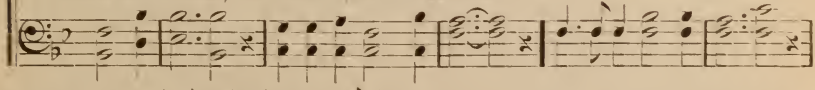


CHORUS.



love that gave me, Pardon and peace within.  
love that keeps me, Close to his bleeding side.  
pow'r and greatness, Teach me, O Lord, to know.  
know its fullness, Wonderful, boundless love.

} Great is the love that saves me.



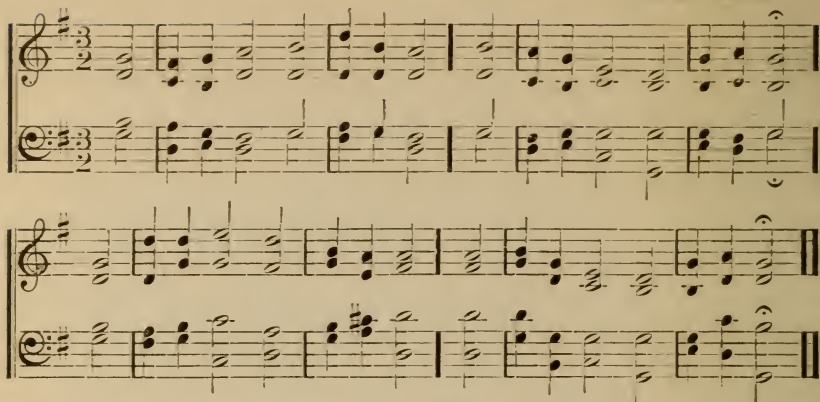
Saves me hour by hour; Wonderful love of Je - sus, Who can resist its pow'r.





# Rockingham. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



## 158 Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

1 Of him who did salvation bring,  
I could forever think and sing;  
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;  
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis given;  
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:  
Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,  
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;  
He closed his eyes to show us God:  
Let all the world fall down and know  
That none but God such love can show.

4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;  
I drink, and yet am very dry;  
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?  
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

—Bernard of Clairvaux.

## 159 The Yoke Easy and the Burden Light.

1 O that my load of sin were gone!  
O that I could at last submit  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free;  
I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 I would, but thou must give the power;  
My heart from every sin release;  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

—Charles Wesley.

## 160 The Will of God.

1 He wills that I should holy be:  
That holiness I long to feel;  
That full divine conformity  
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul  
Accomplished in the change of mine;  
And plunge me, every whit made whole,  
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stayed,  
And waits to prove thine utmost will;  
The promise by thy mercy made,  
Thou canst, thou wilt, in me fulfill.

4 No more I stagger at thy power,  
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move:  
Hasten the long-expected hour,  
And bless me with thy perfect love.

—Charles Wesley.

## 161 While Life Prolongs.

1 While life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found, and peace is given;  
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the grave;  
Before his bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise—  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
No Saviour call you to the skies.

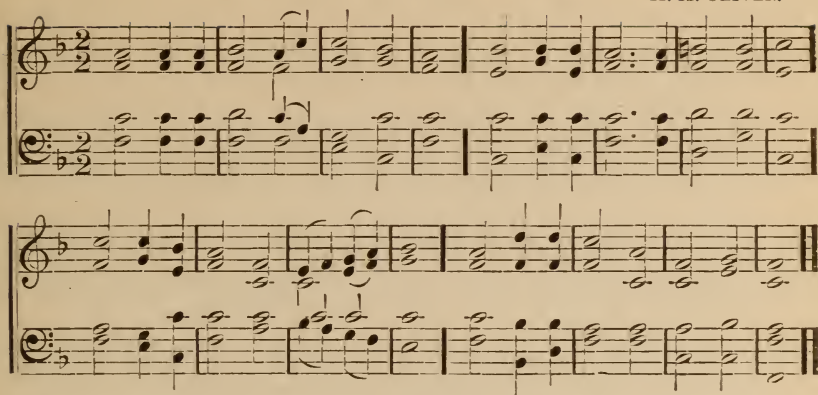
4 While God invites, how blest the day!  
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!  
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found.

—Timothy Dwight.



# Federal Street. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



## 162 Stay, Thou Insulted Spirit, Stay.

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite;  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Tho' I have steeled my stubborn heart,  
And shaken off my guilty fears;  
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,  
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all who e'er thy grace received;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet, O the chief of sinners spare,  
In honor of my great High Priest;  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

—Charles Wesley.

## 163 Why Will Ye Waste.

1 Why will ye waste on trifling cares  
That life which God's compassion spares?  
While, in a various range of thought,  
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?  
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?  
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,  
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view  
Those objects which you now pursue:  
Not so will heaven and hell appear  
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! Thy grace impart;  
Fix deep conviction on each heart;  
Nor let us waste on trifling cares  
That life which thy compassion spares.

—P. Doddridge.

## 164 The Great Physician.

1 Deep are the wounds which sin has made;  
Where shall the sinner find a cure?  
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;  
The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sovereign balm be found  
And is no kind physician nigh,  
To ease the pain and heal the wound,  
Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 There is a great Physician near;  
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;  
See, in his heavenly smiles, appear  
Such help as nature cannot give.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,  
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;  
And in that sacrificial flood  
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

—Anne Steele.

## 165 Show Pity, Lord.

1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;  
Let a repenting rebel live:  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offenses pain my eyes.

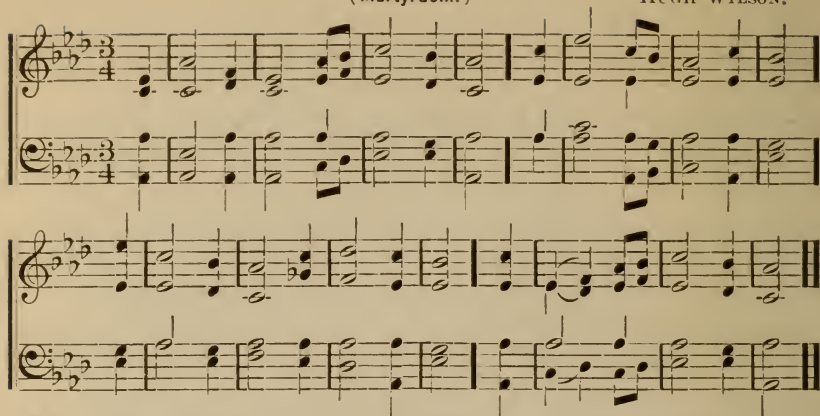
4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

—Isaac Watts.

# Avon. C. M.

(Martyrdom.)

HUGH WILSON.



## 166 Forever Here My Rest.

- 1 Forever here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side;  
This all my hope, and all my plea,  
"For me the Saviour died."
- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;  
Wash me, and mine thou art;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

—Charles Wesley.

## 167 The Hope of Our Calling.

- 1 What is our calling's glorious hope  
But inward holiness?  
For this to Jesus I look up;  
I calmly wait for this.
- 2 I wait till he shall touch me clean,  
Shall life and power impart,  
Give me the faith that casts out sin  
And purifies the heart.
- 3 When Jesus makes my heart his home,  
My sin shall all depart;  
And, lo! he saith, "I quickly come,  
To fill and rule thy heart."
- 4 Be it according to thy word;  
Redeem me from all sin;  
My heart would now receive thee. Lord;  
Come in, my Lord, come in!

—Charles Wesley

## 168 O For a Heart to Praise.

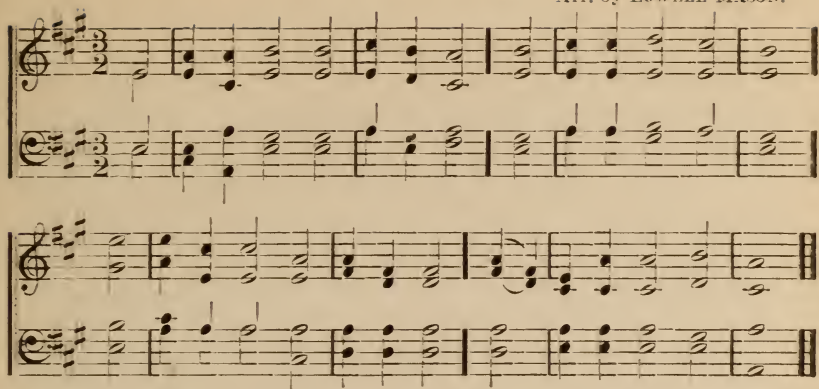
- 1 O for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that always feels thy blood,  
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of Love.

—Charles Wesley.

## 169 O for a Closer Walk with God.

- 1 O for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that make thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

—William Couper.



## 170

Am I a Soldier?

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb,  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign:  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.

—Isaac Watts.

## 171

The World Overcome.

- 1 Let worldly minds the world pursue;  
It has no charms for me:  
Once I admired its trifles too,  
But grace hath set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures can no longer please,  
Nor happiness afford:  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day  
The stars are all concealed,  
So earthly pleasures fade away,  
When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice;  
I bid them all depart:  
His name, his love, his gracious voice,  
Have fixed my roving heart.

—John Newton.

## 172

Come, Holy Spirit.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys;  
Our souls, how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 Father, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate,  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

—Isaac Watts.

## 173

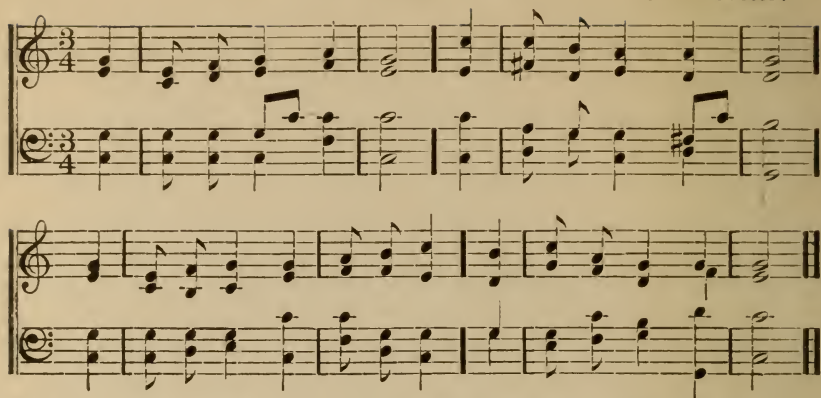
O for a Faith!

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by every foe,  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe!
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear,  
When tempests rage without;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,  
Nor heeds its scornful smile;  
That seas of trouble cannot down,  
Nor Satan's arts beguile.

—Wm. H. Bathurst.

# Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



## 174 A Charge to Keep.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil,—  
O may it all my powers engage,  
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And, O thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

—Charles Wesley.

## 175 Make Haste to Live.

- 1 Make haste, O man, to live,  
For thou so soon must die;  
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;  
How swift its moments fly.
- 2 Make haste, O man, to do  
Whatever must be done;  
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,  
The day will soon be gone.
- 3 Up, then, with speed, and work;  
Fling ease and self away;  
This is no time for thee to sleep,  
Up, watch, and work, and pray!
- 4 Make haste, O man, to live,  
Thy time is almost o'er;  
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,  
The Judge is at the door.

—Horatius Bonar.

## 176 How Gentle God's Commands.

- 1 How gentle God's commands,  
How kind his precepts are;  
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust his constant care.
- 2 Beneath his watchful eye  
His saints securely dwell;  
That hand which bears all nature up,  
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?  
Haste to your heav'nly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,  
Unchanged from day to day;  
I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
And bear a song away.

—P. Doddridge.

## 177 And Can I Yet Delay?

- 1 And can I yet delay  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away  
For Jesus to receive.
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;  
I can hold out no more;  
I sink, by dying love compelled,  
And own thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake;  
My friends, my all resign;  
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
And seal me ever thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove;  
Settle and fix my wavering soul  
With all thy weight of love.

—Charles Wesley.



ANNA B. WARNER.

Raynolds. 11s, 10s.

From F. MENDELSSOHN.

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shad-ows length-en A - cross tni-  
 2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock Foun-da-tion, Where-on our  
 3. We would see Je - sus—oth-er lights are pal-ing, Which for long  
 4. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're need-ing, Strength, joy, and

lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus  
 feet were set with sov - reign grace; Not life nor death, with  
 years we have re - joiced to see: The bless - ings of our  
 will - ing-ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus

our weak faith to strengthen, For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife.  
 all their ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, if we see his face.  
 pil - grim-age are fail - ing, We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.  
 dy - ing, ris - en, plead - ing, Then wel - come day, and fare - well mor - tal night!

## 179. Tune—Sweet Bye and Bye. Key G.

- 1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,  
 Rest, such as the purified know;  
 My soul is athirst to be blest,  
 To be washed and made whiter than snow.

## CHORUS.

I believe Jesus saves.  
 And his blood washes whiter than snow.  
 I believe Jesus saves,  
 And his blood washes whiter than snow.

- 2 In coming, my sin I deplore,  
 My weakness and poverty show;  
 I long to be saved evermore,  
 To be washed and made whiter than snow.
- 3 To Jesus I give up my all,  
 Ev'ry treasure and idol I know;  
 For his fullness of blessing I call,  
 Till his blood washes whiter than snow.
- 4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,  
 Trusting now his salvation to know;  
 And his blood doth so fully atone,  
 I am washed and made whiter than snow.
- 5 My heart is in raptures of love,  
 Love, such as the ransomed ones know.  
 I am strengthened with might from above,  
 I am washed and made whiter than snow.

Rev. Wm. McDonald.

## 180. Tune—Marching to Zion. Key G

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,  
 And let your joys be known;  
 Join in a song with sweet accord, :||  
 While ye surround his throne. :||

## CHORUS.

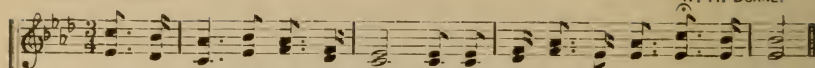
We're marching to Zion,  
 Beautiful, beautiful Zion,  
 We're marching upward to Zion,  
 The beautiful city of God.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
 Who never knew our God,  
 But servants of the heavenly King, :||  
 May speak their joys abroad. :||
- 3 There we shall see his face,  
 And never, never sin;  
 There, from the rivers of his grace, :||  
 Drink endless pleasures in. ||
- 4 The hill of Zion yields,  
 A thousand sacred sweets,  
 Before we reach the heavenly fields, :||  
 Or walk the golden streets. :||
- 5 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry;  
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, :||  
 To fairer worlds on high. :||

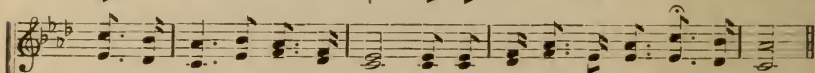
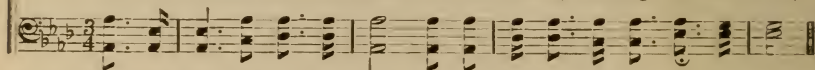
Isaac Watts.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

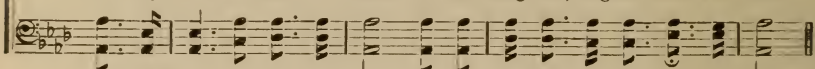
W. H. DOANE.



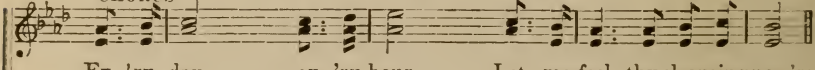
1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;



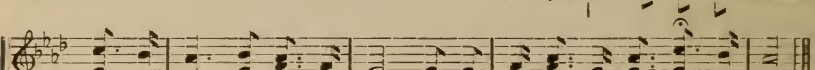
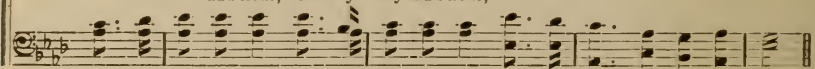
Let thy precious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near thy side.  
 Trusting thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.  
 Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-b-ove.



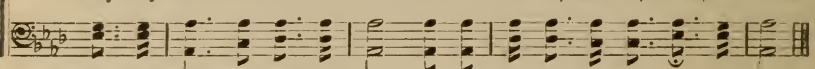
## CHORUS



Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel thy cleansing pow'r;  
 and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,



May thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to thee.

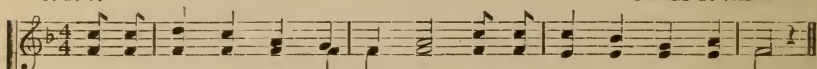


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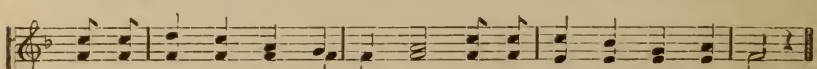
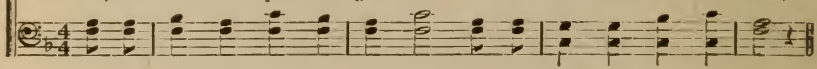
C. D. T.

Acts 2: 4.

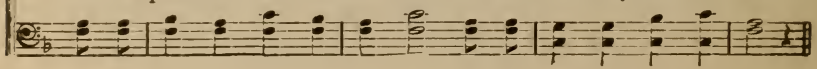
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN



1. They were in an up-per cham-ber, They were all with one ac-cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n descend-ed With the sound of rush-ing wind;
3. Yes, this "old time" pow'r was giv-en To our fa-thers who were true;

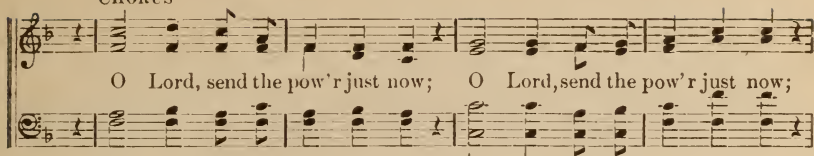


When the Ho-ly Ghost de-scend-ed, As was prom-ised by our Lord.  
 Tongues of fire came down up-on them, As the Lord said he would send.  
 This is promised to be-liev-ers, And we all may have it too.

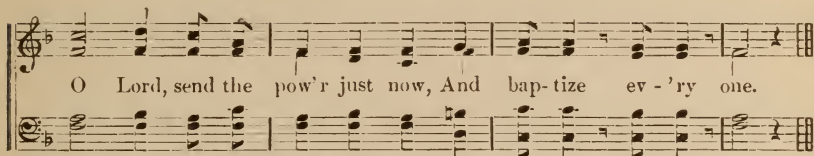


# Old Time Power. Concluded.

## CHORUS



O Lord, send the pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now;



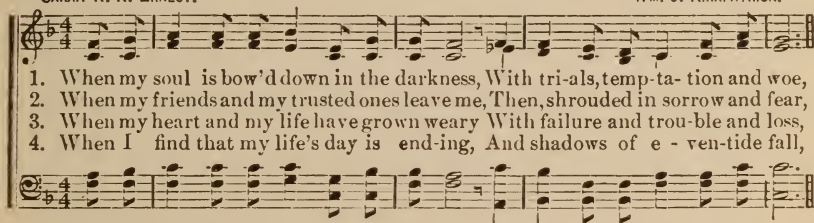
O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap-tize ev-'ry one.

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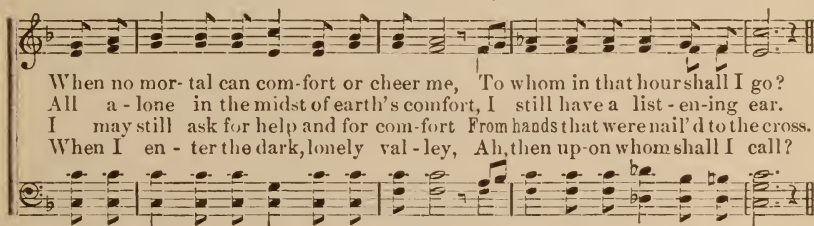
## 183. Jesus Will Listen to Me.

SARAH R. R. ERNEST.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

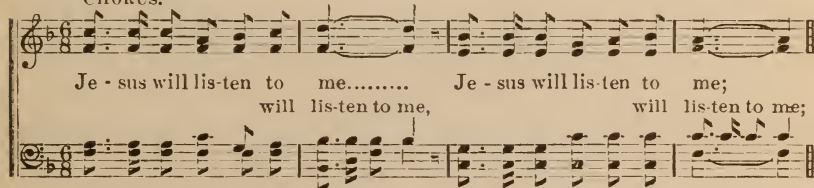


1. When my soul is bow'd down in the darkness, With tri-als, temp-ta-tion and woe,
2. When my friends and my trusted ones leave me, Then, shrouded in sorrow and fear,
3. When my heart and my life have grown weary With failure and trou-ble and loss,
4. When I find that my life's day is end-ing, And shadows of e-ven-tide fall,

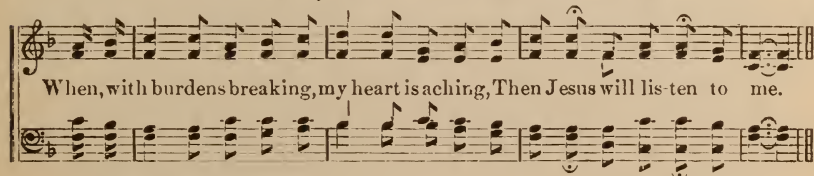


When no mor-tal can com-fort or cheer me, To whom in that hour shall I go?  
 All a-lone in the midst of earth's comfort, I still have a list-en-ing ear.  
 I may still ask for help and for com-fort From hands that were nail'd to the cross.  
 When I en-ter the dark, lonely val-ley, Ah, then up-on whom shall I call?

## CHORUS.



Je-sus will lis-ten to me..... Je-sus will lis-ten to me;  
 will lis-ten to me, will lis-ten to me;



When, with burdens breaking, my heart is aching, Then Jesus will lis-ten to me.

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1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the  
 2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my  
 3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as  
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the  
 long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies  
 dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 thorns on thy brow; If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

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1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;

D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,  
 Could my zeal no languor know,  
 These for sin could not atone;  
 Thou must save, and thou alone;  
 In my hand no price I bring;  
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When mine eyes shall close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 And behold thee on thy throne,  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee.



ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say—Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,  
 2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and thine alone, Can change the  
 3. For noth - ing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim—I'll wash my  
 4. When from my dy - ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then "Je - sus  
 5. And when before the throne I stand in him complete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.  
 lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.  
 garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb. Je - sus paid it all!  
 paid it all!" Shall rend the vault-ed skies.  
 tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

MRS. E. COODER.

Even Me. 8, 7, 3.

WILLIAM D. BRADBURY.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scattering full and free; }  
 { Show'rs the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me, }

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.

- 2 Pass me not, O God my Father,  
 Sinful though my heart may be;  
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
 Let thy mercy light on me,  
 Even me.
- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,  
 Let me live and cling to thee;  
 I am longing for thy favor;  
 Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me,  
 Even me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
 Thou canst make the blind to see;  
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
 Speak the word of power to me,  
 Even me.
- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,  
 Blood of Christ, so rich, so free;  
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
 Magnify them all in me,  
 Even me.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go, I can - not stay From the arms of love a - way; O for  
 2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to -  
 3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev - er heal my woe; I will  
 4. Something whispers in my scul, Tho' your sins like mountains roll, Je - sus'  
 5. I o - bey the Sav-iour's call, Now to him I yield my all, At his

## CHORUS.

strength of faith to say, Je - sus died for me.  
 day I'll try a - gain, Je - sus, help thou me.  
 rise at once and go, Je - sus died for me. } Can it be, O can it be  
 blood will make me whole, Je - sus died for me.  
 feet, where oth-er's fall, There's a place for me.

*rit.*  
 There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je-sus died for me.

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REV. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak, and blind;  
 2. Long my heart has sighed for thee; Long has e - vil dwelt with - in;  
 3. Here I give my all to thee, — Friends, and time, and earthly store;

CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

D.C. Chorus.

I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, I will cleanse you from all sin.  
 Soul and bod - y thine to be — Wholly thine, — for - ev - er more.

Hum-bly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In the promises I trust;  
 Now I feel the blood applied;  
 I am prostrate in the dust;  
 I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!  
 Perfected in love I am;  
 I am every whit made whole;  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.

# 190. The Saviour is Calling for Thee.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. P. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. With outstretched hands and pleading tone, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;  
 2. From sin's de-file-ment, sin's con-trol, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;  
 3. By count-less mer-cies, day by day, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;  
 4. He bids thee to a feast of love, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;  
 5. Then turn this mo-ment, look and live! The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;

From Calv'ry's cross, from yon-der throne, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.  
 O yield to him thy blood-bought soul, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.  
 By tri-als sent a-long the way, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.  
 To shin-ing man-sions built a-bove, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.  
 Full, ev-er-last-ing life he'll give, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.

*D.S.*—The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.

CHORUS. *p* *D.S.*

Call-ing, call-ing, The Saviour is calling for thee; Call-ing, call-ing,  
 Calling for thee, calling for thee; Calling for thee, calling for thee;

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# 191. I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;  
 2. I now be-lieve thou dost re-ceive, For thou hast died that I might live;  
 3. O thou who died on Cal-va-ry To save my soul and make me free,

*Cho.*—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

*D.C. Chorus.*

O may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!  
 And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav-iour and my God!  
 I con-se-crate my life to thee, My Sav-iour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

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EDWARD PERRONEV.

Miles Lane. C. M.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the  
 2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the  
 3. Ye chos en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who  
 4. Let ev - 'ry kindred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To him all  
 5. O that with yonder sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall; We'll join the

roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.  
 strength of Israel's might, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.  
 saves you by his grace, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.  
 maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.  
 ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.

## 193.

## A Song of Praise.

E. E. HEWITT.

Yorkshire Doxology.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. My heart up - lifts a hap - py song, While tender re - col - lections throng;  
 2. Have sparklingsunbeams cheered the day, And roses bloomed a - long the way?  
 3. Or have the clouds o'erspread the sky, While at my feet the ros - es die?  
 4. Bright an - gels, sweep your harps of gold, But half his praise hath not been told.

CHO. — And above the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell,  
 DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below;

*D.C. Chorus.*  
 As sweet as bells that ring a - bove, The strains that breathe my Saviour's love.  
 Let mem - 'ry each fair scene re - call, And bless the Lord who sent them aH.  
 Since Je - sus bore the cross for me, I'll trust him though I can not see.  
 Come, all who my Redeem - er know, Still let the joy - ful mu - sic flow.

And a - bove the rest this note shall swell, My Je - sus hath done all things well.

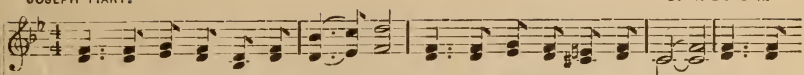
Praise him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.



# 194. Why Don't You Come to Jesus?

JOSEPH HART.

C. R. DUNBAR.



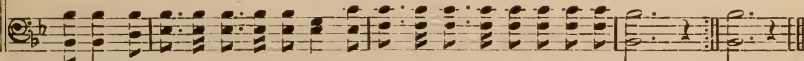
1. Come, ye sinners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded sick and sore; Je - sus
2. Now, ye need - y, come and wel - come. God's free bounty glo - ri - fy; True be -
3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream; All the
4. Come ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall; If you
5. Ag - o - nizing in the gar - den, Your Re - deem - er prostrate lies. On the



read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power.  
 lief and true re - pent - ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.  
 fit - ness he re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of him. } Why don't you come to  
 tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.  
 blood - y tree be - hold him! Hear him cry before he dies. }



Jesus, He's waiting to receive you, Why don't you come to Jesus and be saved? saved?



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# 195. Turn to the Lord.

JOSEPH HART.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

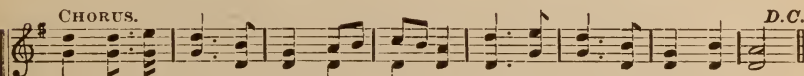
FINE.



1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }  
 { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r: }  
 Other verses above.



D. C. - Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord has come to reign.



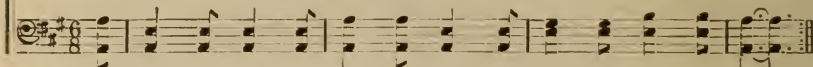
CHORUS. Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;



Arr. by Mrs. G. D. ELDERKIN.



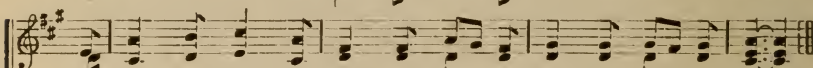
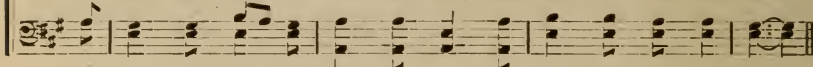
1. { Lord, see us now with one ac - cord, All wait - ing at thy cross; }  
 2. { Our hearts are bare, our mo - tives pure, We count all things but loss; }  
 3. { The rush - ing wind, thy tongue of flame, O let them now de - scend, }  
 4. { And sit on each that's gathered here; Then self - ish aims will end. }  
 5. { Push heav - en's win - dows o - pen wide, Let streams of mer - cy flow; }  
 6. { The ho - ly fire on all de - scend; Thy en - e - mies o'er - throw. }



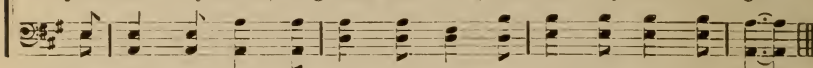
## CHORUS.



O send an - oth - er Pen - te - cost, Thou Lamb for sin - ners slain!



Quick - en thy saints, bring back the lost, Re - vive thy work a - gain.



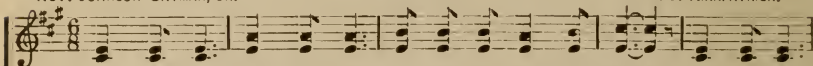
Copyright, 1892, by Geo. D. Elderkin. Used by per.

- 4 Let saints be quickened by thy pow'r,  
 And hearts made all aflame;  
 A burning zeal for dying souls,  
 Reveal thy work again.

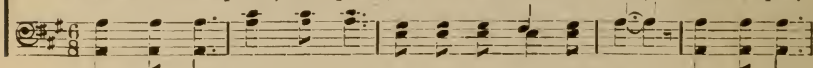
- 5 The sinner smite with holy might;  
 Back-sliders now reclaim;  
 Let hov'ring spirits bear the news  
 That souls are born again.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

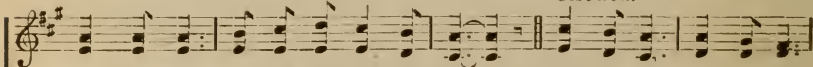
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be  
 2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more  
 3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol - low - ing him each day; What I ask  
 4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

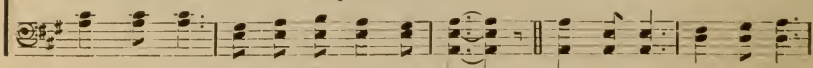


## CHORUS.

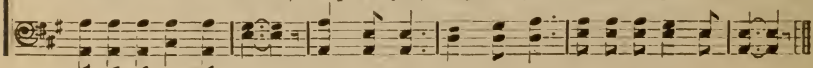


free from dross Still I would en - ter in.  
 of his pow'r Ev - er my pray'r would be.  
 he will give, So then with faith I pray.  
 I'll not cease Till I am pure with - in.

Deep - er yet, deep - er yet,



In - to the crimson flood; Deep - er yet, deep - er yet, Under the pre - cious blood.



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L. H.

REV. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to thee For cleansing in thy  
 2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure, Thou dost my vile-ness  
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and  
 4. 'Tis Je - sus who confirms To bless-ed work within, By ad-ding grace to

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.  
 ful - ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure. } I am com-ing Lord! Com-ing  
 peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.  
 welcomed grace, Where reign'd the pow'r of sin.

now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

5 And he the witness gives  
 To loyal hearts and free,  
 That every promise is fulfilled,  
 If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail! atoning blood!  
 All hail, redeeming grace!  
 All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,  
 Our Strength and Righteousness!

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Wm. W. How.

St. Hilda. 7. 6. D.

JUSTIN H. KNECHT.

1. O Je - sus, thou art standing Out-side the fast-clos'd door, In low - ly  
 2. O Je - sus, thou art knocking: And lo! that hand is scarr'd, And thorn-ty  
 3. O Je - sus, thou art pleading In ac-cents meek and low, "I died for

pa-tience wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er; Shame on us, Christian brethren, his  
 brow en-circle, And tears thy face have marr'd; O, love that passeth knowledge, So  
 you, my children, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sorrow We

name and sign who bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us! To keep him standing there.  
 pa-tient-ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!  
 o - pen now the door: Dear Saviour, en-ter, en - ter, And leave us nev-er-more!



FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on  
 2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel - ing  
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my  
 4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have

## CHORUS.

oth - ers thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.  
 there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.  
 wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by thy grace.  
 I on earth be - side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee? } Sav - iour, Sav - iour,

Hear my humble cry, While on others thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

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J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord,  
 2. For Je - sus shed his pre - cious blood, Rich bless - ings to be - stow;  
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;  
 4. Come, then, and join the ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go.

And he will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in his word.  
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.  
 Be - lieve in him with - out de - lay, And you are full - ly blest.  
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys in - mor - tal flow.

## CHORUS.

{ \* On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now; }  
 { He will save you, he will save you, He will (Omit.....) } save you now.

\* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used for chorus instead of "Only Trust Him."



S. E. GOULD.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war. With the cross of Je - sus  
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing  
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus  
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng. Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore: Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;  
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod - y we;  
 Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er, 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
 In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;

CHORUS.  
 For-ward in - to bat - tle. See, his ban-ners go!  
 One in hope and doc - trine. One in char - i - ty. } Onward, Christian sol - diers!  
 We have Christ's own promise, And that can not fail.  
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

Marching as to war. With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

SIDNEY DYER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; }  
 { Work, while the dew is sparkling, (Omit. ....) } Work 'mid springing flow'rs.

D. C.—Work, for the night is coming, (Omit. ....) When man's work is done.

Work, when the day grows bright - er. Work in the glow - ing sun;

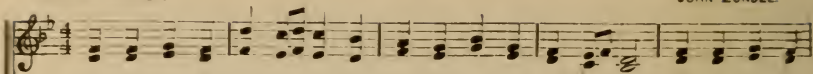
2 Work, for the night is coming.  
 Work through the sunny noon;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor,  
 Rest comes sure and soon.  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming.  
 Under the sunset skies;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies.  
 Work till the last beam fadeeth,  
 Fadeeth to shine no more.  
 Work while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.

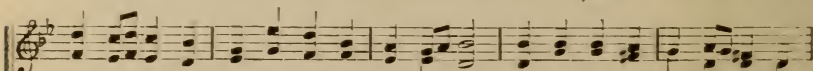
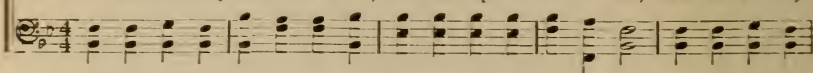
# 204. Love Divine, all Love Excelling.

CHARLES WEELEY.

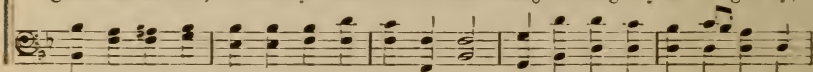
JOHN ZUNDEL.



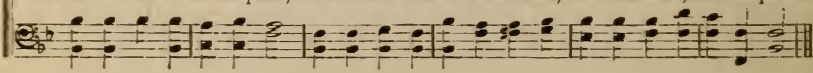
1. Love divine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us thy
2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit In- to ev'-ry troubled breast! Let us all in
3. Come, almighty to de-liv-er, Let us all thy life receive; Sudd-en-ly re-
4. Fin-ish then thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spotless let it be; Let us see thy



humble dwelling; All thy faithful mercies crown. Jesus, thou art all compassion,  
thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest. Take a-way our bent to sinning;  
turn, and never, Never more thy temples leave: Thee we would be always blessing,  
great sal-va-tion, Perfectly restored in thee: Chang'd from glory in- to glo-ry,



Pure unbounded love thou art; Visit us with thy salvation; Enter ev'ry trembling heart,  
Al-pha and O-mega be; End of faith, as its beginning, Set our hearts at liberty.  
Serve thee as thy hosts above, Pray, and praise thee without ceasing, Glory in thy perfect love.  
Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love and praise.



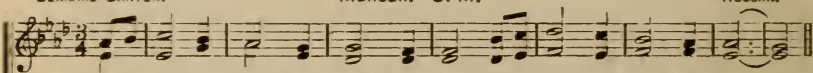
# 205.

## Walk in the Light.

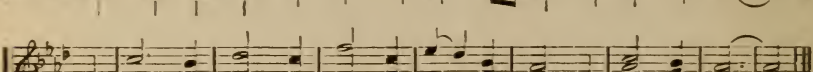
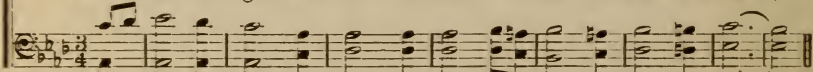
BERNARD BARTON.

Manoah. C. M.

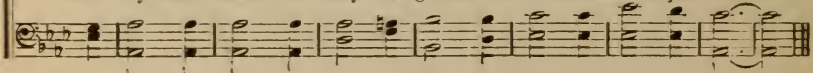
ROSSINI.



1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel-low-ship of love,
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru-ly his,
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy dark-ness pass'd a-way,
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear-ful shades shall wear;



His Spit-it on-ly can be-stow, Who reigns in light a-bove.  
Who dwells in cloud-less light enshrin'd, In whom no dark-ness is.  
Be-cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per-fect day.  
Glo-ry shall chase a-way its gloom, For Christ hath conquer'd there.



GEORGE KEITH.

Portuguese Hymn. 11s.

J. READING.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his  
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd, For I am thy God, I will  
 3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sorrow shall  
 4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath lean'd for re-pose, I will not, I will not de-

ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say, than to you he hath said, To you, who for  
 still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my  
 not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy  
 sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll nev-er, no

ref-uge to Je-sus have fled, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?  
 gracious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gracious, om-nip-o-tent hand.  
 to thee thy deepest dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deepest dis-tress.  
 nev-er, no nev-er for-sake; I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!"

THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt.

Maitland. C. M.

GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?  
 2. How hap-py are the saints a-bove, Who once went sorrowing here!  
 3. The can-se-cra-ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;

No, there's a cross for ev-'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
 But now they taste un-min-gled love, And joy with-out a tear.  
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.



W. COWPER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;  
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;  
 3. Thou dy-ing Lamb! thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its power,

And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.  
 Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

D.S.—And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
 D.S.—And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.  
 D.S.—Till all the ran-somed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

Lose all their guilt-y stains,.... Lose all their guilt-y stains,  
 Wash all my sins a-way,..... Wash all my sins a-way,  
 Are saved, to sin no more,.... Are saved, to sin no more,

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing thy power to save,  
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,  
 Lies silent in the grave.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Woodworth. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,  
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,  
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
 Because thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown  
 Has broken every barrier down;  
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!



JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er to  
 2. Lord Je-sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-  
 3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en-treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at thy  
 4. Lord Je-sus, thou se - est I pa-tient-ly wait: Come now, and within me a

live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe; Now  
 plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know: Now  
 cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow; Now  
 new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st "No," Now

## CHORUS.

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes,

whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

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ANDREW REED.

Mercy. 7s.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;  
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;  
 3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this sad-den'd heart of mine;  
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.  
 Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.  
 Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleeding heart.  
 Cast down ev-'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su-preme-and reign a-lone.

## Thy Will is Mine!

ELTA M. LEWIS.

"Whate'er It Be."

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I take my por-tion from thy hand, And do not seek to un-der-stand;  
 2. When darkness doth thy face ob-scure, And ma-n'y sor-rows I en-dure,  
 3. When ten-der joys to me are known, I ren-der thanks to thee a-lone;  
 4. Thus calm-ly do I face my lot, Ac-cept it, Lord, and doubt thee not;

CHO.—Whate'er it be! whate'er it be! I do not fear, what-e'er it be;

*D. C. Chorus.*  
 For I am blind, while thou dost see; Thy will is mine, what-e'er it be.  
 I think of Christ's Geth-sem-a-ne; Thy will is mine, what-e'er it be.  
 I know my cup is filled by thee; Thy will is mine, what-e'er it be.  
 Lo! all things work for good to me; Thy will is mine, what-e'er it be.

Thy love di-vine sus-tain-eth me; Thy will is mine, what-e'er it be.

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## God is Faithful.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God is faith-ful, ev-er faith-ful; He will sure-ly keep his word;  
 2. God is faith-ful; he will do it; Not my own weak heart I trust.  
 3. God is faith-ful; this my ref-uge When the storms of tri-al rise;  
 4. God is faith-ful; he will make me More than conqueror in the strife;

*D.S.*  
 To the ut-ter-most ful-fill-ing Ev-'ry prom-ise I have heard.  
 But his Spir-it dwell-ing in me, Wise and ho-ly, kind and just.  
 Help is com-ing, swift-ly com-ing From the hills be-yond the skies.  
 Yielding whol-ly to his guid-ance, This is bless-ing, this is life!

*D.S.*—God is faith-ful, ev-er faith-ful; He will keep me night and day.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*  
 God is faith-ful, ev-er faith-ful; I will trust him all the way;

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SARAH F. ADAMS.

Bethany. 6s, 4s.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross  
 2. Tho' like the wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,  
 3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou send-est me,  
 4. Then, with my wak-ing tho'ts, Bright with thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs  
 5. If, on joy - ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,

D. S.—Near - er, my God, to thee,

FINE. D. S.

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck-on me Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to thee,  
 Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near - er, my God, to thee.

Near - er to thee!

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Lux Benigna. 10s, 4s.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on! The night is  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to  
 3. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on! Keep thou my feet; I  
 choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on! I loved the gar - ish  
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e - nough for me.  
 day, and spite of fears Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!  
 an - gel fa - ces smile While I have loved long since, and lost a - while!



FANNY J. CROSBY.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. O ye thirst-y ones that lan-guish On life's drift-ing sand!  
 2. From the riv-er gen-tly flow-ing Drink a full sup-ply;  
 3. O, the bliss of life e-ter-nal You may al-so share!  
 4. Lo, the sum-mer days are end-ing, They will soon be o'er;

'Tis the Sav-iour bend-ing o'er you, Reaching out his toil-worn hand.  
 Free to all its bless-ed wa-ters, Wherefore will ye faint and die?  
 Come to Je-sus, and be-liev-ing, En-ter thro' the gate of pray'r.  
 While the Spir-it still is plead-ing, Grieve your dearest Friend no more.

D.S.—To the lov-ing arms of mer-cy Who-so-ev-er will may come.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Why will ye wan-der, Far a-way from home?

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from  
 2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin! Je-sus so sweet-ly a-  
 3. O precious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have  
 4. Come to this foun-tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to his  
 bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo-ry to his  
 en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to his  
 Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to his

D.S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to his

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.

name! Glo-ry to his name! Glo-ry to his name!



MRS. CATHERINE J. BONAR.

T. E. CRANE.

1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry  
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I  
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this  
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e -

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,  
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,  
 dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried  
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!  
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!  
 Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!  
 Wel - come, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

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EDWARD MOTE.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not  
 2. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on his unchanging grace; In ev - 'ry  
 3. His oath, his cov - e - nant, and blood, Sup - port me in the whelming flood; When all a -

CHORUS.

trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je - sus' name.  
 high and stormy gale, My anchor holds with - in the veil. } On Christ, the sol - id  
 round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

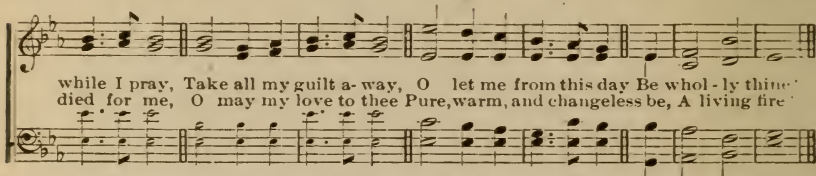
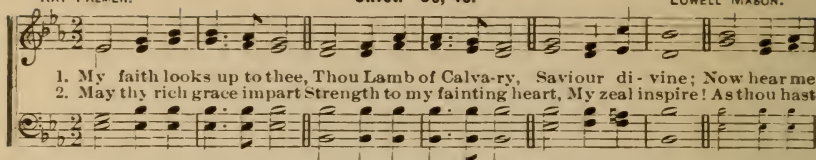
rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sinking sand, All oth - er ground is sinking sand.

By per. Biglow &amp; Main Co.

RAY PALMER.

Olivet. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.



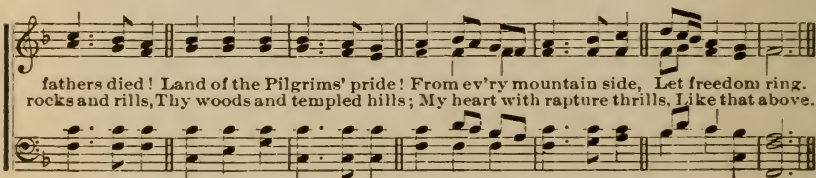
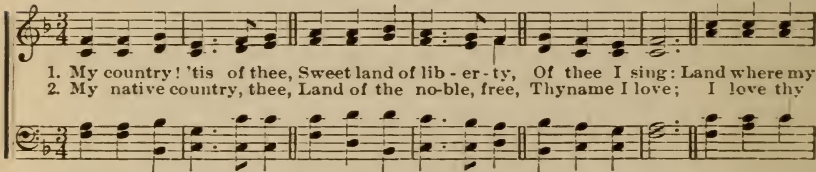
3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul!

S. F. SMITH, D. D.

America. 6s, 4s.

AD. HENRY CAREY.



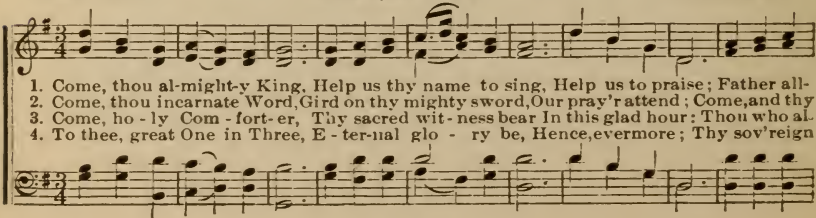
3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.

FELICE GIARDINI.



# Come, Thou Almighty King.—Concluded.

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An - cient of Days.  
 people bless, And give thy word success: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!  
 mighty art, Now rule in ev - ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r!  
 ma - jes - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - do - re.

223

## Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } Happy  
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a - broad. }

FINE. D.S.  
 day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray. }  
 { And live re - joic - ing ev - ry day. }

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
 To him who merits all my love!  
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!  
 I am my Lord's and he is mine;  
 He drew me, and I followed on,  
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

224

## Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHORUS.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Re - vive us a - gain.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,  
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,  
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

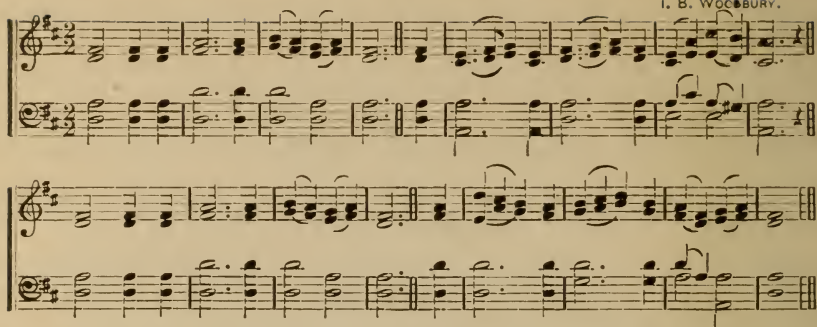
4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,  
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;  
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.



# Eucharist. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



## 225. Glorying in the Cross.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

## 226. I Thirst, Thou Wounded.

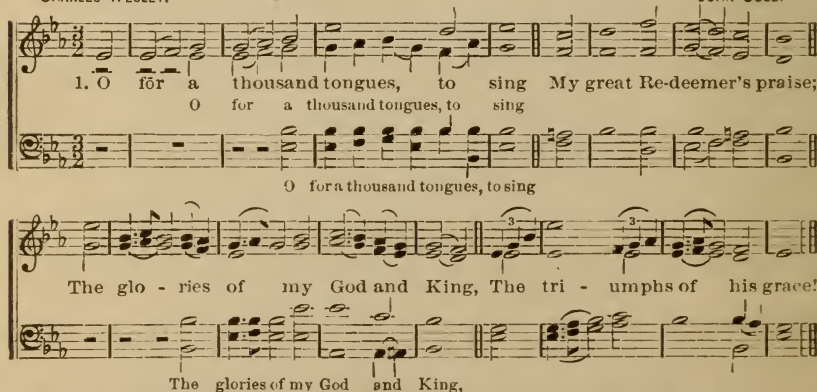
- 1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,  
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;  
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be  
Forever closed to all but thee:  
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love forever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide  
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!  
Who thence their life and strength derive,  
And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,  
Our words are lost, nor will we know,  
Nor will we think of aught beside;  
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

Nicholas L. Zinzendorf.

## 227. Geneva. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JOHN COLE.



- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.



228

## Doxology.

THOS. KEN.

Old Hundred. L. M.

LEWIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be - low;

Praise him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

229

## Praise God From Whom.

Duane St. L. M. D.

Praise God From Whom

Praise God From Whom

FINE. D.S.

230

## Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen, Amen.

## Grace at Meals.

"Thou openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."—Ps. 145: 16.

231

Blessing Invoked. L. M.

Be present at our table, Lord,  
Be here and everywhere adored.  
These mercies bless, and grant that we  
May feast in Paradise with thee.

232

Thanks Returned. L. M.

We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,  
For life and health and mercy good;  
Let manna to our souls be given,  
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

# TOPICAL INDEX.

	No.		No.		No.
<b>Acceptance.</b>		<b>Consecration.</b>		<b>Holiness.</b>	
And can I yet delay...	177	Volunteers to the front	126	The Gospel ship Zion..	60
I am coming, Lord.....	198	Who follows in his trai	7	There'll be no night...	67
I am coming to the.....	189	Bring ye all the tithes	79	There'll be no shadows	132
Is my name written...	144	Come, Lord, and let...	91	When you get to heav-	127
I will go, I cannot stay	188	Christ likeness.....	20	Will you be one?.....	58
Just as I am, without	209	Deeper yet.....	197	You may look for me..	127
Lord, I'm coming home	109	His way with thee....	66		
Thy will is mine.....	212	I'll live for him.....	191	<b>Holiness.</b>	
		Jesus, I'll go through	104	Called unto holiness...	24
<b>Aspiration.</b>		Leaving all to follow..	21	Forever here my rest..	166
Deep are the wounds..	164	My body, soul and....	71	He wills that I should	160
Is my name written...	144	My faith looks up to...	220	Jesus, thine all victo-	137
Just one glimpse.....	19	O that my load of sin	159	What is our calling's..	167
Let worldly minds the	171	Show pity, Lord.....	165		
My Saviour face to face	84	Whiter than snow.....	210	<b>Holy Spirit.</b>	
O that my load of sin	159			Come, Holy Spirit....	172
We would see Jesus...	178	<b>Conviction.</b>		Holy Ghost, with light	211
		Show pity, Lord.....	165	Holy Spirit, from a....	100
<b>Assurance.</b>		Stay, thou insulted Sp	162	Return, O Holy Dove,	169
Anchored at last.....	108	Why will ye waste?...	163	Stay, thou insulted Sp	136
Blessed assurance.....	140	While life prolongs....	161	Thy Holy Spirit, Lord,	136
How firm a foundation	206			<b>Holy Spirit. (Rejected)</b>	
How gentle God's com-	176	<b>Cross of Christ.</b>		The Holy Spirit has go	142
I know he is mine.....	107	At the cross.....	106		
I've anchored in Jesus	22	I left them at the cross	81	<b>Humility.</b>	
Not one forgotten.....	52	In the cross of Christ I	3	At my Redeemer's feet	101
O happy day.....	223	Must Jesus bear the...	207	Keep me under the bl	156
The solid Rock.....	219	On the cross of Calvary	74	O steal away softly to	33
		They are nailed to the	56		
<b>Atonement.</b>		When I survey the.....	225	<b>Invitation.</b>	
Alas! and did my Sav-	106			Almost decided .....	151
Of him who did salva-	158	<b>Faith.</b>		Give me thy heart....	62
There is a fountain....	208	Am I a soldier of the	170	God calling yet.....	96
		Faith of our Fathers!..	9	I hear thy welcome....	198
<b>Awakening.</b>		Have faith in God.....	90	I will go.....	188
Almost decided.....	151	I am not skilled to....	43	Jesus now is calling...	68
Are you ready?.....	114	I believe Jesus saves...	179	Just as I am.....	209
Depth of mercy.....	139	I'm believing and re...	29	Let Jesus come into...	54
Don't let it be said, too	143	O for a faith.....	173	Lord, I'm coming h...	109
God calling yet.....	96	Only trust him.....	201	O don't stay away....	65
Make haste, O man to	175	Rock of Ages.. .....	185	O let the dear Saviour	89
O why not to-night?...	69	'Tis so sweet to trust..	133	O why not to-night?...	69
Someone's last call....	148	Trusting in the Lord..	149	Softly and tenderly...	55
Stay, thou insulted Sp	162			The open fountain....	64
There's time enough...	70	<b>Fellowship.</b>		There is a fountain....	208
Where will you spend	59	Every day and hour...	181	There is power in the..	87
While God invites.....	161	Walk in the light.....	205	The Saviour is calling	190
		We have fellowship...	152	There's a hand held...	135
<b>Conflict and Victory.</b>				There's cleansing in...	93
Conquerors are we ....	16	<b>Grace. (Growth in)</b>		Turn to the Lord.....	195
Dare to stand like Jos	138	Growing brighter ev...	102	Whiter than snow.....	210
Forward .....	129	His grace aboundeth...	73	Why don't you come..	194
Onward, Christian sol-	202			Why will you wander	216
Shout the battle cry...	8	<b>Heaven.</b>		Will you be one?.....	58
Song of victory.....	124	Some day the silver...	57	Yes, there is pardon...	146
There's a rescue band	48	Tell mother I'll be....	110		

No.	No.	No.
<b>Jesus. (Our Friend)</b>	The power that fell at 98	Tidings, happy tidings 115
Call on the Lord..... 94	There is power in thee.. 87	Wondrous it seemeth.. 13
Footsteps of Jesus..... 121	'Tis burning in my..... 141	
His name shall be Je- 119	Thy Holy Spirit, Lord 136	<b>Rescue.</b>
I must tell Jesus..... 76		Hasten on board the... 60
In the hour of trial... 113	<b>Praise.</b>	Rescue the perishing... 153
Jesus has lifted the... 123	All hail the power of.. 192	Saved from the wreck 116
Jesus stood on the.... 51	As white as snow..... 40	There's a rescue band 48
Jesus understands..... 77	Come, thou almighty.. 222	To the rescue ..... 50
Jesus will listen to me 183	Could I tell it?..... 26	
No, not one..... 85	Doxology. (Yorkshire) 193	<b>Rejoicing.</b>
O Jesus, thou art..... 199	“ (Old hundred) 228	Anchored at last..... 108
Roll it off on Jesus... 45	“ (Duane St.).. 229	Blessed assurance..... 140
	Gloria Patri, No. 1.... 230	Growing brighter ever 102
<b>Joy.</b>	Glory to his name..... 217	Hallelujah for the bloo 28
Christ is the sunny..... 82	Hallelujah for the..... 28	He touched me and... 117
Hallelujah for the..... 28	He brought me out.... 38	I'll go singing, I'll go 134
I'm glad salvation..... 147	I will shout his praise 18	I'm glad salvation .... 147
I'm happy all the day 95	Jesus is mine,..... 218	I'm happy all the way 95
Sunlight all the way... 88	Make his praise glori- 2	O let us rejoice..... 118
Sunlight in my soul... 39	Marching to Zion..... 180	Our Redeemer King... 155
Sunshine and rain,.... 30	O for a heart,..... 168	Sunlight all the way.. 88
There is joy..... 145	O happy day..... 223	The open fountain..... 64
You may have the joy- 6	O for a thousand..... 227	Tidings, happy tidings 115
	Our Redeemer King... 155	You may have the joy- 6
<b>Love.</b>	We praise thee, O God 224	
Great is the love of.... 157		<b>Soul-Winning.</b>
I cannot drift beyond 53	<b>Prayer.</b>	A charge to keep I have 174
I thirst, thou wounded 226	Blessing invoked..... 231	Out into the harvest... 78
It's just like his great 46	Bless me, Lord, and... 72	Reapers are needed.... 154
Love divine, all love.. 204	Lead, kindly light.... 215	Rescue the perishing... 153
My Saviour's love..... 75	My faith looks up to.. 220	The royal call..... 92
O 'twas love..... 17	Nearer, my God, to... 214	Volunteers to the front 126
The greatest thing is.. 34	Nearer, still nearer.... 1	Waiting but working.. 44
'Tis burning in my..... 141	Pass me not, O gentle 200	What have we done... 122
'Tis love, 'tis love..... 15	Thanks returned..... 232	What wilt thou have.. 27
When I survey the.... 225	When mother prayed.. 111	Will I empty handed.. 31
When love shines in... 32		Winning souls for Je- 11
	<b>Promise.</b>	Work for the night is.. 203
<b>National.</b>	God is faithful,..... 213	
My country! 'tis of... 221	Here in thy name we.. 23	<b>Supplication.</b>
	I know God's promise 86	Here in thy name we.. 23
<b>Pentecostal.</b>	My God shall supply.. 10	In the hour of trial... 113
Have ye received the.. 83	O the promises of God 80	Lord, I hear of showers 187
He has come to abide.. 97		
He will send the prom 14	<b>Redemption.</b>	<b>Surrender and Purpose.</b>
Send another Pente... 196	Alas! and did my Sav- 106	And can I yet delay?.. 177
The Comforter has.... 105	Bought with a price... 150	Can it be, O can it be? 188
The power that fell at 98	Christ our Passover... 99	I am coming to the.... 189
There is power in the 87	Cleansing wave..... 41	Lord, I'm coming..... 109
They were in an upper 182	Counted in..... 131	O Jesus, thou art..... 199
Thine inheritance..... 49	Healing at the fount.. 103	Saviour, our all to thee 12
	He touched me, and... 117	Sweet will of God..... 4
<b>Power Divine.</b>	I'm glad salvation.... 147	To Jesus I will go..... 36
Come, Lord, and let... 91	It never runs dry..... 120	Thy will is mine..... 212
Deeper yet..... 197	Jesus paid it all..... 186	Yes, dear Lord..... 61
Have ye received?..... 83	Jesus is mighty to save 37	
He will send the prom- 14	Mine eyes beheld the.. 42	<b>Testimony.</b>
Oldtime power..... 182	There is cleansing in.. 93	My Jesus, I love thee 184
Power divine..... 12	The inner circle..... 25	Some one is waiting... 63
Send another Pente... 196	There is a fountain.... 208	Tell it wherever you... 5
		Thou thinkest, Lord,.. 125



# INDEX.

Titles in CAPITALS; First Lines in Roman; Choruses in *Italics*.

No.		No.		No.
A charge to keep I have	174	Come, Holy Spirit,....	172	GOD IS FAITHFUL..... 213
Adrift on the waters...	116	<i>Come home, come home..</i>	55	God loved the world of 17
A friend I have called	46	<i>Come, joy or pain, come</i>	101	God sent his mighty... 141
Alas! and did my Sav-	106	Come, Lord, and let...	91	<i>God's promises were ne</i> 80
All alone! O yes.....	48	Come, O come to the..	148	<i>Go forth with faith's....</i> 92
All hail the power of..	192	Come, soul, and find..	65	GLORIA PATRI..... 230
<i>All to Christ I owe.....</i>	186	Come, thou almighty..	222	Glory be to the Father 230
All to Jesus I surren-	35	<i>Come to Jesus, come to..</i>	201	GLORY TO HIS NAME.. 217
AMERICA. 6s, 4s.....	221	Come, ye sinners, poor	194	GRACE AT MEALS..... 231
Am I a soldier of the	170	Come, ye that love the	180	GREAT IS THE LOVE... 157
Amid the trials which	125	<i>Coming home, coming...</i>	109	GROWING BRIGHTER.. 102
ALMOST DECIDED.....	151	Conquerors, and over-	16	
ANCHORED AT LAST..	108	CONQUERORS THRO'...	16	Had we only sunshine 30
<i>And above the rest this..</i>	193	CONSECRATION .....	71	HAPPY DAY..... 223
And can I yet delay... 177		COULD I TELL IT.....	26	HAPPY TIDINGS..... 115
<i>Are you in the inner cir-</i>	25	COUNTED IN.....	131	HALLELUJAH FOR.... 28
<i>Are you ready?.....</i>	114			<i>Hasten on board the Gos-</i>
		DARE TO STAND LIKE	138	<i>Have FAITH IN GOD..</i> 90
A SONG OF PRAISE....	193	Deep are the wounds..	164	Have thy affections... 47
AS THE DAY BREAKS	134	DEEPER YET.....	197	<i>Have ye received.....</i> 83
As the shadows of the	134	Depth of mercy! can..	139	Have you given your.. 58
AS WHITE AS SNOW... 40		Don't let it be said, too	143	Have you heard the v. 25
AT MY REDEEMER'S... 101		Down at the cross.....	217	HEALING AT THE FOU 103
AT THE CROSS.....	106	DOXOLOGY.....	228	Hearken to-day to the 120
AVON. C. M.....	166	Do you ever feel down-	90	Hear the words of Scrip 79
<i>Away to the battlefield</i>	126	DUANE STREET. L.M.	229	HE HAS COME TO ABIDE 97
AZMON. C. M.....	170			HE BROUGHT ME OUT. 38
		EVEN ME. 8, 7, 4....	187	Here in thy name we. 23
Behold a stranger at..	89	EVERY DAY AND HOU	181	HE TOUCHED ME AND 117
Be present at our table	231	EUCARIST. L. M....	225	HE WILL SEND THE... 14
BETHANY. 6s, 4s ....	214			He wills that I should 160
BLESSED ASSURANCE..	140	Fade, fade each earth-	218	HIS GRACE ABOUND.. 73
<i>Bless me, Lord, and....</i>	72	Faithful is he, and gre	15	HIS NAME SHALL BE.. 119
BOUGHT WITH A PRICE	150	Faith of our Fathers!..	9	<i>His power can make you</i> 66
Bowed beneath your...	77	<i>Farther and farther a-</i>	50	HIS WAY WITH THEE 66
BOYLSTON. S. M.....	174	FEDERAL STREET. L. M.	162	HOLINESS UNTO THE.. 24
<i>Bring ye all the tithes...</i>	79	FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS..	121	Holy Ghost, with light 211
<i>But the Master says, stay</i>	44	Forever here my rest..	166	HOLY SPIRIT FROM A- 100
CALL ON THE LORD... 94		For God so loved this..	86	How firm a foundation 206
Called unto holiness... 24		FORWARD.....	129	How gentle God's com- 176
<i>Can it be, O can it be?</i>	188	<i>Forward, ye soldiers of</i>	123	<i>How marvelous!.....</i> 75
Christ is our Captain..	124	FOR YOU AND FOR ME	55	
CHRIST IS THE SUNNY	82	From hill and valley..	155	<i>I am coming, Lord.....</i> 198
CHRIST LIKENESS.....	20			I am coming to Jesus.. 179
Christ, our mighty C... 129		GENEVA. C. M.....	227	I am coming to the.... 189
CHRIST, OUR PASSO... 99		GIVE ME THY HEART	62	I am free from cor... 81
CLEANSING WAVE....	41	Go, carry thy burden..	33	I am glad I fon d the 84
Come, every soul by sin	201	GOD CALLING YET....	96	I am not skilled w.... 42



No.	No.	No.	No.
I am thinking to-day.. 44	Just as I am, without 209	Of him who did salva- 158	
<i>I am trusting, Lord, in</i> 189	<i>Just now your doubtings</i> 54	O for a closer walk with 169	
I ask not for the..... 101		O for a faith that will 173	
<i>I believe Jesus saves.....</i> 179	JUST ONE GLIMPSE..... 19	O for a heart to praise 168	
I came in faith to Je... 147	KEEP ME UNDER THE 156	O for a thousand..... 227	
I can ne'er forget the.. 102	Lead, kindly light.... 215	<i>O graciously hear us,...</i> 23	
I cannot drift beyond 53	Leaving all to follow.. 21	O happy day that..... 223	
I do not ask to choose 72	LET JESUS COME INTO 54	O hasten now to Cal... 93	
If earthly friends..... 94	<i>Let the cleansing blood..</i> 64	O hear the call ..... 92	
If I could tell of Jesus 26	Let worldly minds the 171	OLD HUNDRED. L.M. 228	
If you are tired of the 54	<i>Lift thine eyes and look</i> 154	OLDTIME POWER..... 182	
<i>If we walk in the light..</i> 152	Lo! A MIGHTY ARMY 128	<i>O let the dear Saviour..</i> 89	
I had wandered far a- 131	Long by sin my eyes.. 42	O let us rejoice in the 118	
I have made my choice 104	Long my wilful heart 61	OLIVET. 6s, 4s..... 220	
I hear the Saviour say 186	LOOK FOR ME..... 127	O Jesus, thou art..... 199	
I hear thy welcome... 198	Lord, I care not for... 144	<i>O Lord, send the power</i> 182	
I KNOW GOD'S PROM- 86	Lord, I hear of showers 187	O matchless love, how 34	
I KNOW HE'S MINE..... 107	LORD, I'M COMING H. 109	<i>On Calvary.....</i> 74	
I LEFT THEM AT THE.. 81	Lord Jesus, I long to.. 210	<i>Only trust him.....</i> 201	
I'LL LIVE FOR HIM... 191	Lord, see us now with 196	O now I see the cleans- 41	
I'M BELIEVING AND.. 29	Lord, thou hast grant- 27	ON THE CROSS OF CAL- 74	
I'M GOING HOME..... 130	Love divine, all love.. 204	<i>On the mountain side...</i> 48	
I'M GLAD SALVATION 147	LUX BENIGNA. 10s, 4s 215	Onward, Christian sol- 202	
I'M HAPPY ALL THE.. 95		Opened in the house of 64	
I'm happy since I..... 95	MAITLAND. C. M... 207	O so long was my bark 108	
<i>I'm under the blood, the</i> 99	Make haste, O man to 175	O Spirit of Love, de... 136	
I MUST TELL JESUS... 76	MAKE HIS PRAISE.... 2	O spread the tidings... 105	
<i>In my Father's blessed..</i> 52	MAKE ME A BLESSING 72	O STEAL AWAY SOFT- 33	
In the blood of the... 197	MANOAH. C. M..... 205	O that my load of sin 159	
In the cross of Christ I 3	MARTYRDOM. C. M... 166	O the brightness and.. 88	
In the hour of trial... 113	MERCY. 7s..... 211	<i>O the fountain, blessed..</i> 103	
IS IT NOT WONDERFUL 13	<i>Mighty to save and strong</i> 37	O the promises of God 80	
IS MY NAME WRITTEN 144	MILES' LANE. C. M. 192	O trembling soul, the.. 49	
I stand amazed in the 75	MINE EYES BEHELD.. 42	<i>O 'twas love, 'twas won-</i> 17	
IS THY HEART RIGHT 47	Must Jesus bear the... 207	Our Lamb is slain, the 99	
I surrender all..... 35	<i>My all is on the altar...</i> 71	OUR REDEEMER KING 155	
I take my portion from 212	My body, soul and.... 71	<i>Out into the harvest field</i> 78	
ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s 222	My country! 'tis of... 221	Over the plains and... 40	
I thirst, thou wounded 226	My faith looks up to... 220	Over the waters gal... 60	
IT NEVER RUNS DRY.. 120	MY GOD SHALL SUP- 101	O what a wonderful... 73	
It's just like his great 46	My heart uplifts a hap- 193	O where, where to-day 112	
I'VE ANCHORED IN J 22	My heart was distressed 38	O WHY NOT TO-NIGHT 69	
I've wandered far a... 109	My hope is built on... 219	O ye thirsty ones that 216	
I wandered in the sha 39	MY JESUS, I LOVE.... 184		
I WILL GO..... 188	My life, my love I give 191	Pass me not, O gentle 200	
I will pray the Father 97	MY SAVIOUR..... 43	PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. 139	
I WILL SHOUT HIS PR 18	MY SAVIOUR FACE TO 84	PORTUGUESE HYMN... 206	
	MY SAVIOUR'S LOVE.. 75	POWER DIVINE..... 12	
Jesus comes with pow- 32	My soul secure, no fear 82	Praise God, from whom 228	
JESUS HAS LIFTED..... 123	My stubborn will at... 4	Praises, sing praises to 2	
JESUS, I'LL GO THRO' 104		Put on thine armor, the 8	
JESUS IS MIGHTY TO.. 37	NAILED TO THE CROSS 56		
JESUS IS MINE..... 218	Nearer, my God, to... 214		
<i>Jesus, Jesus, how I trust</i> 133	NEARER, STILL NEAR- 1	RATHBUN. 8s, 7s..... 3	
<i>Jesus knows all about...</i> 85	NEVER KNOWN TO.... 80	REAPERS ARE NEEDED 154	
JESUS NOW IS CALL... 68	NO, NOT ONE..... 85	REFRESHING. S.M... 91	
<i>Jesus paid it all.....</i> 186	NOT ONE FORGOTTEN.. 52	RESCUE THE PERISH- 153	
Jesus stood on the.... 51		REVIVE US AGAIN..... 224	
Jesus, thine all victo- 137	O come to the Saviour 146	ROCKINGHAM. L. M. 158	
JESUS UNDERSTANDS.. 77	O do not let the word 69	Rock of Ages, cleft for 185	
JESUS WILL LISTEN... 183	O DON'T STAY AWAY. 65	Roll it off on Jesus... 45	

	No.		No.		No.
Rouse, ye Christian...	11	There's a great day.....	114	We shall do so much in	122
SAVED FROM THE WR	116	THERE'S A HAND.....	135	We thank thee, O Lord	232
Saviour, more than life	181	There's a precious.....	152	We would see Jesus...	178
Saviour, to thee our all	12	THERE'S A RESCUE...	48	WHATE'ER IT BE.....	212
SEND ANOTHER PEN-	196	There's a word of ten-	52	WHAT HAVE WE DONE	122
SHOUT! SHOUT THE...	8	THERE'S CLEANSING..	93	What is our calling's..	167
SHOWERS OF BLESSING	23	There's not a friend...	85	What wilt thou have..	27
Show pity, Lord, O...	165	THERE'S TIME E.....	70	What wonderful, won-	20
<i>Singing I go.....</i>	123	There's One above ....	107	When a sinner comes..	145
Sins of years are.....	29	There was no arm to..	28	When I survey the wo	225
Softly and tenderly...	55	There was one who was	56	When I was but a lit-	110
Some day the silver...	57	THE ROYAL CALL .....	92	WHEN LOVE SHINES..	32
Some one for years....	151	The Saviour comes to	68	WHEN MOTHER PRAY	111
SOME ONE IS WAITING	63	THE SAVIOUR'S CALL-	190	When my soul is bowed	186
SOMEONE'S LAST CALL	148	THE SOLID ROCK.....	219	When the tempests....	37
SOME OTHER DAY.....	142	The Son of God goes..	7	When you get to heav-	127
SONG OF VICTORY.....	124	The Spirit once came..	142	WHERE ARE THE.....	112
Standing in the market	154	THE STRANGER AT...	89	Wherefore are ye doub	10
Stay, thou insulted Sp	162	The trusting heart to..	123	Where will you spend	59
ST. CATHERINE.....	9	They were in an upper	182	While life prolongs its	161
<i>Still echoing down.....</i>	112	THINE INHERITANCE	49	WHITER THAN SNOW	210
SUNLIGHT.....	39	This wonderful story..	5	WHO FOLLOWS IN HIS	7
SUNLIGHT ALL THE...	88	Tho' dark the path my	132	Whosoever asketh.....	115
SUNSHINE AND RAIN	30	Tho' the storm of life	149	WHY DON'T YOU COME	194
Sweetly, Lord, have we	121	THOU THINKEST, LOR	125	WHY WILL YE WAN-	216
SWEET WILL OF GOD	4	THY HOLY SPIRIT, L.	136	Why will ye waste on	163
		THY WILL IS MINE...	212	WILL I EMPTY HAND-	31
TELL IT WHEREVER..	5	Tidings, happy tidings	115	WILL YOU BE ONE?...	58
TELL MOTHER I'LL...	110	'Tis burning in my soul	141	WINNING ITS WAY...	118
<i>That have I given to thee</i>	49	'TIS LOVE, REDEEM...	15	WINNING SOULS FOR..	11
<i>The cleansing stream I..</i>	41	'TIS SO SWEET TO.....	133	With outstretched han	190
THE COMFORTER HAS	105	To JESUS I WILL GO..	36	Wonderful, 'tis wonder-	20
THE GOSPEL SHIP ZI-	60	To the feet of my Sav-	117	Wonderful words of pro	40
THE GREATEST THING	34	TO THE RESCUE!.....	50	Wondrous it seemeth..	13
THE INNER CIRCLE...	25	TRUSTING IN THE LO	149	WONDROUS LOVE.....	17
Then turn to the Lord	70	Turn to the Lord and...	195	WOODWORTH. L. M.	209
THE OPEN FOUNTAIN	64	'Twas the life of Christ	150	Work for the night is..	203
THE PENTECOSTAL....	98	Upon life's boundless..	22	Would you be free fro	87
The power that fell at	98	Victory shall be outs..	124	Would you live for J.	66
There is a fountain....	208	Volunteers are wanted	126	Would your hearts be	14
There is healing at the	103	WAITING, BUT WORK-	44	Ye are the temples, Je-	83
There is one name all..	119	Walk in the light, so..	205	Yes, by God's assisting	58
THERE IS POWER IN...	87	WANTED.....	78	YES, DEAR LORD.....	61
<i>There is sunlight, sun...</i>	88	We are bound for Ca-	138	Yes, I will go.....	36
THERE IS JOY.....	145	WE HAVE FELLOW...	152	YES, THERE IS PAR...	146
There'll be no night...	67	We praise thee, O God	224	YORKSHIRE DOXOLO...	193
THERE'LL BE NO SHA	132	<i>We're marching to Zion</i>	180	You ask what makes...	18
There my ransom price	156			YOU MAY HAVE THE J.	6
There's a gentle voice	36			<i>You may look for me...</i>	127

